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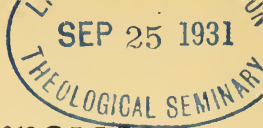
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Francis Turner Palgrave



Even July 20th
J. T. Palgrave



Francis Turner Palgrave

HIS JOURNALS
AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE

BY

Gwenllian F. Palgrave

What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work ; a noble life :
Some music harmonized from strife,
Some finish'd thing, ere the slack hands at eve
Drop, should be his to leave.

Or in life's homeliest, meanest spot,
To strike the circle of his years
A perfect curve through joys and tears,
Leaving a pure name to be known, or not,—
This is a true man's lot.

.

Ah, 'tis but little that the best,
Frail children of a fleeting hour,
Can leave of perfect fruit or flower !
Ah, let all else be graciously suppress
When man lies down to rest !

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AL

CONTE UGO BALZANI

IN MEMORIA DEL PROFONDO AFFETTO DI

MIO PADRE PER LUI

E DEL SUO LUNGO AMORE

ALL' ITALIA

PREFACE

THIS little sketch of my father's life has been attempted at the wish, not only of many personal friends, but also of some who have only known him through the 'Golden Treasury' or his hymns. It has been greatly aided by his own journals, which are quoted at some length, for in them he speaks for himself, expressing many thoughts and opinions which could not otherwise have been so plainly given. Moreover, they especially help to fill the gap resulting from the comparative scarcity of his own letters. This scarcity is partly due, unhappily, to the fact that very many of my father's contemporaries have died during the last ten years, the letters in these cases having been usually destroyed. The sole correspondence which had been preserved in any sense of completeness was between him and Mr. Gladstone—generally on purely literary subjects—but the letters from Mr. Gladstone have had to be inevitably omitted, in deference to the wishes of his trustees. Then, again, my father, when looking over a large portion of the late Lord Tennyson's correspondence, burned the majority of

the letters which had been written by himself. I must here express my gratitude to the present Lord Tennyson, not only for his generosity in placing at my disposal those which remain, as well as extracts already published in the Memoir of his father, but also for his very kind assistance in the correction of proofs. To my uncle, Mr. Inglis Palgrave, and to the Dean of Salisbury, I am much indebted for their respective recollections of my father's childhood and college days; while among those who have given free permission for the publication of letters, either to or from my father, I would particularly thank Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mrs. Matthew Arnold, Miss Gladstone, Lady F. Cavendish, the trustees of the late Professor Jowett, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the Duke of Argyll, Professor Ruskin, Mr. Eastlake-Smith, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, Father Neville, and Sir Ludovic Grant. My thanks are also due to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for their courtesy in allowing some of my father's poems to be published in these pages.

In this short narrative I have tried to show my father both as a man of true poetical feeling, possessed of the purest taste in art and literature, and also as one who was loved by an almost infinite number of friends, and whose vast sympathy endeared him to them—old and new alike. But I have failed to reveal in any adequate degree that intense appreciation of all that is good and

beautiful, that tenderness and chivalry, that humble-mindedness which never allowed him to recognise his own singularly varied gifts, that perfect truthfulness, and above all that simplicity and transparency of nature which made him incapable of inconsistency—of ever saying anything that was not strictly true to his innermost thoughts or feelings :

And the work must not only be true,
But intense with the passion of truth,
The hatred of coldness and lie,
To the nobler nature must cry,
That shall merit eternal youth.

G. F. P.

February 1899.

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From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.
- LITTLE PARK, LYME *To face p. 131*
From a photograph taken October 1897.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE



CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND COLLEGE DAYS, 1824-1848

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, the eldest of the four sons of Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H., Deputy Keeper of Her Majesty's Records, was born on September 28, 1824, at Great Yarmouth. His father is chiefly remembered as an historian and antiquarian. He was the intimate friend of Henry Hallam, while among those with whom he was well acquainted were such men as Southey, Samuel Rogers, Macaulay, and Sir Walter Scott. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Dawson Turner, a woman of remarkable culture and brilliancy of mind. Her influence from the beginning tended to foster the innate love of art that later on developed into that peculiar refinement of taste and of criticism which was so apparent in her son; while it was to her father's extensive library and collection of the finest engravings that he owed his childish appreciation of Italian works of art and the power of distinguishing the merits of the different schools of painting. Although he seems to have been a more than usually intelligent child, his mother frequently complained of his childishness

and love of play ; this was partly due, perhaps, to the high standard to which, as an exceptionally gifted and clever woman, she expected her children to attain at a very early age. Both parents were eminently pious people, and were accustomed constantly to bring forward matters of religion to bear upon the occupations and amusements of their children. 'To point a moral,' my father has said, was one of their first principles in the early training and education of their boys. Always imbued with strictly Church principles, they were much influenced by the Tractarian movement ; while it is easy to trace the effect which the teaching of J. H. Newman exercised on their lives. With their eldest son this regard for Cardinal Newman ripened into a reverence and an enthusiastic admiration which continued and strengthened to the end. The boys were brought up to go to church on weekdays ; and on Sundays, besides generally attending two services at Hampstead, they would often walk in the evening to Christ Church, Albany Street. It was Frank's amusement, as a child, to construe the sermon into blank verse whilst it was being delivered.

His mother's Journal thus describes him shortly before he was two years old :

Frank listens with much interest to accounts of anything he sees—mills, clocks, and wheels are his great favourites, and he perpetually asks us to draw these for him, requesting that the 'moon may shine on the mill,' and thus showing that he understands in some degree their several natures. He has continued to improve in appearance ; he is fair, rosy, and fat, with yellow curling

hair and pretty, small features. His beauty has been much admired at Yarmouth, and his general good-temper and docility have made him a universal favourite. . . . People tell *me* he is a handsome child. I see that he is very agreeable-looking when his little face is not disfigured by those wilful passions which so early characterise the 'mal seme d' Adamo.' In outward appearance he is certainly favoured more than most children—may God bless his heart and mind!

Again, at three years old :

Frank does not make a rapid progress in his book at present—he seems unable to understand that the letters are the symbols of the *sound*: if pronounced to him, he spells them very fairly by *ear*, but not by *eye*. . . . His memory is excellent, and he knows many little poems by heart.

When four and a half, he

takes pleasure in learning a few Latin words, and considers it a reward to be allowed to commit two or three to memory after he has spelled and read, and he takes much pleasure in acquiring geographical information. He has read the first chapter of Genesis by himself, with great ease and interest. This day we first took our dear eldest child to worship God in His own house (St. Margaret's Church, Westminster): his *entire* attention and reverential silence proved that his mind was duly influenced.

At eight years old :

I think he is fairly advanced for his age, though he is fonder of play than of work, and seldom reads any but a story book for his own pleasure merely. In contributing to the schooling of poor children and such objects of charity, Frank at present shows a very liberal spirit. But he is disposed to argue and strive for his own will, often tyrannical and obstinate ; poor child, human nature in him

is very strong! . . . His and Giffy's faults are mercifully so adapted that they seldom disagree, and both admire and wonder at the ability of the other, in a way which is often very droll.

At twelve, his

favourite reading for amusement is anything on the subject of architecture, in which he takes great pleasure, and which he will, if he has practice, soon draw very nicely; he delights in making temples and altars, &c. in clay, and then burning them in the fire; and he is quite childish, and, I hope and believe, innocently minded.

The greater part of his childhood was spent in their pretty old-fashioned house at Hampstead, varied by constant visits to Yarmouth, the home of their grandfather. He always hated London—*quâ* London—with a vehemence which never lessened, although he owned that were it to be all London or all country, it would have to be all London. He has described the feeling of dismay with which as a child he had observed a lamp post in a suburban lane, that it had hitherto delighted him to fancy was in the real country. So it was that until within the last few years of his life, he found it hard to realise that genuine unspoiled 'country' was to be reached within forty miles of London. His love of the country did not spring from any particular zeal for country pursuits; it was a love mainly arising from the poetical and artistic side of his mind. He was keenly alive to Nature's sounds, and delighted in reading Lucretius or Virgil within hearing of a trickling stream or the breaking of waves on the shore. His first journey to Italy, at the age of four-

teen, with his parents and his brother Gifford, produced an impression never to be effaced, and on his return the chief joy of the brothers' playtime was painting in fresco fashion on the garden walls, and clay modelling in make-believe imitation of Florentine sculpture. His affection for Italy, her people, and above all her Art, became a passion, only intensified by each successive visit in later years.

His education at Charterhouse did not begin until he was fourteen. This he always regretted, maintaining that early going to school was the only remedy for priggishness—which weakness he admitted in himself—or for boyish 'cockyness' and lack of manners; but in spite of this he quickly fell into the ways of school life, entering with considerable zest into the Carthusian games, and making many friends. His intense interest in the best literature was already very marked in these school days, and it was one of his greatest delights to read Dante with his mother and the Greek plays with his father after the day's lessons were over. These readings, together with his amusements, were always shared with his brother Gifford, and one of their most popular games was acting scenes from Homer. This brother, so near in age, so clever and so brilliant, Frank always loved and admired with an almost touching reverence through the many changes of his very varied career. Soon after this began the intimacy with Baron Alderson's children, which was to prove indeed a lifelong friendship; perhaps among all Frank Palgrave's friends, Mr. Charles Alderson was more to him than any other. Another

early playmate became, in after life, the wife of his dear friend Arthur Clough.

My uncle, Inglis Palgrave, has kindly sent me a few recollections of my father's childhood and early surroundings :

Belton, near Great Yarmouth : July 1898.

My dear Niece,—The early days of your father's life are so well described in his graceful poem, 'Recollections of Childhood,' that it will be best for me to commence the narrative which you desire by quoting them, and to confine my own share in this mainly to explanations of what he has written.

I

I love the gracious littleness
 Of Childhood's fancied reign :
 The narrow chambers and the nooks
 That could a world contain :
 The fairy landscapes on the walls
 And half-imagined faces :
 The stairs that led to wider realms,
 The passage-scene of races.
 —By stranger feet the home is trod,
 Yet still the rooms I see :
 But the blithesome days of childhood
 May ne'er return to me.

II

I love the little room where first
 On infant reason broke
 The knowledge we had seen before
 The place in which we woke :
 Where first we link'd a happy eve
 To an all-sunny morning :
 Nor in that rigid chain of time
 Read any note of warning.

Why are the years together forged
And bound by Fate's decree,
If the blithesome days of childhood
May ne'er return to me ?

III

I love the broken plaything ghosts
That once were living joys :
The extemporised delight we snatch'd
From toys that were not toys.
The hands that tended infant limbs,
The feet that rock'd our sleeping :
The lips that told the wholesome lies
That stay'd our idle weeping.
These echoes from the past I prize,
Though faint and rare they be :
For ah ! the days of childhood
May ne'er return to me.

IV

I love the swing that shook between
The jawbones of the whale :
The vessel-seeming garden-boat,
The scene of feast and tale :
The mat-roof'd cabin where we crouch'd
And scorn'd the storm together :
The initials flourish'd on the beech
To tell our loves for ever,
That half we wish'd and half we fear'd
Another's eyes might see :—
—Ah, that the days of childhood
May ne'er return to me !

V

I love the lawn—the scenes of high
 Hellenic bulrush fights :
 Where Homer's heroes, snatch'd from Pope,
 Gave names to childly knights :
 Where after life was shadow'd out
 In feats of happy daring,
 Till each went off the field with joy
 The victor-trophies sharing :
 To count the shatter'd darts that lay,
 The dints that scarr'd the tree—
 —Ah, that the days of childhood
 May ne'er return to me !

VI

I love the palaces we built,
 The fancied brick or stone :
 The forts for happy bloodless siege,
 And conquest gaily won :—
 The mimic puppet-shows we framed
 To act some Shakspeare story ;
 Where Rome and Forres rose once more,
 And Cæsar fell in glory :
 Where all was false and all was true
 The moment might decree.—
 —Ah, that the days of childhood
 May ne'er return to me !

VII

I love the foolish words—that love
 Recorded as they fell :
 The very faults that then we wept,
 The follies prized too well :—

Alas for loss that Time has wrought :
 For joys, of grief that borrow :
 For sorrows that we cannot weep,
 And sins that bring no sorrow !
 Where is that unremorseful grief,
 That unreflecting glee ?—
 Alas ! the days of childhood
 May ne'er return to me.

VIII

I love the timid soul, that blush'd
 Before an elder's look :
 Yet from its equals in the game
 No tyranny could brook :—
 That spoke undaunted truth, no veils
 Of custom interposing :
 Nor fear'd its weakness and its strength
 To open hearts disclosing.
 I love the very strife that left
 Our souls for love more free :
 For the truthful days of childhood
 May ne'er return to me.

IX

—Alas for hands that then we clasp'd :
 For merry tripping feet :
 For daily thoughtless welcomings,
 And partings but to meet !
 The shout, the song, the leap, the race :
 The light of happy faces :
 The ready aid : the love—alas !—
 And childly fond embraces.
 —I hoard the thought of things that were,
 And ne'er again shall be :
 For the loving days of childhood
 May ne'er return to me.

X

—But, O blithe little ones—that dance,
 And bid me join your play :
 How can I share your blessedness ?
 How can I turn away ?—
 —I catch the gleam of sunny locks :
 The light of happy faces :—
 The hurried breath of quick delight :
 The proffer'd pure embraces :—
 I cannot aught but take the gift,
 The love you lavish free :—
 In you the days of childhood
 May yet return to me.

The first stanza is no doubt a reminiscence of the house of our maternal grandfather, Dawson Turner, at Yarmouth. He was a partner in the bank of Gurney & Co., now Barclay & Co. Ltd. His father had been a member of the firm before him, and the business, after being carried on in two or three houses in succession, settled, about the commencement of the century, in the house on the quay at Great Yarmouth, and on that site it has been carried on ever since.

It was in this house that F. T. Palgrave was born, and as not only your father's childish days, but in many ways the whole course of his pursuits throughout life were influenced by his early upbringing, and by the inhabitants of that house and its surroundings, it will be well to describe these in some detail.

The front rooms over the bank were warm and sunny, and looked to the west over the quay and river Yare, crossed at that point by a drawbridge, occasionally raised and lowered for the passage of shipping and fishing boats. The continual stream of life poured over the bridge, contrasting with the unceasing movement of the tide beneath it. Beyond were shipbuilding and repairing yards, and the

constant 'click' of the caulkers' tools sounded all the day long. The upper landing of this house ran perfectly level along two sides of the structure ; pictures covered the landing and the staircase walls. These pictures included a large musical party by Gaspar Crayer, a very harmonious picture ; another said to be by Titian—a man in a rich dress of the period holding a mirror to a lady ; and several pictures by John Crome—of these most were Norfolk scenes—on the rivers, boats, and barges—one was a quarry in Wales. It is now in the National Gallery.

At the back of the house was a wing which looked south ; the upper room of this, which years before had been employed as the family 'laundry,' was exactly the rough sort of room—with huge ironing-boards on trestles, and general scantiness of furniture—for children to rejoice in. It formed a play-room for us children. The nursery proper was between this room and the landing-place—'the passage-scene of races.' There were pictures in these rooms too, but of a different class. Portraits of the older members of the Turner family and their relations looked down on us from the walls. The oldest was an austere lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Godfrey, whose father, Major Thomas Wilde, had been killed in the great sea-fight off Lowestoft in 1665 between the Dutch under Opdam and Van Tromp, and the English under the Duke of York. We did not treat all these surroundings with the respect we should have done, but the association with earlier days which they gave us, helped us to remember there was a past to be considered as well as a future.

The feelings described in stanza III may well have been experienced among these surroundings. The day play-room contained the odds and ends accumulated by a large family, and odd reminiscences from many acquaintances, men of science of his period, such as Mr. Turner knew. There were spears from islands of the South, Australia and other regions, brought back by his friends, botanists and

travellers in parts of the world but little known at that time ; there were dried gourds and many strange fragments, skins, teeth, and other wonders. Certainly the commencement of stanza IV refers to the 'garden' behind the bank house, a very 'towny' garden—an oblong space, perhaps forty yards long and fifteen wide, with flower beds at the sides, and a narrow gravel walk surrounding an oblong grass-plot, at the corners of which were four great shells of the *Chama gigas*. These shells had been a gift to Mr. Turner, but I cannot trace from whom they came. My cousin, Sir Joseph Hooker, whom I asked, is not certain. On the grass-plot was a 'swing' ; the whalebones from which it hung were reminiscences of the days when whale fishing was carried on from Yarmouth—the 'garden-boat' rocked on a wooden platform laid on the gravel path. A rough sketch of all this by John Sell Cotman, who at one time gave a drawing lesson every Saturday morning to the Miss Turners in the bank drawing-room, is still in my possession. To return to the 'Recollections of Childhood'—

The house in Duke Street (now Delahay Street), Westminster, to which our father and mother moved in 1828, may also be reflected in stanza III. In stanza IV the 'mat-roof'd cabin' is a reminiscence of Irstead, the home of our uncle and aunt, John Gunn, Rector of Irstead, and 'Aunt Harriet,' a younger sister of our mother, both striking in their different ways. He was a clever man, very well informed in the geology of his neighbourhood ; she sang charmingly : the early delight in Mozart and Beethoven was due to her inspiration. The rectory was near Irstead 'Broad,' which supplied the weapons for the 'bulrush fights' of the next stanza, and the opportunity for much boating, both sailing and rowing. There, too, was a 'beech' on which 'initials' were cut. Some were also 'flourish'd' on trees in the garden at Hampstead, to which house we moved in 1832. A 'lawn' was there also, and 'Hellenic' struggles as well, but Irstead is probably indicated at this point. There was

a particular charm in the surroundings of that house for boys. It was at Hampstead that the 'palaces' and 'forts' were mainly constructed, and there also, in the otherwise unused coach-house, the 'mimic puppet-shows' were exhibited. The materials were of the roughest; the 'persons represented' were outlined in chalk on wooden 'bricks.' The names were marked beneath. The representation of a hero or heroine was thus made easy. Our mother's admirable Shakespeare reading gave the impetus to these 'dramatic performances,' in which your father took a leading part.

I must now revert again to Mr. Turner's house. The influence exercised on your father there continued throughout life. Mr. Turner had a very fine library, with a beautiful collection of prints. He was an original subscriber to Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' which our mother always delighted in and copied with great skill. As most of her sisters had been, she was a pupil of Cotman, and the instruction she had received was a great assistance to us and to your father. There were many fine books of prints, of the Louvre Collection, the galleries at Florence and elsewhere; also Hamilton's 'Etruscan Vases.' I remember when at Naples with your father in 1885, the collection there was quite familiar to us, and, as he reminded me, through our grandfather's instruction. I have mentioned the pictures on the stairs and in the rooms we occupied as children. The collection of which they formed a part, though small, was made on the principle of giving, as far as possible, examples of the leading schools of the 'Old Masters.' It contained a good example of Titian, the 'Rape of Europa,' beautiful in colour and elegant in design. A Holy Family by Gian Bellini; a sketch by Rubens of one of the designs on the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall; a very elegant female head by Greuze; a Cuypp with that breadth of atmosphere which that artist knew so well how to convey; and a charming portrait of our mother and her next sister Mary, by T. Phillips, R.A., who had studied

Lawrence with success at the beginning of the century. This 'wealth of art,' for so it truly was, had a great influence on our upbringing, which was carried on by the careful teaching of our father and mother. She took great pains in teaching him to commit poetry to memory. He had by the time he was six years old, she narrates with pleasure, 'learned by heart all the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," for his own pleasure, and he understands it well.' He commenced Cæsar's Commentaries when he was seven, 'and the Greek grammar, which he considers as a great amusement.'

Perhaps I can best set his progress before you by some quotations from his parents' letters, showing the pains they took with their children's education, and from your father's journals. He was in the habit of writing a journal from the time he was a child. The first of these that has been preserved, written on the back of a rough draft of his father's work, is before me now. The earliest letter I will quote was written to Mr. Turner when your father was nine years old. Their grandfather constantly took great pains in reading Latin and Greek with them whenever occasion permitted.

'Dec. 31, 1833.

'The children were much pleased with your notice of their Latin verses.' [These, no doubt, were nonsense verses.] 'Frank had taken as much pleasure in writing his, and, indeed, both did them in their playtime.'

'April 11, 1834.

The children 'had three weeks' holiday, during which F. and G. learnt perfectly all the first book of the *Æneid* by heart, and wrote down all the Xenophon and Sallust they had translated.'

The first journal is in the form of a letter to his mother. It describes one of many visits to Yarmouth.

'*July* 1833.—When we left you yesterday, we walked along by the side of the river and went over London

Bridge, where we saw the Monument, and the flames at the top did not look like flames, but like a prickly berry. . . . We reached Brentwood about nine, where the people had breakfast. . . . We went on then for a long way, and as we went we saw plenty of orchards filled with apple trees, whose boughs were bent down with the fruit. . . . We were all very glad when we reached Gorleston, and still more so when we came to grandpapa's house. When we got there down came grandmama, Aunt Hannah, Uncle Dawson, and last of all Monkey. He is a very comely dog with a manly aspect—not like Diver or Rover, who were effeminated—large for his age and long-leggen. . . . The afternoon after we came we went to the beach, and I made a prodigious mountain with a deep ditch and a high wall around it. . . . I made four towers of sand, very strong, made of wet sand; then I made walls between each tower; the walls were about four inches thick at the foundation and gradually tapering towards the top, which was about an inch thick (all this was intended to make a lighthouse), then the inside was filled up with sand, and patted on the outside.' These will sufficiently show the early amusements at Yarmouth.

The pains taken with their education were continued, as the following letters show :

From Lady Palgrave to her Father

Hampstead: Aug. 1, 1834.

. . . They are now reading Virgil and Sallust, and Xenophon's 'Cyropædia.' . . . I shall be glad to have a *steady* person to keep a due controul over very childish children. . . . I certainly never, not even from *you*, my dear Papa, witnessed more pains taken to advance scholars than Mr. Carr . . . uses to urge Frank and Giffy on—pointing out to them all the niceties in Latin and Greek which a dictionary cannot explain. . . . They are indeed

well taught—but, alas! the idlenesses and follies of my own childhood are shown me as in a glass by Frank and Giffy; and I remember my trying ways to you, my dear Papa, . . . and vainly try to make the children avoid having the same cause for self-reproach, by urging them to greater application and zeal than their mother showed.

To the same

Hampstead: July 28, 1835.

. . . The children have, to their great delight, just begun Homer; and, in Latin, Mr. Knight has put them into Horace, but still Giffy's plants and Frank's models and inventions to find out *perpetual* movement (which I tell him is nearest attained by his own tongue) are their *ruling passions* at present. . . .

The summer and early autumn of 1836 were spent with his brother Gifford at Begbrook, near Oxford, with their uncle and aunt Jacobson. Mr. Jacobson, then Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford (afterwards Bishop of Chester), had married Ellen, the youngest of our mother's sisters. The journal described their stay at Begbrook.

'In the garden, which is nearly twice as large as ours, there is a stone font, very old, and an immense cypress tree shooting up to a great height. I brought home more than 70 shells, they were all filled with smaller shells, as, in truth, all the stones here are filled with "jonchés," as M. Lamartine would say . . . growing in the hedge were the *Epilobium hirsutum*, here called "codlins and cream"; also meadow-sweet, smelling very sweet indeed. . . . There was also a large lilac-coloured flower, and a small veronica—blue with a yellow spot in the centre. Of these we collected a nosegay which, as Giffy writes, "would have done honour to a garden." . . . We walked to Kidlington; . . . there were the remains of an old stone barn, consisting of a gable end and other small ruins, so very pretty I should like to have drawn it. . . . At our house there are two dogs,

Rose and Don ; Rose is a rough terrier who goes foraging about for rats and such things, not having any regular allowance, as Don, a puppy, has at this house. We saw Yarnton Church ; it is very beautiful built of blocks of stone excellently cut. In the churchyard is a very beautiful old but ruined cross. In a small chapel attached to it, with wooden beams and a flat roof, the compartments of the beams were painted blue with gilt stars, very pretty.' . . .

In the autumn of 1837 our father and mother made one of many journeys to Italy. The letters to their children during these absences were very useful in keeping up their interest in art and in cultivation generally.

From Lady Palgrave to her Son

Mantua : Sept. 13, 1837.

My own dear Frank,—I think you will quite like that this letter, which will, I hope, reach you on your birthday, should be begun from a place the name of which you know so well as that of Mantua. We arrived here yesterday, having left Venice with as much regret as we could feel in turning our faces to the west instead of the east. Soon I hope to turn them to the north also ; and then we shall indeed feel as if we were coming home. . . . Dear child, though separated from you and your brothers by so many miles, we have thought, and do think continually, of you all ; and especially we shall think of and pray for you to-morrow fortnight, when, as we hope, you will reach your thirteenth birthday. . . . If I were to tell you the many times and places we have especially wished for you in, I should more than fill my letter ; but at Venice there were some occasions in which we thought you would all have been so pleased, that we did more especially long for you. One of these times was when we went in a gondola to the island of Torcello, which seems to have been the first of the twenty-two islands forming the Venetian group which was settled. Here there is a fine

cathedral and a large church still left, and in good repair, though there are only twenty-six inhabitants in the island. We thought this statement of the population must be overrated, for we only saw one man, one woman, and one child, besides two large dogs which seemed inclined to dispute our landing. . . . I have been trying to draw a little view of Mantua for you, but in vain, for Virgil has received us in his city with *rain*, the first almost we have had of any continuance. His house is pointed out among willows and poplars, a few miles from Mantua, but we had not enough belief that it ever was his to make us wish to visit it. . . . I do not doubt you and your brothers look out our places on the map and follow us thus. . . . Darling, I am 'come to the messages.' Tell my dear Giffy, with my love, that I use his Psalter every *travelling* day, and think of him; . . . and tell my Inglie that I much wish for more news of him and Reggie, from whom I have heard but once; and tell my Reggie I learn my verses every morning *with him*. I write my journal to you every night, and I have made several drawings: have you any to show me? . . .

Your very affectionate Mother.

From Sir F. Palgrave

Namur: Aug. 13, 1837.

My very dear Children,—Your dear mamma might have added that she is, thank God, very well, and has much enjoyed her journey, and we have often been reckoning upon the pleasure which you may have some day with us in traversing the same scenes. To-morrow we hope to reach the Roman aqueduct built by Drusus, or at least ascribed to him; and the country abounds in Roman remains, and still more in recollections and traditions of those conquerors of the world. . . .

Your affectionate Father, F. P.

From Lady Palgrave to her Father

Hampstead : March 19, 1838.

. . . On Saturday Frank [Sir F. Palgrave] accompanied Dr. Jennings to the Duke of Sussex's conversazione, where he saw a very great many people and several experiments, the account of which has delighted the children. The communication by a galvanic telegraph was one of the new discoveries exhibited, the station being a quarter of a mile off in the garden, and the message was conveyed with instantaneous rapidity. . . . The children's Greek Testament with their father on Sunday evening is a great delight to them, and they afterwards stay to supper with us, at which the rise of their spirits after the quietness of the day's employments is very pleasing, while it continues, as it has hitherto been, tempered with some respect and reverence.

In 1838 a journey to Wales with his father and brother Gifford gave great pleasure. He describes it in his journal :

August 1838, Chester.—Arrived at the Cathedral, a building of the common red stone of which so much is here. In one of the transepts is a remaining portion of Saxon and Norman work, of which I have drawn some. The roof is of wood, but it was once intended to be of stone, as we could see the projections whence the vaulting would have sprung. Afterwards we saw the Chapter House, which is in the Lancet Gothic style, and part of the stone bars of the windows are double ; beautiful columns in front joined to plain stone very thick bars behind, with (in that early part) no tracery. Papa exceedingly admired this. . . .

Conway.—We proceeded to the Castle, which is indeed glorious. . . . There are two great courts, by the first of which is the dining-hall, once crossed (a very rare circumstance, if not almost unique) by eight large and most beautiful arches, four of which remain. . . . I now proceed to give a grand plan of the edifice !

In 1838 the education at the Charterhouse began.

Your father was placed in the fourth form, where he soon rose to the second place. He took the prize in that form at the Easter examination 1839, and was raised to the fifth form, the upper school. He and your Uncle Gifford accompanied their father and mother to Italy in the autumn of that year, and I had best close this short notice of his early days by the following quotations from his journal :

August 1839.—At last Beauvais burst on our view. It is a most striking town, as a great proportion of the houses are of wood ornamented with grotesque faces, carvings, &c. The Cathedral is most beautiful. The sculpture of the front is more delicate than I almost ever saw, and the inside is quite stupendous. On the outside the profusion of flying buttresses is quite wonderful, yet some parts of this were finished as late as the time of Francis I. . . .

Paris, August 1839.—The front of Notre Dame is of an early date. I especially admired the open gallery connecting the towers. . . . Leaving Macon, we coasted along by a beautiful range of hills; Mont Blanc, on the left, became more and more faint every minute. Some of the other peaks of the Alps were of a dazzling whiteness, quite terrible to look upon. The vine-covered hills and white villages continued till we reached Villefranche, a village decorated with a fine flamboyant church. . . .

Lyons, August 1839.—After dinner we walked out, passing by a very curious Romanesque portal of a church, about the date of Charlemagne, of a very Roman appearance. . . . At last we came to the object we most desired to see—namely, the famous speech of Claudius, in which he grants freedom to several Gaulish cities, and Lyons, as the chief city, in particular. This Magna Charta of Gallia Antiqua is most beautifully engraved upon two tables of brass, about three feet square together. The words accord very nearly with the speech as recorded in Tacitus, which may be taken as a proof that the speeches found in that author, as well perhaps as those of later times in Livy and

the other annalists, are not, as commonly supposed, mere compositions of the author, after some vague tradition of the original, but are literally and indeed the speaker's own words. . . .

September 1839, Lucca.—The country we passed coming here was indeed fruitful, abounding in vines trained from tree to tree, which has a most beautiful effect. We passed several fields of millet, a very pretty crop with a dark-coloured head of grain. . . . We entered the Church of San Michele [Lucca]. The front of this building is most curious; it consists of five ranges of small arches, with grotesque columns and capitals inlaid with black and white marble. The two uppermost ranges are merely a deception, as there is no roof behind them; thus they form a sort of thin tower. The Church of Santa Maria was much in the same Early Lombard style, with monsters over the door. . . .

September 1839, Modena.—At last we came to Modena, having pursued the Via Emilia, a perfectly straight road; the country was perfectly flat, the fields divided by rows of trees covered with vines, apparently cultivated just as it was in the time of Virgil. . . . The Duomo here is the most remarkable building of the sort we have seen. . . . The outside retains its original Lombard character. . . . The carving around the entrance consisted chiefly of foliage intermixed with demons and monsters. . . . On the way between Parma and Piacenza we passed the little town of Borgo San Donnino, and just stopped to look at the very early Duomo. In the wall of the E. end is the stone with the famous incomprehensible inscription, with the sun carved on the stone above. . . . The Casa del Commune at Piacenza is of moulded brick in Italian Gothic, and very fine, although the mouldings of the windows are flat. . . . Every one who visits the Cathedral of Milan must be struck on entering it by four things: its great height and size; its perfectness; the beautiful colour of the marble; and the absence of any clerestory gallery. . . . I think that

although it is pre-eminent in beauty of plan and execution, and richer than the Duomo of Florence in decoration, yet it has none of the grandeur and solitary appearance of the latter. . . .

‘Since our return,’ my mother writes, in a journal she kept of your father’s early days, ‘Frank’s taste for drawing has been quickened, and he is engaged at every spare minute in executing frescoes on the walls both in and outside the house.’ These rough paintings—on any bit of plaster or whitewash that could be found or put up—soon faded and disappeared, but the interest in art and poetry thus fostered remained with your father through life. I hope that what I have said may be a pleasure to you to read as showing the affectionate early influences which fostered his naturally fine abilities.

Your affectionate Uncle,

R. H. INGLIS PALGRAVE.

In the autumn of 1843 Frank accompanied his father to Rome by way of Antwerp, the Rhine, and Switzerland. In two letters, one to Miss Gurney and one to his brother Gifford, one clearly notes the boyish delight and interest evinced in his former journey, developing into the keenest enthusiasm for what he sees. Writing to Miss Gurney he says :

The most interesting thing which we saw at Florence was the real Casa Alighieri, in which Dante was born and lived till he was so shamefully exiled. . . . There are several other relics of that greatest Florentine about the city ; beside the baptistery which he so much admired, is a stone which marks the place where he is said to have so often sat and looked at the rising walls of the beautiful Cathedral, and the Campanile designed by his friend Giotto. . . . The greatest curiosity is one recently discovered in the chapel of the Bargello. Giotto painted a

portrait of Dante, yet young ; this has been uncovered from the whitewash, and the portrait of the Altissimo Poeta is nearly uninjured ; he is represented with a grave serious look. I have the engraving of this now before me, which I hope to place in my rooms in Balliol as their greatest ornament. . . . The 'Madonna della Seggiola' is inexpressibly delicate and beautiful, far beyond any engraving I have ever seen of it. . . .

The following extract is taken from a letter addressed to his brother :

. . . Late at night we entered Siena. Most of the houses here are apparently as old as the time of the Republic. We saw the two famous pictures by Duccio di Buoninsegna painted in 1211 ; one a noble picture of the B.V.M. and Child, most beautiful and tender in expression, and then consider its date! . . . In the evening we ascended the desolate Apennines to the lofty rock of Radicofani. We slept very comfortably in the huge, mysterious inn, which was an old hunting seat of the Medici. Next day the sun was just marking the line of mountainous horizon by a golden streak of light, and the stars seemed hung out with a clearness I have never seen, although only Orion was visible where I was, and below him Sirius was blazing with a tremulous light as large as a planet. They gradually faded ; and as we began to descend the mountain, the glorious sun gradually rose, and we saw his light on the highest part of the castle, then on the town of Radicofani, before it burst on us ; while long ranges of blue hills and undulating valleys extended for miles in front. . . . As for Bolsena, papa and I never thought there was such a place ; scarcely a house in the upper town seems altered, or the people either, for six or seven hundred years. The narrow steep streets are edged with low stone houses with curiously shaped circular windows, often with stone steps outside, and the women

spinning. . . . Few things struck us so much as the Raphael Stanze [at Rome]; their excessive beauty and grace is so mingled with the highest dignity, and yet the most perfect truth. . . . All yield in beauty to that of the 'Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison,' in which the effect of the lights, the effulgence of the angel, the glare of the soldiers' torches, and the cold quiet moonlight is wonderful; while the figure of the angel is as celestial as is possible to imagine. . . . In 'The School of Athens' are figures combining the greatest dignity and grace; . . . I especially admired the deep love and reverence expressed by Alexander to Socrates. . . . In the 'Theology,' we found the finest of all the frescoes in the Stanze. Nothing can express the celestial beauty of many of the figures in this glorious picture. . . . The reverence of the Blessed Virgin seemed mingled with the deepest love, and was like all the feeling with which Dante describes her: 'Vergine Madre, Figlia del tuo Figlio.' . . .

Some months before he took up his residence at Oxford, and while still at Charterhouse, he obtained in 1843 his Balliol scholarship. University life was in all respects congenial to him; even at Charterhouse he had been a student rather than a schoolboy, and now, as an undergraduate, he was able almost entirely to devote his spare time to the study of literature and art. His was by no means, however, the life of a recluse, but, as one who knew him well has said, he had the gift of attracting many friends around him, and was keenly alive to their sympathy, loving above all things to feel that those he best cared for were sharing his admiration for what he himself appreciated most, in poetry, pictures, or people. Thus it was that at this time among his group of Oxford friends began his singular power of

guiding and encouraging the taste of those around him in the direction of purest art. Through life, public opinion meant nothing to him ; his judgment was absolutely independent, and unbiassed by the *vox populi* ; in everything, the *best* and the best only was his standard. As one¹ well qualified to speak has said :

It may be questioned whether, after Arnold, any other critic of our time contributed so much to educate public taste where in this country it most needs such education. . . . He had no taint of vulgarity, of charlatanism, of insincerity. He never talked or wrote the cant of the cliques or of the multitude. He understood and loved what was excellent, he had no toleration for what was common and second-rate ; he was not of the crowd. . . . In the best and most comprehensive sense of the term he was a man of classical temper, taste and culture, and had all the insight and discernment, all the instincts and sympathies which are the result of such qualifications.

His rooms in college were characteristically filled with his mother's copies of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' of Michael Angelo's figures in the Sistine Chapel, and of Correggio's frescoes at Parma ; while at this time he bought what he afterwards considered one of his choicest treasures—a beautiful little mezzotint from another of Correggio's frescoes, representing the Madonna and Child. Other engravings of this his favourite subject covered his walls, and earned for him amongst his undergraduate friends the nickname of 'Madonna Palgrave.' These friends included Alexander Grant, John W. Ogle, Robert Morier, Archibald Peel (whom he always

¹ Professor Churton Collins.

associated at that time with the memory of many delightful rides), W. Y. Sellar, W. Warburton, Matthew Arnold, and Coleridge Patteson. Another friend, Edmund Bastard, who died while still a young man, was specially dear to him. His tutor, Professor Jowett, he always held in high regard, and though for different reasons his early admiration for him lessened, still the friendship was never severed, and from 1886 until the Master's death, a visit to Balliol was an almost yearly occurrence. Jowett entrusted him, when a young man, with the choice of many of the engravings which hung in his house at Balliol: to collect thus for other people, and to make gifts of some of his favourite works of art was one of his greatly enjoyed pleasures, and one in which he frequently indulged.

The strange but beautiful designs of the then little-known William Blake had early begun to fascinate him. Years afterwards he and the late Lord Houghton together attended Mr. Butts' sale of Blake's works, and each encouraged the other to become the possessor of many of his original drawings and engravings. It has often been said to us: 'Your father was one of the first who "preached" Blake.' Even somewhat higher still did he rank him as poet, perceiving the same qualities in his verse as in his art: the 'simple yet often majestic imagination, spiritual insight, profound feeling for grace and colour. . . . His verse is narrow in its range, and at times eccentric to the neighbourhood of madness. But whatever he writes, his eye is always straight upon his subject.' My father would com-

pare his soul with that of Fra Angelico, each living in the all-pervading presence of the spiritual life. 'To men of this class,' he has said, 'the Invisible world is the Visible, the Supernatural was the Real.'¹ The following letter was written in February 1845 :

To Lady Palgrave.

Balliol.

My dearest Mother,—. . . Yesterday evening Mr. Jowett asked me to have tea with him, after he had looked at some Greek of mine ; he was very kind and pleasant, and I hope that I shall see him oftener, now that Mr. Lake is away. He showed me a book which I dare say papa knows—W. Blake's 'Illustrations of the Book of Job.' They are a number of little etchings, drawn and etched by Blake ; and certainly they show immense power and originality. Though often quite out of drawing and grotesque, they are most interesting—far more than Flaxman, for instance. Schiavonetti's etchings in the 'Grave,' though far more correct, give but a faint idea of the force and vigour of these. If you can possibly borrow them, I am sure you will be exceedingly interested by them—I have seen nothing so extraordinary for a long time. Some, as of Job in misery, and of the Morning Stars singing for joy, are beautiful ; some, as of a man tormented by dreams and the Vision of the Night, are most awful ; and what adds much to the pleasure of seeing them, is that every stroke seems to do its utmost in expression, and to show that one mind both planned and executed them. Brothers, I am sure, would be much pleased with them ; at least, if they agree with their affectionate brother and your v. a. and v. d. son,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

¹ Notes to the *Sacred Treasury*.

The following extracts from letters to his mother, written during 1843 to 1846, give an idea of the life at Oxford.

To Lady Palgrave

Balliol.

My dearest Mother,—. . . I have been reading Coleridge's 'Table Talk'; most interesting the book is, more than any I have read for a long time. But the impression reading his opinions leaves on me is just this: to agree and be pleased with him when he agrees with you; where he does *not*, to set it down as no authority at all. So that at the end one is little wiser, I fear, than before. For some of his opinions I cannot agree with; as his depreciation of Virgil, and his evident *dispetto* at Dante and Tasso: and these, again, make one slow to receive his opinions, when they agree with one's own, as really authoritative. . . . You always require a double return of thanks from me, for two letters in answer to my one, whence I argue that you have twice as much to do as I have. There is, however, no news here. I went yesterday to Littlemore, and attended service there; I looked at the painted glass, and I was much struck with its utter inutility for all but antiquaries; and with its great rudeness, not to say ugliness in detail, although the general mosaic effect was rich and beautiful. But is this the first aim of painted glass? The distinction between pleasant and agreeable I meant to be this: that the one coincides necessarily with one's own mind, and the other need not. To look at the 'Ariadne' of Titian is pleasant, at the 'Francia' close by it, agreeable. Yet if I were to choose, I should be much inclined, with Aunt Mary, to prefer the Titian. Now do you understand? I ought to add that most agreeable things are also pleasant, as in this instance. . . . To-day I have called, with Giffy, on Mr. Manuel Johnson, who was, as ever, most kind and pleasant. He has bought some more engravings, more exquisite than

anything that I have yet seen ; especially a proof of R. Morghen's ' Guido's Aurora ' ; as different from the general impressions as the original from a copy : so light and airy and fresco-like, that it was wonderful to see. Then he has bought a proof of Desnoyer's ' Belle Jardinière,' most lovely and forcible ; an old and *very* fine engraving of A. Caracci's ' Pietà,' and many other lesser ones. On Mrs. Coleridge's recommendation, I read some of the ' Sonnets to Liberty,' and could not agree in her praises ; did you ? They seem like Alison distilled in a weak way. I did not see much resemblance to Milton except in one—in another set, I think—which begins with ' A book was writ of late, called Peter Bell.' A close similarity was observable in this. Pray give my love to all, and thank papa for his letter—I should no more (please tell him) think of coming without books than of leaving my skin behind here in a drawer.

I am your very affectionate and respectful son,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

. . . In great haste I write to wish you many happy returns of to-morrow, whose anniversary I had nearly forgotten. As for what you say of Coleridge, or rather of one's feeling as to the support or opposition of any person to one's own opinions, I fear it is often true, in a certain extent. But I think in Coleridge far more than usual ; both because his life contradicted (in a measure) his opinions, and his opinions (I think) often contradict themselves. Thus I should, I hope, acquiesce in, or at least reverence, an opinion of Johnson (to take him as an instance) (although Coleridge and Wordsworth, like men of true greatness of mind, take pleasure in decrying him) ; or in one of Southey, or of Mr. Newman ; or, to go up higher in age and higher in authority, of Dante, of Cicero, of Aristotle. Yet I doubt not Giffy will like the book much, as I am sure I did. I go on the water now a good deal in the

evening, and I can pull seven miles without feeling more than very slightly tired after it. I wish papa would repeal his wish about skiffing, which really is quite safe enough; and what is continually practised by a thousand men cannot be so very dangerous. We had luncheon with uncle¹ and aunt to-day, who were both, as usual, very kind and agreeable. We saw the baby too, who has a well-shaped head and a very good and amiable temper. . . . I have not been to many wines, but last Saturday I gave one, and to-morrow I give another. I asked about thirty-five men, of whom twenty-five are disengaged. I am, with many wishes for the very happy return of your birthday,

Your v. r. and aff. son,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

. . . Sellar is now here and talking to Giffy, but I think that I can manage to write to you. I am much pleased to hear of the much that E. Coleridge thinks of Bastard; did not what you saw of him confirm it? I have often seen him since this term began. This morning I went first to St. Mary's: the preacher thought it his duty to protest very greatly against what he fancied the errors of the day, in a commonplace railing manner, and when I got out I was surprised to find that it was Dr. Hampden. His sermon was evidently meant for a counterblast to Dr. Pusey's, which I cannot but think very indecent. I really do not know what will become of Dr. Pusey with so many sorrows falling on him; for I have no doubt that the '——' has been, with its usual charity, spitting out its venom against him, and talking about vital religion all the time. I hope you will not be angry with me for writing this. . . . In the afternoon I attended the parochial service. The church was very full: Mr. Newman preached—and very

¹ Bishop Jacobson.

beautifully—on the Kingdom of our Saviour in the world. . . . Temple is very much satisfied with some work that I have done for him, in answering the questions set in the Schools on Aristotle this year. I like him continually more and more, thinking it well worth while to have come here merely to know him better. . . .

In 1847 he took his degree with a first in Classics, and was elected Fellow of Exeter College, where he took up his residence for a year, and now saw much of Max Müller and G. D. Boyle, two contemporaries, whose lifelong friendship was a source of constant happiness. A. H. Clough has already been mentioned, and few perhaps have appreciated more the beauty of his character than F. T. Palgrave, who wrote of him :

Here was a man who loved truth and justice, not coldly and afar off, as most, but with passion and intensely ; . . . who walked the world's way as matter of duty, living a life, meanwhile, hidden with higher and holier things. . . . Plainer living and higher thinking were the texts on which he gave us many a humorous and admirable lesson. . . . His influence was always towards whatever should incline others to a liberal view of the questions of the day, of the claims of the feeble, and the feelings of the poor.

It is impossible for any one who knew Frank Palgrave to read these words without tracing a reflection of them in his own character, or observing that this gifted friend must have considerably influenced him. For he too 'loved truth, not coldly, but with passion' ; while the 'claims of the feeble, and the feelings of the poor,' were ever before his mind. As a poet, he assigned to Arthur Clough a

high place, as having inherited a double portion of the spirit of Wordsworth, shown in his 'fresh, healthy manliness'; his 'love of earth, not "only for its earthly sake," but for the divine and the eternal interfused in it. . . . These noble qualities are rare in any literature; they have a charm so great that, like Beauty before the Areopagus, they almost disarm the judgment.' This warm and loyal commendation of his friends is typical of Frank Palgrave: the many whom he loved or admired he praised unstintingly, and equally he was never afraid to denounce meanness, selfishness, or lack of truth in any form. His unswerving courage of opinion, often expressed with great fervour and vehemence, led some to fear his righteous indignation, and others to consider him harsh and hypercritical. No doubt he was prejudiced on questions of politics and certain theological points—for instance, Oliver Cromwell and the Reformation—or rather the evils arising from it—were two special antipathies; but, as a rule, his extreme fairmindedness and the justice of his criticism were apparent even to those who differed from him, while his firm convictions were the outcome of a deep and discriminating study of the subject in question. He was entirely without superficiality, and thoroughly entered into whatever new branch of learning he might take up for his own pleasure, and, unless he had really mastered it, was slow to give his views, always saying, when questioned, with habitual frankness, 'I am afraid I can tell you nothing, for I have never sufficiently studied the subject.'

His Oxford journals—for the most part confined to mere facts of lectures attended, work accomplished, and friends seen—show also a lively interest in English and foreign political affairs; the re-awakening of the Republic in France in 1848, the flight of Louis Philippe, Guizot's resignation, and Molé's attempt to form a Ministry, are all dwelt on, and entries of a similar nature mark his stay in Paris in April of the same year, when he was accompanying Dean Stanley, Professor Jowett, and Sir Robert Morier on a short tour in France. An account of this expedition to Paris has been given, with some extracts from F. T. Palgrave's diary, in the 'Life of Professor Jowett,' and a still fuller description has appeared in the 'Life of Dean Stanley.' Lamartine, 'tall and noble, and Louis Blanc, next in interest of expression,' struck him greatly, while the distribution of colours to the troops of the Republic was the most impressive sight of all. He concludes his account with the words: 'Stay at Paris most pleasant, from its intense interest and from the hearty friendship of S., J., and M.'

The friendship of Sir Francis Palgrave with Mr. Gladstone led to his son Frank's appointment as his assistant private secretary during the year 1846, together with Sir Stafford Northcote.¹ The year of this secretaryship was taken out from his Oxford career before returning there to take his degree. It was at the time of the triumph of Free Trade, when Mr. Gladstone was Colonial Secretary. This period was one of much work and experience, and it

¹ Afterwards Earl of Iddesleigh.

must have been also one of extreme interest and enjoyment, for he mentions with the greatest enthusiasm, in his journal, personal intercourse with his chief, pleasant dinners at his house, and above all, readings of Virgil and Tacitus with his 'most kind, considerate, and noble master.'¹

For the following recollections, chiefly of my father's youth, I am indebted to the great kindness of his friend, G. D. Boyle, Dean of Salisbury :

In the year 1843 I first knew Francis Palgrave. He and his three brothers came daily from their home at Hampstead to Charter House School. I had not been long there, before I heard from my friend Elwyn² of the wonderful abilities of the two eldest Palgraves, and their love for poetry and many books. A library had lately been formed for the boarders of the Head Master's house, and the two elder Palgraves had put upon its shelves as their gift Keble's 'Christian Year' and J. H. Newman's 'Church of the Fathers.' One evening early in my school life, the four brothers spent some time with us, and shared our evening tea, or supper as it was called, and I remember as if it were yesterday, the ardent zeal with which the two brothers Francis and W. G. Palgrave read some of their favourite bits of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and told us how their mother read to them long passages of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' when their evening work was over. Never can I read 'Ruth,' 'The Wishing Gate,' and 'Christabel'

¹ In writing to him on his success in *Literæ Humaniores*, Mr. Gladstone remarked that it had given him the 'liveliest satisfaction,' particularly on account of the interruption which he had been the means of causing to Palgrave's studies. He also said: 'As matters stand, it can only add to your honour that you have overcome the disadvantage it must have caused you. I should have felt a particular responsibility if you had not been able to do so.'

² Late Master of the Charterhouse in London.

without thinking of the enthusiastic admiration of the future editor of the 'Golden Treasury,' and the distinguished traveller, for these well-known poems. There was great joy in our school, and the usual half-holiday, when F. T. Palgrave was elected Scholar of Balliol, and his brother soon after became Scholar of Trinity, Oxford. An admirable translation of part of Pope's *Elegy upon an 'Unfortunate Lady'* was handed about in Oxford, as well as at Charter House (the work of W. G. Palgrave), and the late Dean of Durham used to speak of the elder brother's work at Balliol as most brilliant. I suppose few schoolboys have ever shown, early in life, so much real love for literature as the Palgrave brothers. I owed to the third, who is still alive, my first acquaintance with Sara Coleridge's 'Phantasmion'; and Sir Reginald Palgrave, whose historical tastes are well known, told me with glee, that his father's 'Merchant and Friar' was about to be reprinted in a cheap form. The power of interesting his friends in all that he admired, F. T. Palgrave possessed very strongly.

I do not wish to intrude myself in this attempt to describe what he was at this time of his life, but I must now turn to the time when I first went to Oxford, and found him, after he had ceased to be Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, still a scholar of Balliol, reading hard for honours. He was good enough to ask me to breakfast, and I found that his friends, J. Riddell, E. Palmer, H. J. Smith, and Alexander Grant, appreciated his love of poetry and literature most fully. His book-shelves were crowded with various occupants. George Sand's 'Consuelo,' a Dante which his grandfather had just given him, Prichard's 'Researches,' Bopp's Grammar, and a translation of Kant, were not often seen on undergraduates' shelves. Though busy for the Schools, he found time to read F. D. Maurice's 'Religions of the World,' and by his advice the book was read by more than one of the breakfast party. But his lifelong admiration for Tennyson was then in full vigour.

Passages from the two volumes were read out to us, with that murmur of admiration his friends knew so well, and we were all cheered with the news that a new poem might be expected at Christmas. Very soon after this (to me) memorable breakfast, he was elected, as an undergraduate, Fellow of Exeter, and in my second term at Oxford he was placed in the first class. He was resident at Exeter College where I was, and during that time my intimacy with him grew greater. The two men of whom he saw most in Oxford during his year of grace were J. A. Froude and A. H. Clough. I do not think that in later years, when he had parted company in many ways with Froude, he would readily have admitted the influence which Froude undoubtedly had over him, and the direction he gave to his reading. Jowett he looked upon at that time in a light in which he did not latterly regard him. But his loyalty and allegiance to his constant friend, whose Vice-Principal he afterwards became at Kneller Hall, Archbishop Temple, was always unshaken and enduring.

Palgrave's love for Scott, Wordsworth, and Tennyson continued to grow; and all who knew him at this time will remember the delight he showed in Ruskin's revelation of the greatness of Turner, and his intense interest in music. No one enjoyed the pleasant evenings at Sir Henry Acland's, where good music was well performed, more than he did; and one or two members of a circle of friends still remaining will frankly acknowledge how much they owe to the inspiring power with which he would recite some of his friend Clough's verses, or read some passage from Emerson, a great favourite in those days, though not so prized in maturer years. I think many of his Oxford friends, though very sorry to miss him, felt that it was good for him to be taken from the general pursuit of literature to the serious work of the training school. But those who felt that their own sympathies were enlarged and their best, tastes elevated, missed him sorely when he left Oxford

and only visited it occasionally. One feature of his life at Oxford ought certainly to be remembered, the hold which he never lost on theology and history, and which became so evident in his later years. I have often discussed with him the positions of Newman, Arnold, Maurice, and Jowett ; and remember well how he used to put his finger with real discrimination on certain weak places, not always, as I thought, sufficiently mindful of the particular view advanced. For Newman and R. W. Church he had always the warmest admiration, and for A. P. Stanley, though differing from him in many ways, he had the truest appreciation.

When I entered on active clerical life I only saw him occasionally in London, but whenever we met he had always something interesting to tell, and dwelt, as his friends knew, upon the merits or demerits of prominent politicians or authors. It was certainly a delight to him to know that a taste for Wordsworth's poetry had been revived by his judicious selections in the 'Golden Treasury.' I think nearly every piece contained in the early editions was talked over by him at his house in London or at the Athenæum, and he delighted to tell me how careful he had been to secure the verdict of Tennyson in his work.

When one meets a friend occasionally after a time of great intimacy, it is always interesting to note changes of opinion on important questions. Palgrave grew gradually to dislike many of the projects of his more Liberal friends at Oxford, and he also took a different view of Carlyle's literary and historical judgments, and would often express himself with great vehemence. I remember, however, that in his earlier days he took a strong side in the controversy about Cromwell's character, and used to speak of the advantage he had enjoyed from the sober historical methods of his father, Sir Francis Palgrave, and the historian Hallam. It was a great delight to him to find that Bishop Stubbs highly approved of the line he took, in his

notes in the 'Visions of England.' In later years his admiration for Bishop Lightfoot and his writings was unbounded, and I shall not forget the delight with which he told me that his son was to join the band of young men who read under the Bishop's direction at Auckland Castle. I pass over many pleasant meetings in London at his own house, when the merits of Matthew Arnold's poetry, and his first volume of 'Essays in Criticism,' the place of Clough in poetry, and the revival of interest in Wordsworth's poetry and Coleridge's philosophy, in two fresh and suggestive essays by his old Balliol friend, J. C. Shairp, were the theme of many talks, prolonged sometimes to late hours, and always ending in rapturous readings from 'Maud' and 'In Memoriam,' and enlivened by personal recollections of the last visit to the Isle of Wight, and the last conversations held with the great poet. Tennyson has had many admirers and many interpreters, but Palgrave was certainly one of the very first to recognise the distinctive quality and nobility of the poetry which has made so deep a mark on English thought and taste. When an essay on Tennyson's poetry by G. Brimley first appeared in a volume of 'Cambridge Essays,' many thought the eulogy overstrained, but Palgrave stoutly maintained that the place of Tennyson would in the next generation be very near Wordsworth's. As years went on it was delightful to find in him the same freshness and purity of taste. The result of his Oxford lectures in 'Landscape in Poetry' is a standing evidence of the dignity he claimed for Alfred Tennyson.

After Palgrave's election to the chair of Poetry at Oxford, his visits to me at Salisbury were almost annual, and it was an intense pleasure to talk over the days of Oxford life, when Max Müller charmed us with his delightful playing of Mendelssohn's masterpieces, and the last sermon of Stanley, Jowett, or Pusey was discussed. In all plans for the educational advancement in the diocese of

Salisbury, Palgrave, as a resident at Lyme and a member of the Synod, took a hearty and generous interest. No literary work he engaged in interested him more than the choice selection of 'Sacred Poems' he edited for the Oxford Press. Sensational literature he had a horror of, and his feeling for Scott as a poet and novelist seemed to me to grow greater every time we met. The careful revision of the 'Golden Treasury,' and the inclusion of one or two poems unduly neglected, was a marked feature of later years. On all great subjects his thoughts seemed to me to have deepened and strengthened, and although I was sometimes at variance with him as to the positions taken by some of our old friends, nothing ever occurred to mar the familiarity of our intercourse. It is not easy to set down in plain terms any proper expression of the debt one owes to a friend with whom one has travelled along passes known only to the few, and with whom one has held true communion of thought, but I can freely assert that I am only one of many who will long look back with real gratitude to the high elevation in poetry, art, and music to which Francis Palgrave delighted to point as the goal for all rightly directed human effort.

CHAPTER II

KNELLER HALL, AND THE EDUCATION OFFICE,
1849-1862

MARCH 31, 1849, formed an epoch in F. T. Palgrave's life, for it was the day on which he first met Alfred Tennyson, at the house of Mr. W. H. Brookfield in Portman Street. So much has been said and written concerning this intercourse and friendship of forty-three years, that it is not necessary to touch more than slightly on the impression Alfred Tennyson made on him. It was indeed a strong and mutual friendship, but more than this—with F. T. Palgrave it was a hero-worship most utterly loyal and true, one of the chiefest influences of his life. To attempt to describe all that Alfred Tennyson was to him would be especially superfluous now, for it is so lately that we have had given to us, in the 'Life of Tennyson,' my father's own recollections and impressions of this beloved and honoured friend. He wrote: 'Tennyson's affectionate friendship has been one of the mainstays of my life'; and those who have heard him speak of the poet, cannot fail to remember that he never mentioned him but with the profoundest reverence and gratitude. The first meeting is briefly described in his journal :

March 31, 1849.—In the evening to Mr. Brookfield's. Found there Lingen, A. Tennyson ; afterwards Thackeray and H. Hallam came. Walked towards Hampstead with A. Tennyson. Conversed on Universities, the 'Princess,' his plans, &c. ; he very open and friendly : a noble, solid mind, bearing the look of one who had suffered greatly :—strength and sensitiveness blended.

April 2, 1849.—In the afternoon to A. Tennyson's in the Hampstead Road. Long conversation with him ; he read me songs to be inserted in the 'Princess,' and poems on A. Hallam, some exquisite.

He often makes mention too, at this time, of meetings with Mr. Carlyle, whom he describes as 'rough and genial : a man of great sympathies, hence *Weltschmerz*.' Despite this, Carlyle's opinions, historical and otherwise, were wholly antagonistic and distasteful to him ; and they saw but little of one another in after years. Thackeray he often saw during 1849, and allusion is always made to his geniality and friendliness. His pleasure and interest in meeting Macready is also recorded. Palgrave and Arthur Clough would sometimes go to the play or the opera together ; for music was at all times a delight to him. In 1848 he heard the 'Sonnambula' for the first time :

Went to the Opera. Heard the 'Sonnambula' : Jenny Lind's first appearance—unspeakably perfect in singing and acting ; above all her 'Ah non giunge.' She was received most enthusiastically. Saw the Queen and the old Duke.

And again later in the same year he writes :

Aug. 5.—With Arthur Stanley to 'I Puritani' (he to

hear Jenny Lind for the first time in an opera—and the last). Admired her acting more than ever—the simplicity of a great soul, who never *acts*, but shows her thoughts, in action:—the singing perfection, as before. A. P. S. rather shocked at the intense reality of the madness—delighted with the joyous, irresistibly winning, cheerful parts. The last time, alas! that I shall hear in an opera the great Jenny Lind—now about to retire. . . . Heard Grisi in ‘Norma’: very noble; then Alboni’s most beautiful ‘Non più mesta’; last and best, the last act of ‘La Favorita’—with cathedral scenery and music—and Grisi’s and Mario’s ‘Angiol d’amore,’ most impassioned and beautiful acting and singing. Grisi’s acting in ‘La Favorita’ equal to J. Lind. . . . Walked with Mr. Gladstone and talked of A. P. S.

‘Ah non giunge’ remained one of his favourite airs, and though his taste in music, as in the other fine arts, was pre-eminently classical—Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber being foremost with him—Italian opera had a peculiar entrancing attraction for him, and he loved the melody of Bellini and Verdi. With a remarkable knowledge and love of music, it was curious that he could not play a note on the piano, and did not usually distinguish whether others were playing correctly or the reverse. He was fond of playing the violin, and was, fortunately for his own pleasure, quite unconscious of the often discordant notes which he produced; the beauty of the air he might be hearing or playing completely carrying him away.

The choice of what should be his permanent work was now much occupying him and his father. For some time his own inclination leaned strongly towards the study of architecture as a profession, for he inherited this mother’s unusually great love and

knowledge of the subject ; and his own architectural sketches, though without Lady Palgrave's extreme ability and beauty of drawing, were distinguished by accuracy of detail and much delicacy of touch. Although this project was abandoned, he never ceased to enjoy making designs for imaginary buildings, and not many years after, he had the pleasure of designing a school-house for a friend in Ireland ; in this little work he is said to have shown much originality and pure architectural feeling. Later in life he was often asked by personal friends to design churchyard crosses and gravestones. Perhaps of all these, the most graceful and chaste in design is the churchyard cross he erected to his wife's memory at Lyme Regis. The mere fact of being in a beautiful building always gave him a sensible feeling of happiness, and I remember his saying once on entering Milan Cathedral, ' Does not the almost too exquisite beauty seem to add another day to your life ? ' A ruin, on the other hand, was inexpressibly melancholy to him ; a dismantled abbey—the broken shaft of an arch—produced the same pathetic impression as the faded remains of Leonardo's ' Cenacolo.' Besides this more or less æsthetic point of view, a feeling ever pervaded him of the deepest regret that such buildings would never be used again as the monastic houses they originally were. Even the splendid Certosa of Pavia, after its dissolution, he looked upon in a similar light, saying, ' To me there is little more satisfaction in seeing it, than if it were a ruin, it seems so dead and like a fair mockery.'

He ultimately decided upon entering the Education Department (Privy Council) in Whitehall, as an

Examiner first, and afterwards as Assistant Secretary successively under Lord Lingen and the late Lord Sandford, both of whom he looked up to with much affection and sincere regard. When the training college for schoolmasters at Kneller Hall was started under the auspices of the Education Department in 1850, he became Vice-Principal, and held that post during the five years of its existence. The Principal was the present Archbishop of Canterbury (Frederick Temple), whom he had known and admired since the time when he first went to Oxford, and whose lectures he had always attended. They were close and intimate friends, and my father to the very end of his life counted it one of his highest privileges to have been thus closely connected with one whom he revered so deeply. He was very popular among the students, and never found it necessary to 'call the names over' for his lectures for the purpose of seeing who was absent, as no pupil ever missed his instruction. He took a continued interest in some of these youths, one or two marking out for themselves in after years a literary career, and their gratitude to him always touched him much. The nearness of Kneller Hall to Chapel House, Twickenham, brought about more intercourse with the Tennysons; but during these few years his journals, when written at all, are very scanty. In the summer of 1852 he went for a short time to Germany with Professor Max Müller, where they met and saw much of Coleridge Patteson and other of his Coleridge cousins :

July 3, 1852.—Started early with Max Müller for Cologne, Dresden, &c. . . . The first impression of the 'San Sisto' was of flatness and fresco-like character in

colour, rendering the forms less marked than in the engravings. . . . In the afternoon with Max to a restaurant on the bank of the Elbe ; found there his mother, a fine-looking lady, but unhappily very deaf. Many persons sitting round tables in the garden below : this out-of-door sociality is the strong point of external German life, and must be much missed by Germans in England. . . . *July 12.*—Parted from Max Müller with great regret, from whom I have received every kindness.

When he returned, a great sorrow awaited him, for in August of the same year his beloved mother died. To all her sons she had been the ideal mother, being perhaps even more to them than most mothers are to their sons. In their comparative poverty, she had a cheerful, ennobling and stimulating influence, ever striving for them, loving them, moulding them and early forcing them to realise the need of using their several abilities to the utmost. Frank had loved her with all the strength and ardour of his warm affectionate nature, and it was a severance from one whose interests and sympathies had always been so much his own :

Grief brings no anodyne for grief :

And to forget were worse relief :—

—The day glides on with its own burden rife,
Life heeds no former life.

Our lesson speaks where she lies low ;

We hide our woe within our woe :—

—For as of yore the fields are green,
The eternal heavens blue :

Moon, stars, and sun their courses run,
And Life is born anew.

(F. T. P., Feb. 1853.)

In a letter from Professor Jowett to F. T. Palgrave, dated August 11, 1852, he writes :

The last time I saw her [Lady Palgrave] was about a year ago. She was as cheerful and pleasing in conversation, and as much interested about others as if she had been in health. I remember her repeating several passages of Wordsworth. She said that she wished to tell me, as I was a friend of yours, what a comfort you had been to her in her illness. She also mentioned the pleasure it had given her to be able to continue writing your father's history. . . .

Do not think that there is a blank or solitude because she has departed. There are many pleasant memories of the dead come back upon us if we keep them daily in the mind's eye. They seem to urge us onward to do something in life before the end which is so near.¹

The training school at Kneller Hall was given up in 1855, and he then returned to the Privy Council, devoting himself to his father until his death in 1861, and living with him in the old home at Hampstead. His holiday in 1853 was spent in Scotland, visiting his college friend Professor Sellar.

To Sir F. Palgrave

Ardtornish, Morvern, Argyllshire : Aug. 3, 1853.

My dearest Father,—I reached this wild place to-day and wish at once to thank you for your very welcome letter. . . . The post in these regions is rare ; to-morrow is vowed to Iona and Staffa, and so I write a little rather than delay. . . . I travelled to Oban last night with Tennyson, and came over here to Sellar to-day in an open boat through splendid scenery. We came slowly through

¹ *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, vol. i. p. 223.

Edinburgh, where we stayed three or four days with Robert Menteith, who is a very noble creature: most simple, and interesting from knowledge of various kinds, as well as for general thoughtfulness about things rather perhaps than for any power of thought. . . . Tennyson was in a happy humour, he discussed many matters in his large and noble-natured way: and I was very glad to have had the privilege of accompanying him. . . .

Ever yr. very affect. and respectful Son,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

His brother Gifford had, after some years in the Indian service, resigned his commission. He became a Roman Catholic, and in 1854 Frank Palgrave made a journey to Rome to visit him, he having lately settled there in the house of the Jesuit Fathers, to which order he belonged during fifteen years; he was at that time studying in Rome preparatory to working as a missionary among the Arab races.

To Sir Francis Palgrave

Rome: July 1854.

My dearest Father,—Gifford received me this morning with great affection, and seems to take a real pleasure both in seeing me and in anticipating your visit. . . . To both of us I trust it will be a time to which we shall look back with pleasure and thankfulness. . . . He looks fatigued with study and confesses he is tired. I hope to be able to see him for two or three hours daily. . . . Grant,¹ my most agreeable and affectionate companion, came with me from Marseilles to Genoa. . . . In a shop at Genoa I saw one volume of an (apparently) very literal translation of Enrico

¹ Late Sir Alexander Grant.

Hallam's 'Constitutional History.' . . . It is much to the credit of author and readers that a book to Englishmen so abstruse should be brought out in a Turin 'Biblioteca Populare.' I will bring it in returning if Mr. Hallam has not received it. . . . At Pisa I saw what three hours could permit. Nothing can be more barbarian than the restoration of the baptistry, which is proceeding with that peculiarly ignorant and unnatural zeal that canons and bishops display when paying attention to their ecclesiastical buildings. . . . The cathedral and campanile at Florence are even more beautiful than I had remembered. . . .

Ever yr. very affect. and very respectful Son,
F. T. PALGRAVE.

His intense grief at parting with Gifford when he cut short his brilliant career at Oxford in 1847, by entering the Indian service, was the theme of one of his early poems, a few stanzas of which are inserted here :

ABSENCE

I knew thy love could not increase,
For it had reach'd its prime :
I had no fear its flower would sere,
Shrunk by the touch of Time.

I knew that Birth had cast our lot,
Had twined our thread in one :
How then should Time unloose the knot
A higher Fate had spun ?

Mine were the treasures of thy love,
The blessing of thy sight :
I ask'd not joys around, above,
Secure in such delight.

Mine was the guidance of thy tongue ;
 Thy thoughts to mine were known :—
 —Another's ear thy voice may hear,
 And rob me of mine own.

Was it my sin that I should build
 A home for hope on thee ;
 Though now the hope rest unfulfill'd,
 The home deserted be ?

—Thou saidst : I go : yet space may bind
 Near household ties yet nearer ;
 I go : yet absence hours shall find
 Dear hearts to dear hearts dearer.

This is my deepest source of pain :
 I cannot see thy face :
 That long horizons part us twain :
 Blue pathless tracts of space.

I feel thy fingers clasp'd in mine :
 A touch of loyal greeting :
 A transient touch, that gives no sign
 Of a long sigh'd-for meeting.

With signs of thee the room is rife,
 A sad remindful scene :
 The relics of thy daily life,
 And where thy feet have been.

I know the phantom bliss of night
 Must leave the heart still aching :—
 —Yet worse the vacant stir of light,
 The joyless joys of waking.

I'd give the morning for the night
 E'en through such hours to be
 Loosed from the chain of action vain
 Alone with thoughts of thee.

'Idyls and Songs,' the first poems my father published, came out in 1854. They had been written during the six preceding years, and include, besides many sonnets to friends, three or four vigorous, if rather crude attempts at blank verse. Others show very distinctly some of his especial tastes and predilections—his love of children, in the 'Age of Innocence,' and in several verses descriptive of the children whom he knew. The dedicatory verses in the little volume beginning 'Your honour'd name, dear Friend,' are addressed to Alfred Tennyson, and have been often admired. A year later he contributed to Kugler's 'Handbook to Italian Painting' a chapter on the first century of Italian engraving. Ruskin expressed his appreciation of it in the following letter :

Denmark Hill : March 22 [1855].

Dear Palgrave,—I have read your essay with great interest and satisfaction. As far as regards the method and manner of it—you know, as well as I, that it is a most valuable contribution to the history of painting. I shall use it for reference when I come to the subject of engraving—(meaning shortly to have full tilt at Marc-Antonio)—however, I have been meaning so many things and so long that I had better say no more of my meanings till something is done. I *have* done something, however, this winter, as I hope to show you soon in certain drawings which I have got done by carpenters and painters. I shall be delighted to see you any day next week, or any other week, in the afternoon—about one or two o'clock, if you will let me know a day or two before. When I say I have read your essay, I mean so much of it as refers to people

whom I know ; which is not—I am sorry to say—the greater part of it. I have no doubt if I knew more about it I should find one or two matters to fight for : but at present it all seems to me much of my own way of thinking—and I have not a single cavil to make. You will do immense good by setting people to think about engraving. Pray come and have a chat as soon as you can.

Believe me always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The history and the art of engraving were matters of much interest to Palgrave. The word *engraving* is here used in its broader sense, comprehending etching, wood engraving, &c. It was but a few years later that he devoted much of his spare time to attempts at etching ; these were so successful, and he showed so much skill in this form of draftsmanship, that many regretted he did not continue it.

Some two years previous to the publication of ‘ Idyls and Songs,’ he had written a short love-story entitled ‘ Preciosa ’ ; it was a tale of reflection, with no tangible plot, and with very little incident ; yet, despite the faults and inconsistencies of an unpractised hand, it was highly praised by some of the contemporary reviewers. The ‘ Times ’ laid stress on ‘ the tenderness, the deep feeling, and exquisite felicity of language,’ which marked its best passages :

‘ Preciosa ’ has something in it akin to the few really great works in which the master painters of the passion of love have sounded its bitter depths. . . . Let a man to

whom such a subject is really interesting—a man who would be unaffectedly happy if left alone for a day with Shakespeare's Sonnets, or 'In Memoriam'—read 'Preciosa,' disposed to see its good points as well as its bad, and we are confident that he will rise from its perusal with the feeling that he has found something which must henceforth rank among the modes by which he has learned to apprehend the finer and more delicate shades of intense feeling. Such a work necessarily appeals to a very limited class of readers. It would be caviare to the votaries of the 'last new novel.' . . . But there are some books which it is vain to criticise; in a sense of new and peculiar beauty the reader forgets the faults, however numerous and glaring. We think that 'Preciosa' is one of these books.

His prose writing was at all times marked by great refinement of phrase and careful choice of words, but his English is neither mannered nor affected. He himself was never satisfied with his own composition, and constantly lamented his inability to express himself tersely, considering his diction over-elaborate and wordy.

In the September of 1856 F. T. Palgrave and his father made a journey to Spain.

Sept. 1856, Bayonne.—The neighbourhood of Spain is very distinctly marked by inscriptions on shops, 'diligencia' advertisements; but the town, except the long arcades that support many houses, has no particular *couleur locale*. Basque is frequent in the streets, a not very harmonious language. The Basque features partially resemble the Gascon; but the Basque, with greater vivacity, has less prettiness. I thought a certain rudeness and quarrelsomeness appeared in their manners. But it is impossible not to see these relics of a race anterior to all our world—the

European contemporaries, probably, of the Egyptians of Pharaoh—without an interest deeper and stranger than Art or Nature generally awakens. . . .

Pau.—There is a peculiar interest about a little colony so much English, in a land so distant. . . . We walked through the little cemetery, which no one can visit without the thought of a peculiar intensity of pain which must inevitably be associated with similar burial-fields. The survivors have left those they accompanied, never perhaps altogether without hope, in a resting-place they can probably never even hope to see again. In how many hearts must this fair landscape—the great mountain, the rich valley, the trees below, pure sky—be recollected in connection with the last look at this thickly planted graveyard, before the thousand miles of solitary return to the darkened fireside and altered home! . . . We climbed towards the Brèche de Roland over rough rocks fissured in a thousand radiations. . . . It struck me that the scenery here was the model reproduced by Tennyson in the Shepherd Idyll of his 'Princess.' I repeated what I remembered of that beautiful song, and the 'Come into the garden' of 'Maud,' to ease the horrid fatigue of an ascent almost entirely unvaried: but I found that the labour of memory, when so wearied, was only one labour more. . . . Spain itself was before us when a few steps had placed us on the further side of the Brèche—a scene how wild! how appealing to imagination! . . . But only when the descent has been fairly begun does the exceeding strangeness, the imaginative fulness of the landscape appear; the utter and terrible desolation, the *loca deserta pastorum* of a country less changed than any other since Roman times. There was 'something fearful,' as Pascal said of the starry sky, about the silence of these 'infinite spaces.' . . . Before sunset we had entered by rugged paths the labyrinth of walls which form the village of Faulo. Only India or China would, I suppose, now renew for me the intense novelty and surprise

I felt on entering this place. Spain was Spanish far beyond my anticipation. . . . Between Faulo and Broto we halted by a torrent which rushed into a green level basin. . . . Two women in red petticoats, white linen sleeves, and coloured handkerchiefs round head and shoulders, with a boy in Murillo dress, were by the waterside. They pointed out for me the coolest and purest of the springs. As they ate their bread, and stood in attitudes gracefully contrasted, to drink the trickling waters, the scene was already a picture. . . . Everything most singular and picturesque seemed collected into the little town of Broto; a large church crowned the heap of dry walls which form a Spanish village, buttressed by thick piers. The houses stood as if dropped there by a child at play, at every angle. . . . Thence to Torla, where we rested for an hour, entertained with salt pig soup. The old woman who resided in the kitchen gave another sample of manners utterly unlike what Europe elsewhere presents. To the shouts and inquiries of the guide she gave not the least attention; whilst I sketched the wonderful arrangements of her stone-paved den she offered neither help nor opposition; but when the food was ready, set it before us with a perfect straightforwardness and a few pleasant words of hospitality. . . . The valley of Cauteretz is the 'vale of Ida,' where Ænone hid herself and Paris gave the prize to Venus. . . . Over Cauteretz itself rises an Ida as we see it in Art or fancy in Homer: many-peaked, and feathered with pine along each sky-line. . . .

To Alfred Lord Tennyson

Cauteretz, Pyrenees: Sept. 19, 1856.

My dear Tennyson,—It would be sad and strange if you are by chance hidden anywhere in the region from

which I write. As my last news of your summer journey was that it might possibly be to the Pyrenees, as soon as my father had decided to come here I wrote to Mrs. Weld to inquire where you were; but her answer probably is waiting me in England. However, I have hunted through registers and local arrivals, and have comforted myself for finding no notice of you by deciding that whilst I am in the land of Charlemagne and Roland, you are in British or Armorican Arthuria.

Unless alone, I think you have done wisely in not coming: the expense of travelling and living is very high, and the weather has been unusually broken. Yet I am very glad to have seen a region so full of beauty and wildness; so different from any mountain country I know. Your mountain imagery, it has often struck me here, seems much moulded on Pyrenean experiences. At least I have pleased myself with discovering the scenery of the Shepherd Idyll in the 'Princess' in the mountains near the Brèche de Roland, and the valley of Ida in this of Cauteret. Perhaps these are fancies; but they give a human interest to sight-seeing.

But the interest of the French side of the Pyrenees is far inferior to the Spanish. I crossed for two days, and walked and rode through deserts of astonishing wildness and extent, and through valleys where everything that composes the indefinable idea of picturesqueness exists on a scale which I have never elsewhere seen equalled. Even without these greater and larger interests, the sight of a Spanish village would repay the great fatigue of the expedition. Spain seems, like the works of Creation spoken of in the Prologue to 'Faust,' unchanged . . . in its strangeness as on the first day. I suppose nowhere else in the world can there be a contrast so marked as that which one day gives—between a French watering-place and a village in Arragon. But I hope to talk over with you details and descriptions which you may endure or like over a pipe or

in the drawing-room at Farringford ; but which are terrible in a letter.

To-morrow we leave this noble region for plains, and parish churches, and the common curiosities of a journey—matters which do not compensate for the dust of diligences, the constant change of scene, the suspected beds, the want of the familiar faces, and the other many plagues of the '*triste plaisir de voyager.*' I do not know exactly how we return ; I expect to be at Paris on this day fortnight . . . and to cross by Dieppe two days after. I give these details on the vague chance that this note may reach you in Brittany and render the pleasure of a conjunction possible to me. . . .

The news of the death of Grant's father, accidentally brought to me by a lady I met riding over a glacier, makes me dread a new dispersion of his family.

I have hardly left space for my very best remembrances to Mrs. Tennyson, my love to the children, and my hope that you and they have enjoyed all health and happiness. It seems very long since I saw you.

Believe me, ever yours affectionately,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

An interruption to his work in the Education Office occurred about this time, when he acted for a short period as private secretary to Lord Granville—Lord Frederick Cavendish, one of his most loved and valued friends, being his fellow-worker—after which he continued in the Education Department until he resigned in 1884. He was often engaged in writing articles of various kinds for different magazines, beginning by contributions to Sharp's '*London Magazine,*' and, a little later on, writing articles for the '*Quarterly Review,*' the '*Fine Arts Quarterly,*' and the '*Westminster Review.*' One of the cleverest of these was an article

published in the first volume of 'Oxford Essays' on the works of Alfred de Musset, when his slight underrating of Victor Hugo was commented on. Architecture was again a favourite theme, and literary subjects were often discussed. These essays were most helpful to students, and many have been indebted to him for ideas borrowed from them. They, as well as those of his later years, are noted, as Mr. Stopford-Brooke remarks, for a sober, eminently 'unflashy' style of criticism; 'their value lies in their sanity.'

The following letter was written in February 1858:

To Alfred Lord Tennyson

Dear Tennyson,— . . . My father reports very brightly of Mr. Hallam, who is now in town. I have so given up going out that I fear I have seen no other friends. . . . I mean to send for you Ruskin's 'Lectures on Art,' a little book, and Brown's 'Essays and Lectures.' I think these show much power combined with some fallacies; my reason for sending them is that the essays on Mesmerism, Ghosts, Alchemy, &c. are very clear and suggestive, and written, I think, with an impartiality not universal, when scientific men deal with the debatable ground where *δόξα* does battle with *ἐπιστήμη*. . . .

I hope the Guinevere and Arthur episode is becoming a real thing, and that a theory of mine which I believe I wrote about to you, that shorter lyrical poems should be added to take up other portions of the Arthur cycle, may have found favour. In reading 'Merlin' over I began to wish for the war song sung when they chased the wonderful hart, and to think it might follow the poem. . . .

Ever yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

From 1854 to 1863 Frank Palgrave spent each Christmastide at Farringford, while in August 1859 he accompanied Tennyson and Crauford Grove to Portugal. His diary of the events of this fortnight was published in 1868 in a magazine called 'Under the Crown.'

A few extracts are given :

Vigo: P. & O. steamer 'Vectis,' Aug. 20, 1859.—English recollections, and the little features of a calm voyage over the great bay, monotonous and pleasant, had mainly occupied us hitherto; but waking in Vigo Bay brought other thoughts and images. . . . Reminding us by many features of Naples and of Rio, Vigo Bay wants only some noble city, perhaps, to surpass them. Almost landlocked by its length, and by a bar of rocky islets at the mouth, it looks an inland lake, edged on each side by vineyards and deep maize-fields, interspersed with many trees, cottages, and towns, and walled by long lines of broken sierra. . . . In the town itself were no waving flags, no smoke, no visible sign of life; but many craft were riding below, or slowly dropping down the bay, with the shouts and measured cry of the sailors; and from the opposite northern shore a white village sent forth boat after boat to the morning market. . . . Behind field and village the green plains of upland rose into many sierras of varied and charming outline, some keen and pure, some fringed with lacelike pinaster; but each at that hour one mass of lilac haze which, in the furthest and loftiest ranges, glowed with almost intolerable brilliancy. Valleys clothed with trees were dimly traceable between, and seemed to invite the spectator to days of pleasant wandering, to hold out hopes of some vague and as yet undiscovered happiness. Peace, hitherto unknown, I fancied, in the melancholy musing of the moment, might lie beyond—some

peace of that quality which the 'world cannot give,' but which we are never weary of asking the world to give us. There, at least, life might be gliding on at this moment in some charming old-world fashion;—no club scandal; no scientific bluster; no one to quote the 'Times' to you, or believe in Lord Palmerston; . . . no *niaiseries* about art and the opera. Shepherd boys as handsome as Murillo's, playing national melodies much superior to the Scotch; sheep with merino wool feeding close by; peasant girls carrying waterpots, as upright as Juno, and with immense brown eyes; Don Quixote to tell us a romance, Sancho to make jokes, Dulcinea to giggle and hide her face at them; . . . there, in short, might be the Golden Age! But in the midst of these visions the bell rang, and the engine whistled, and the nervous passengers ran below before they should be in rough water, and we are leaving Vigo.

Aug. 22. . . . Lisbon is indeed nobly placed on the broad lakelike river, and the line of opposite shore is picturesque and varied. But the water, though pure and plentiful, wants any peculiar Southern tinge, any special azure; the absence of general verdure in the landscape is faintly compensated by gardens scattered amongst the houses of the suburbs; nor perhaps can any capital—no European capital at least, unless Madrid is the exception—be so much without conspicuous or characteristic buildings. Like Caleb Balderstone's fire at Ravenswood Castle, we supposed the earthquake must account for all deficiencies. . . . The few days we spent altogether in Lisbon would have been indeed insufficient for even a superficial insight into the real life of the inhabitants. Yet, on the smaller points which are seen, or sometimes *not* seen, when one looks round streets and market-places, churches and palaces, and thus fall more fitly within the scope of the passer-by, we might reasonably feel that we could frame some judgment. In all this, as in general appearance, the peculiarity of Lisbon is that so little is peculiar. The type

of face prevalent to English eyes is foreign rather than national, the dress of the citizens quite without mark or character: only the frightful and unmeaning European style which a world-wide acceptance almost justifies France in mistaking for a triumph of French good taste. . . . Roads are slowly extending through Portugal; not more than three at present available for carriages start from Lisbon. Perhaps no European country in this respect is in so absolutely primitive a condition. Villages five miles from the capital, even the large town Setubal within fifteen, are accessible only by boats or the saddle. Portugal is as civilised as France; in some essential points more civilised; yet, so far as I could learn, Britain before the Romans fairly represents its existing road system and travelling accommodations. This, which to the Portuguese of fifty years hence will most likely appear incredible, is the result of very simple causes. Hatred and distrust of Spain, like the old Scottish feeling towards England, has induced the nation to keep its Spanish marches almost impenetrable; at the same time, the possession of ultramarine colonies turned seaward all mercantile enterprise and spirit of adventure. . . .

Cintra, Aug. 23.—Three hours' drive over a fair road brought us under the noble Sierra of Cintra—a triple wave of insulated hill, which runs out for some seven miles as a headland into the Atlantic above Colares. On the authority of Byron and Beckford we had expected a region little touched by man, but rich in the decoration of nature—myrtle and orange groves scattered over rocks which were to overhang the sea. But an hour's walk at evening showed us that we were in what might be best called a larger Malvern in Portugal. . . . Here and there the stone-pine or cork-tree spoke of the South; else the many well-appointed inhabitants we met, polite parties sauntering and smiling, or riding in easy style, might have made us think we had come to Cintra to find the Bois de Boulogne. . . .

Aug. 24.—To-day we climbed the Rock of Cintra by a long path between splintered granite and pine-trees, and fringed with geranium and wild flowers, to the other castle above the town. . . . Here, as elsewhere, we noticed that the quantity, not the specific character of flowers, is the main difference between the gardens of England and Portugal. . . .

Colares.—But our most characteristic and interesting excursion was to the sea-coast below Colares, a village famous for vines, and once for wine, three miles westward of Cintra. . . . Winding through the apple gardens of the Varsea and by a shallow stream, the road passes out between hedges of aloe and bamboo, to die away at last in a wide sandy plain, which, like the sea-forest by Ravenna, is covered with innumerable pines. We thought we had never seen colours so vivid as where, ranged along an undulating ridge, the flat tops of the trees, dark below, blazing green above, stand like tables of malachite set in the wilderness, all beneath the pale translucent æther, deepening upwards in intensity from the horizon. . . .

Circo dos Touros.—Returning to Lisbon on Sunday evening, we saw the weekly bull-fight in the Campo de Sta. Anna. As the bull's horns are securely guarded, the fight never prolonged to blood, and accidents unknown, this Portuguese amusement becomes a rather pleasing trial of address, and possibly more than the Spanish—where the horses only go as to another shambles, and are unfit for manœuvring—displays the rider's skill. Certainly the recent adoption of this milder form of bull-fight shows a finer sense of humanity and civilisation in the people of Lisbon; yet we could not but feel, that which makes it a more humane sport deprives it of reality. . . . On the whole, this Portuguese popular amusement can only be ranked on a level with the rank cigar, or ranker pipe, which satisfies the German in his *biergarten*; one step only above the domino-playing in a dirty *café*, which

makes, or seems to make, so much of a Frenchman's life ; one step only above the Englishman's favourite—but *that*, the reader knows, is a matter altogether different.

To Emily Lady Tennyson

Oct. 7, 1859.

. . . By this time you will have heard the whole story of our journey, and will have guessed too, what you will not have heard, how unceasingly kind Mr. Tennyson was to his fellow-travellers. . . . You would have been pleased with the real respect and real good manners which were *almost* always shown him. . . . I fear I have nothing of all-the-year-roundism in me, and am totally disqualified for magazine writing, or indeed from writing anything which anybody would care to read. . . . I need hardly add my affectionate remembrances to Mr. Tennyson, or many other remarks which five weeks with him might suggest—you will easily guess them. My love to the children.

A year later he again was Tennyson's companion on a short tour in Cornwall and the Scilly Islands, when they were joined by Holman Hunt, Mr. Val Prinsep, and Mr. Woolner. Many stories were told in London, at the time, of the 'five most extraordinary men,' as they were once designated by a stranger, who, when dining in the same hotel and after listening excitedly to their conversation, exclaimed: 'Of all the most extraordinary and interesting men I have ever seen you are the most so.' Then turning to Palgrave he added, 'Please tell me who you all are.' While walking together the friends talked so fast and so eagerly

that they sometimes found it necessary to make a rule that each one, when particularly desirous of being heard, should enforce silence on the part of the others by prefacing his words with an uplifted hand. It was during this expedition, 'while traversing the wild scenery of Treryn Dinas,' that the scheme of the 'Golden Treasury' was first brought forward, and received that encouragement and help from the Poet Laureate which caused the work to be immediately begun on F. T. Palgrave's return to London. 'Every time I had the honour of travelling with him,' my father has said, 'the enormous grandeur and simplicity of his character impressed me more and more, and no one can imagine his unfailing considerateness to me,' or words to that effect. When he next visited the Scilly Islands thirty-three years later, he took a mournful pleasure in chronicling on paper the fact of Lord Tennyson's stay at the little inn on St. Mary's Island, to the pride of the landlady, and for the benefit of all future guests.

To Alfred Lord Tennyson

Privy Council Office : Oct. 30, 1860.

Dear Tennyson,— . . . Except Woolner, I have not seen any of our companions. A man living at Kensington is almost as remote from me as a man living at Penzance. . . . I really wish you would read the poem he [Woolner] wrote in the summer ; it seems to me not far short of excellence, although one feels that it is the work of a hand unpractised in that art. I think it would do him good to have it published.

Since I returned I have worked steadily for two or three hours a day at making the collection of English Lyrical Poems which we discussed in Cornwall; and I have spoken about it to Macmillan, who gives a conditional consent to act publisher. I have gone through the whole of Chalmer's Collection, and through several of the writers not included in it, and have thus made a preliminary list of contents, which I am going over with Woolner. Whenever this is in order I hope you will let me go through it with you. Besides many special points of doubt, I hesitate whether *Elegies* such as Gray's, and *Sonnets* should properly be included. They are lyrical in structure, and sonnets have always ranked as lyrical; but their didactic tone appears to me not decisively lyrical in a whatever strictness of sense so vague a word can bear. What do you think? The Greeks classified elegies as non-lyrical, and they had no sonnets.

With my best remembrances to Mrs. Tennyson and my love to the children, and hopes that all are well,

Believe me, ever yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

Oct. 1861.

. . . I am now domiciled, after a fashion, at 29 Welbeck Street, which I hope may furnish you with a quiet harbour when you come up on business. . . . Jowett's account of the 'Farmer's Death'¹ makes me wish extremely to see it. I hope you are really pleased with the 'Treasury'—dedication included. It sells well, and seems not only to give pleasure, but to arouse thought and discussion about poetry, which I regard as the *causa finalis* of such a book much more than mere acquiescence in any one person's selection. I have received gracious messages about it from her Majesty and from old Carlyle. . . . The making the book suggested

¹ *Northern Farmer. Old Style.*

many thoughts on our poetry, some of which I have set down in a little paper which you will find in the just-published 'Quarterly,' and which I hope may more or less please you. . . . I have now a fancy to make a collection of English love poems only, of all dates : to include a few omitted from the 'Golden Treasury' as too high-kilted—i.e. such as Spenser's 'Epithalamion,' some of Sidney's Sonnets, Moore, &c.—all to be called 'Under the Rose'; the tone being never coarse, but decidedly amorous. What do you think? 'Pueris' rather than 'Virginibus.' Remember me very heartily to Mrs. Tennyson. . . .

The first edition of the 'Golden Treasury' was published in the summer of 1861, and was recognised from the beginning as the best anthology of its kind. The work of compiling it was naturally one of the greatest happiness to my father, enabling him, as it did, to become familiar with much of the most beautiful English poetry hitherto but little known to him. There is no doubt that this little book has taught many—in all ranks of life—to know and love much of our best lyrical poetry which might otherwise have always remained untrodden ground. Some have objected to the large proportion of Wordsworth which fills its pages, but the majority of people have been grateful for having had him set before them with all the careful discernment and taste which characterises the 'Golden Treasury' throughout. The only shadow of fault which my father ever found in Wordsworth was the undercurrent of 'preachiness' which he felt spoiled his poetry at times. 'The Brothers' was his greatest favourite of all, and one which he usually chose to

read aloud, as he was frequently asked to do. This poem, with 'The Maid of Neidpath,' Tennyson's 'Children's Hospital,' and Burns's lines in 'Farewell to Nancy'—'Had we never loved sae kindly,' &c.—he considered the most pathetic creations in our language.

To the late Lord Lyttelton

Privy Council Office : Feb. 5, 1863.

Dear Lord Lyttelton,—I have read your lecture with great interest, and am much obliged to you for it, as well as for the very handsome notice of the 'Treasury.' Your objections, and others which have been made, have convinced me that in attempting to make omissions and to justify them, I have come upon perilous ground. . . .

You will find that I *have* noticed the omission of the last stanza of Shelley's 'Lines at Naples,' with all my other retrenchments, in a note on page 6, No. ix. on page 309.¹ . . . It is, as I felt very strongly at the time, a serious responsibility to touch in any way the work of so great a master. If Shelley had lived to give an authentic edition of his works, or if I were printing one, or quoting the poem as a part of his biography, I should not think of omitting stanza v. But the very beauty and personal quality of that stanza seemed to me to render the poem less *universal* in interest—to bring it more within the class of individual or occasional poems—to place it among those which require *biographical* notes, and thus to remove it from the class of poems which Tennyson and I wished to unite in the selection. . . . Your interest in English poetry—'the most splendid and most enduring of the many glories of England'—and your kind interest in wishing to see my book made

¹ See Notes to the *Golden Treasury*.

better, made me unwilling to pass over your suggestions in silence. . . . If you call, please look at my little collection of drawings and other forms of art ; there are also several out-of-the-way books, of poetry which I shall hope some day to show you. . . .

It was but a few days before the appearance of the 'Golden Treasury' that the death of Sir Francis Palgrave occurred (July 8, 1861). His other sons having left Hampstead a few years previously, the old home there was broken up, and F. T. Palgrave went to live in the same house with his friend Thomas Woolner, in Welbeck Street, for the ensuing year. He had always been a dutiful and loving son, and after his mother's death he had watched over and cared for his father with increasing tenderness and devotion. But his extreme conscientiousness and humility always made him feel that he rendered far less return than he might have done to those whom he loved best. In his sorrow this feeling of remorse had evidently been expressed to Professor Jowett, whose reply is sympathetic, though practical and 'bracing' in its advice.

From B. Jowett (the late Master of Balliol)

Whitby : July 24, 1861.

My dear Palgrave,— . . . I shall depend on your coming to us. Lyulph Stanley is with me. Newman will come on Saturday, and a youth named Kekewich in the course of the week.

I fear you think that I offered you some of 'the vacant chaff well meant for grain,' in reference to your father's death. But, indeed, what I said was true, that . . . you

had been a good and devoted son to him. Though it is still more true, as you reply, that, 'after we have done all, we have been unprofitable servants.'

I am very much pleased at your father's kind thoughts of me. He several times mentioned to me that your mother had remembered me shortly before her death. I have not done either for you or others what I might have done or ought to have done (in younger days when it was natural for you to receive the influence of another). But I hope, if my life and mind are spared for ten or twenty years longer, to do more with increasing experience. Perhaps this is a delusion, but it is one that is very fixed in my mind.

Do you go to the Council Office every day? It must be weary work just now. *χρὴ τετλάναι ἔμπης*. I hope you will try to form plans for yourself; it is absolutely necessary that you should make it [this sorrow] a motive to a higher life, to be lived in patience until it shall please God to restore us to the inhabitants of another world. For no one who is surrounded by his fellow-creatures ought really to be desolate. (He will be so, of course, for a time, longer or shorter according to his circumstances or temperament.) But no one should hug his grief in the hope of never getting rid of it.

I have to thank you for your 'Golden Treasury,' which I found at the post office this morning. It is the best collection I have ever seen.

Ever yours affectionately,

B. JOWETT.

From F. Temple (Archbishop of Canterbury)

Rugby : July 1861.

My dear Palgrave,—I fear that the death of your father must have been a severe blow to you. . . . I know how entirely you have for many years devoted yourself to

his comfort, and how keenly you will feel his loss. He was a father to be proud of as well as to love, and you inherit from him a widely honoured name. But he was more to you, I know, than most fathers are to their sons : and your pride in him and in his high reputation was probably but a small part of what you felt towards him. It is something now, that you have so earnestly endeavoured to do your duty by him. Indeed for some years you have been the stay of his life. It is not a trifle to have done that. . . . Your very kind and very sad letter went to my heart. . . . It is one of the strangest mysteries of life that you should have so hard a lot. I know well how entirely duty and happiness can be disjoined ; but except in your case I never saw it so complete—so long a separation. I do not give advice, simply because I feel that no advice would help you. But I wish that the sympathy of friends had more power to comfort, and then certainly you would be comforted.

I have been reading your 'Golden Treasury' with the greatest interest and pleasure. . . . I like the book exceedingly : nearly everything that I cared for is in it ; hardly anything that I did not care for. . . .

Yours ever affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

From the late Earl of Selborne

July 25, 1861.

My dear Palgrave,—I need not assure you of my strong sympathy with you. I also know that there is no loss in life of the same kind with that of a good father ; and though other losses occurring less in the due course of nature, and perhaps of time, might be attended with more acute suffering, none can ever leave a deeper and more permanent impression. My father was to me as a good guardian angel, filling truly and worthily the offices and

functions of love and loving authority which we are taught to look upon as the nearest representation to us on earth of our relation to Him whom we address as 'Our Father' in Heaven. I can well believe that it was the same with you; for I know how much there was in your father to revere and love. . . .

Thank you for your Anthology, which I have already looked at sufficiently to be sure that my expectation will not be disappointed. . . .

Believe me very truly yours,

ROUNDELL PALMER.

From J. A. Froude

My dear Palgrave,—Most deeply I feel for you. If I were to say more now it would sound to you but empty words—and yet there is more. It must be something to you at least to feel that you have made your father's last years brighter.

Live for his sake still, and earn fresh honour for his name, which he has already made illustrious. . . . You do not require the world's testimony to know how widely and deeply your father was admired and respected—yet I am sure you will value the assurance of it which you will not fail to find in the way in which the news that he is gone will be received. I myself feel that I have lost a most kind friend: I may say I owe to him any little reputation that I may have gained, in the first lift which he gave me.

My dear old fellow, I will come to you when you will let me, but I will not intrude upon you till you tell me you will like to see me.

Ever your affectionate

J. A. FROUDE.

This was a sad time of deeply felt losses, for in the autumn of the same year Arthur Clough died at

Florence. When the posthumous edition of his poems was published in 1862, a short memoir of him was added to the book by F. T. Palgrave, corrected from a paper which he wrote for 'Fraser's Magazine.'

To Sir Alexander Grant

29 Welbeck Street, London : Feb. 22, 1862.

My dear Alexander,— . . . Before now I hope you will have got my little Anthology. It seems to have pleased people here, and has revealed an ignorance of poetry and an interest in it—both of which rather surprised me. That it should be of any real use is exactly what I wish. . . . Tennyson's remarks on the different poems as he went over them and selected were admirable—a kind of school of fine judgment. I hope you liked the arrangement and my notes &c. In this sort of paste-and-scissors authorship these trifles are all one can call one's own. . . . You will see, I suppose, in the next (March) 'Fraser' a little memoir of our dear A. H. Clough by me. It was difficult enough to do, but I could not find any one else who would try. . . . I have tried hard for severe *Art* in my paper; I should like to know if you think me at all successful—although I think your genius and mine (bless the mark!) have not always been accordant on these matters. . . . I see you kindly inquire where I live—where and how are now little matters to me—but the *ἄδικος εἰσοίκησις*, as I think Philoctetes calls it, is a little humanised by my living with Woolner the sculptor, who is a man of a great honesty and keenness of mind. . . . Now, as I write, I remember you have met him at Farringford. Your memory lives there as vividly as ever with those good souls and true. . . .

Ever your affect.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

The Handbook to the Fine Art Collections of the Exhibition of 1862, that my father was commissioned to write, gave him the first public opportunity of openly declaring his views on contemporary artists. Although these opinions were generally recognised as revealing the finest taste and knowledge of his subject, they failed to be so useful and convincing as they might have been from their vigorous and vehement criticism and condemnation of the work of certain artists, more particularly of Marochetti's sculpture. The study of sculpture engrossed him, and was one to which he devoted much leisure time, and he could never understand why this—the usually admitted noblest of the fine arts—has so little hold on the minds of many otherwise art-loving people. The sole melancholy reason he could suggest was the deplorably forlorn state to which sculpture had sunk. A well-known artist remarked of the Handbook that 'he had come to regard it as most admirable, and not containing an opinion from which he dissented—in fact it seemed to him quite wonderful that any one but a severely trained artist could have such sound and clear opinions.'

The following comments on criticism by Mr. Ruskin on receiving the Handbook, my father afterwards marked as 'Very true':

. . . I looked at your book—it is very nice—but I have come to feel profoundly how right Turner was in always telling me that criticism was useless. If the public don't know music when they hear it—nor painting when they see it—nor sculpture when they feel it—no talk will

teach them. It *seems* to do good—but in truth does none—or more harm than good. (Art is an emanation of national character : not a taught accomplishment.) This is not a cheerful or very kind acknowledgment of your memory of me : but I am glad of it for all that. . . .

From Sir Alexander Grant

Bombay : July 11, 1862.

My dear Frank,—You appear of late to have been the most famous man in England. In every newspaper I have seen something about you and your ‘Catalogue.’ But as yet I haven’t seen the Catalogue itself, so I hope you’ll send me a copy per post. It will be read in a sympathetic spirit by Hughlings and myself. I suppose you had a great sale for it, and have made a perfect fortune in twopences. . . . And so now you live with Woolner. I hope the time is not very distant when I may burn the tobacco of midnight in your artistic abode ; but ’tis an expensive job coming to England, and the gold-mohur tree isn’t what it used to be. . . . This is undoubtedly an interesting country to live in. The progress of education and politics is in both cases so full of backward and forward movements, that it is endlessly entertaining to watch what goes on. . . .

The ‘Golden Treasury’ is an immense comfort out here. Hughlings and I had been talking of it for some time, and were waiting to see if it would not be suitable as an English class-book for the higher native students. I hope you won’t think this a degradation. English poetry is to these people what Homer is to us. . . . God bless you, my dear Frank ! Write, if you can, soon again.

Ever thy affectionate

A. GRANT.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE

IT was while staying with Lord Houghton at Fryston during the summer of 1862 that my father first met Cecil Grenville Milnes, elder daughter of Mary and James Milnes-Gaskell. He was Member for Much Wenlock for thirty-six years, and was so able a politician that Mr. Gladstone said of him, 'He might have been Prime Minister had it not been for his indolence.' His wife has often been described as a typical 'Grande dame' of the old school; she was sister to Charlotte Williams-Wynn, one of the most brilliant women of her day. Cecil had been brought up partly in London and partly at their house in Yorkshire; for they never lived at Wenlock Abbey, the beautiful old home in Shropshire, until shortly before her marriage. A very few weeks after this meeting at Fryston, she became engaged to my father. Lord and Lady Houghton often spoke with pleasure to my father and mother of having brought them together. No more beautiful description of my mother can be given than that contained in the little poem my father wrote about this time :

What pearl of price within her lay
 I could not know when first I met her :
 So little studious for herself,
 Almost she ask'd we should forget her :
 As the rose-heart at prime of dawn,
 Herself within herself withdrawn :
 And yet we felt that something there
 Was fairer than the fairest fair.

I mark'd her goings through the day,
 Intent upon her maiden mission :
 The manners moulded on the mind ;
 The flawless sense, the sweet decision :
 So gracious to the hands she task'd,
 She seem'd to do the thing she ask'd :
 And then I knew that something there
 Was fairer than the fairest fair.

Her eyes spoke peace ; and voice and step
 The message of her eyes repeated ;
 Truth halo-bright about her brows,
 And Faith on the fair forehead seated :—
 And lips where Candour holds his throne,
 And sense and sweetness are at one :
 I look and look ; and something there
 Is fairer than the fairest fair.

This engagement gave great satisfaction to his many friends, who felt that his was a nature too deeply affectionate to be wasted on a solitary life.

From F. Temple (Archbishop of Canterbury)

Rugby : Sept. 28, 1862.

My dear Palgrave,—I really do not think I ever had a letter in my life which gave me such downright pleasure as

yours which came this morning. I am most truly rejoiced. I most heartily wish you joy. It is the one thing to complete your life. Shall I add that I have often prayed for it for you? That you will make a woman that loves you happy I have no doubt whatever. And I have no doubt that you yourself will gain wonderfully in every way by being made happy. I shall be very glad indeed some day to know your Cecil. . . . Tell her how much I wish to know her and how certain I am to like her; and how much I hope that she will be able to like me, at any rate a little.

Yours ever affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

The intimacy between his father-in-law and Mr. Gladstone had begun when schoolboys together at Eton; while his mother-in-law and Mrs. Gladstone were connected by cousinhood as well as by long friendship. She wrote the following characteristically warm letter in congratulation:

From Mrs. Gladstone

Hawarden Castle: Sept. 30, 1862.

My dear Mr. Palgrave,—We all forgive you, and cannot think of our own disappointment at not seeing you here to visit our dear home. Your great news was received at our breakfast table with the greatest interest. My husband and I do wish you joy—not in the common acceptance, but earnestly—really. Will you say this to Cecil, with our love? We *do* rejoice in your happiness, and pray that God may bless you both abundantly. The mother will have a loss, but then you may both be a great deal with her, and she is too unselfish to think of herself. Pray give her and her husband our best love, in which his

old friend joins—you will know I mean my husband by the old friend, the friend of such early days. It is so very delightful to be able to write real congratulations, and you have indeed reason to be happy, for who does not speak well of her you have chosen? My brother desires everything kind, and hopes that some day you will pay the visit to Hawarden Castle *not alone*.

Yours, dear Mr. Palgrave, very sincerely,

CATHERINE GLADSTONE.

To Emily Lady Tennyson

Privy Council Office : Oct. 18, 1862.

Dear Mrs. Tennyson,—A world of work of all kinds, but some of it pleasant enough, has stayed me hitherto from thanking you for your kind note of good wishes to me, with Mr. Tennyson's P.S. It gave great pleasure also to the lady fair, who has a most earnest wish to be cared for by my friends.

It seems to me that she has an uncommonly unselfish, unworldly nature, very careless of wealth and show, and thus I feel hopeful that you may care for her for her own sake, as I am sure you will for mine. We think we have found a house, which, for London, is certainly very airy and pretty, on the edge of the Regent's Park, about five minutes' walk from Welbeck Street. Thus I hope that when you and Mr. Tennyson come up, you will have this also to repair to.

The wise, who look into millstones, inform me that I am to be married about the middle of December. . . .

My love to Mr. Tennyson and the children.

Ever very truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

My father and mother were married in St. Thomas's Church, Orchard Street, by the friend

of both families, Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, on December 30, 1862. The bridesmaids—four children—wore wreaths of holly on their heads, and it has been described as a very pretty Christmas wedding. My father's work prevented their having a honeymoon of any length, and after a short time in Norfolk, they spent a few days with the Tennysons at Farringford, returning early in January to live in the corner house in York Gate which they had chosen as their home. The first year of their marriage was chiefly given up to seeing their many friends and relations. The evenings were often spent in music at home, for my mother played the piano charmingly, and her touch was much admired by her music-master, Dr. Sterndale Bennett. They would have violin and pianoforte duets too, and life was a dream—'a very real dream'—of joy for them both. This was the beginning of twenty-seven years' perfect happiness. As an intimate friend has said, 'She was the pivot on which all turned.'

Eight hours of the day were occupied at the Privy Council Office, and besides this my father was for some years art critic to the 'Saturday Review.' When he ceased to be on its staff he was offered the same post on the 'Times,' but this he declined on the ground that he could not conscientiously praise the work of many of the smaller contemporary artists, and yet could not bear that his censure or criticism should be a possible means of discouragement to them. He greatly admired Cruikshank's curious designs, and possessed a large number of his proof etchings. The following letter

was prompted by an appreciative notice he wrote concerning the Cruikshank Exhibition :

From George Cruikshank

263 Hampstead Road, N.W. : July 25, 1863.

Dear Sir,—I have to thank you very sincerely for your kind notice of the 'Cruikshank Exhibition,' and also for your friendly note, which makes me feel that I ought to do myself the honour and the pleasure of waiting upon you (which I propose to do on Tuesday morning, between nine and ten o'clock) to acknowledge personally the obligation you have conferred upon me.

Dear sir, yours very truly,

GEO. CRUIKSHANK.

Mention has been made of my father's knowledge and love of old engravings. The collection which he had begun to form of these at Oxford was increasing from time to time, and soon included beautiful little original etchings by Rembrandt and Albert Durer, some of them of the utmost rarity ; his favourite old prints from Raphael and Mantegna were also among his rarest treasures. This little collection he largely drew upon for the vignettes with which he usually liked to decorate the title-pages of his anthologies. But what perhaps gave him still more pleasure was the almost unique group of mezzotints from Reynolds's pictures of children, all of them proof impressions, and many of them in first, or very early, states, which covered his dining-room walls in London. These he never parted with, but the drawings by Michael Angelo

and Flaxman, which he possessed at one time, were sold to the British Museum, with the exception of but a few.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—Herewith is the Flaxman drawing which, with your permission, I am to have the pleasure of giving you. This is truly a much greater pleasure to me than keeping it; and it is also a very small recognition of the obligations of all kinds under which I lie to you. As I have above 150 drawings by this great artist, which do not form any organic whole as a collection, and which I have never planned keeping together now or after my death, you see that I can very well disperse a few now to those who value his work.

I only wish that this one had illustrated Homer rather than Hesiod. But of the few Homeric designs in the sale, not one fell to my lot.

Believe me

Ever very truly and respectfully yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

During the later years of his life he gave three of his best pictures to the National Gallery: a 'Holy Family,' by Eustache Le Sueur; another large picture of the same subject, with saints below, by Bonvicino (Moretto); and a mystic little painting of Our Lord's Entombment, by William Blake. An excellent copy of Sir Joshua's Marlborough family, by his pupil Smith, was especially admired by Mr. Ruskin, who said it might easily be taken for the work of the master himself. I think few nurseries can ever have been hung with such choice pictures and prints as he provided for his children—

some of the rarest engravings from Stothard, others from Turner, three or four delicate water-colour drawings—one or two such by Turner when a boy—and of course many of his favourite line-engravings from the Italian masters. From the time we were about five years old, he loved to give us some choice engraving or carefully chosen book of old prints on every birthday, such as Rogers's 'Italy' or Fra Angelico's outline drawings.

During the summer of 1863 my father and mother were the guests of Professor Jowett at Oxford. This visit was followed by a short journey in Normandy and Brittany, which they called their wedding tour.

My father continued to see much of Alfred Tennyson. During the preceding summer they had been travelling together in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, besides being guests, with Mr. Gladstone, at Cliveden.¹ This year (1863) Tennyson paid my father and mother, then living at York Gate, a visit which was prolonged owing to an attack of eczema; and 'very charming indeed as a guest in every way did he make himself,' my mother has often said.

To Alfred Lord Tennyson

Privy Council Office : July 1863.

Dear Tennyson,—I hear rumours that you are likely to be soon in London. I hope you will give me notice, that we may have a chance of entertaining you in whatever way you like best. My last news of you is from

¹ The Duke of Westminster's.

Jowett, whom I saw last week at Oxford in excellent health and spirits, which, I am bound to add, his persecutors seemed to share. They are all now outwardly bland and mild, and roasters and roastees lie down together in peace, like the lion and the lamb, in that holy mountain. You quiet Cambridge men would be astonished at the number of new places they are building at Oxford; for it is a kind of field of architectural display in all manners and styles of Gothic. My wife and I spent four days there very pleasantly, and thought London detestable when we returned. Every day I am more puzzled to know why anybody who can live among trees and fields and running waters lives here; and all that I see of 'going out,' and the purtenance thereof, confirms me in my wonder.

You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that, after a year's silence, I have good news from my Jesuit brother. He has been travelling in disguise through the very centre of Arabia, where he would have been killed at once if discovered; then the ship he was in, on the Persian Gulf, went down at night, and he and a few more only were saved with extreme difficulty, and when on shore he was all but carried off by fever. Now he writes on his way to Aleppo, and hopes to be in England in the autumn. . . .

My best remembrances, with my little wife's, to Mrs. Tennyson, and love to the children. Cecil will have great pleasure in seeing her again. . . . Your region must be looking paradisaical now.

Ever yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To Sir Alexander Grant

London: Aug. 8, 1863.

Dear Alexander,—We write as rarely to each other as Horace to Augustus, which I take as a proof of the imaginative influence that distance exerts. I at least

remember you very often ; but somehow one don't write. . . . Your last letter was one of kind well-wishing on my marriage. These good wishes have been fulfilled. Saint Cecilia, as you called her, is everything a saint ought to be, and a woman too. And she has one special good quality, I know not whether a saintly or a womanly, that she receives all my friends with an absolute friendship. Thus, whenever the Great Day comes, and you again visit the foggy west—having a vague hope that the Great Day may be coming on us quickly and suddenly, like that other, not anticipated with equal complacency, which Holy Writ tells of—you will have the best welcome. . . . Jowett has paid us two visits in capital health and 'go.' Strangford is at Constantinople. He never will be quiet. . . . Sellar has just got the Edinburgh Latin Professorship by a large majority ; he was a week in town lately, and as jolly as of old. . . . A. Tennyson was three weeks in my house a month ago . . . and of course I enjoyed his company greatly. Round him, whilst with us, gathered a goodly company : old [Sir John] Simeon, J. A. Froude, J. Spedding, Holman Hunt, Carlyle, Robert Browning, and others. . . . I don't mean to go on with periodicals long, but having been much pressed this year to write in the 'Saturday Review' &c., I thought it would *clarify* one's style and give facility—besides a chance of a word in season now and then. . . . In a week Cecil and I go for a month to North France. Write soon, now, and tell me your *Loca, facta, nationes*.

Ever affly. yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To Emily Lady Tennyson

Privy Council Office : Oct. 8, 1863.

. . . Cecil and I had a very pleasant tour in France, seeing the best things in Normandy and some of the

Celtic portions of Brittany, then round to Paris. I saw a good deal of the people in different ways, and was much pleased. Whatever ill-feeling may have existed against England formerly has certainly died clear out, and their heads are filled with much more laudable ambition than that of annexing us. The government is neither popular nor unpopular; acquiesced in as a kind of necessity: but as it has outlived whatever popularity it may have had at first, the mistakes which Napoleon makes about Mexico and the Church are likely enough to tell against him severely, in case of any accidental positive misfortune. He and his people seem to me like flowers stuck in a garden, with no root or hold on the country. . . .

Woolner has done a head of Mr. Gladstone, which he thinks his best work hitherto. Even in the plaster, it looks wonderfully like and animated. . . .

Jowett left Yorkshire for a visit to Edmund Lushington. He (Jowett) was very well and bright, and charmed every one in the house; they looked upon him as an angel.

My love to Mr. Tennyson and the boys. I hope they are grinding away for school: I dare say as delighted with the prospect as their mother would be if the separation could be avoided. . . .

An article written in the 'Saturday Review,' after his return from France, called forth these interesting words from his friend Mr. Matthew Arnold:

Durham Castle: Dec. 2, 1863.

My dear Palgrave,—I take the article in the 'Saturday Review' on Paris and London to be yours. Excellent, most excellent! It has a moderation which, to say the truth, I have not always noticed in you, and it is because of the pleasure it gives me to see this, that I write these

lines. True doctrine you have always had, but in trying to heal the British demoniac this is not enough; one must convey the true doctrine with studied moderation, for if one commits the least extravagance the poor madman seizes hold of this, tears and rends it, and quite fails to perceive that you have said anything else.

Don't trouble yourself to answer this. How beautiful is this place! I give the second part of my French Eton in February; then I wrap my face in my mantle and seek the Lord, I hope, in silence for a year or two. Adieu!

Sincerely yours,

M. A.

This happy year ended with the joy of welcoming their first child—a joy which was felt as deeply at the birth of all his children.

To Emily Lady Tennyson

Privy Council Office : Dec. 12, 1863.

Dear Mrs. Tennyson,—Woolner tells me he has let you know of my dear Cecil's and my happiness. I would have written had I not been overwhelmed with work. . . . The little girl is said to promise well. We mean to call her Cecil Ursula—the last as an old family and Norfolk name. She is, we hope, to be placed under the spiritual protection of Jowett, Pro-Con-fessor. . . . I am delighted that you are pleased with Woolner's poem ['My Beautiful Lady']. All the reviews I have seen or heard of praise it; . . . I hope people will now have the sense to see that a sculpturesque poet must also be a poetical sculptor. . . . My love to Mr. Tennyson. It will be a great pleasure if he will come and look in health at the place where he lay ill. Love also to the boys.

Ever very truly yours,

F. T. P.

From the late Lord Houghton

Dec. 13.

My dear Palgrave,—The 'Times' gave you a daughter, the 'Post' a son, so we thought it might be both, one the Pretty, the other the Beautiful. As it is, all good luck to the little maiden (who, by her name, will be so eleven thousand times over)! And to the happy mamma! I wonder whether you will like your own children as well as you do those of others: it does not always follow. It is 'most best' of you (as some old poets have said) to write such charming letters to Amy.¹ They are an education in themselves—far better than the 'New Code'. . . . What a capital book Froude's is! so new, indeed, that one feels rather like the freshly instructed, though mature gent. who would not be told the end of the story of King Charles the First before he had read it through. Elizabeth was perhaps the greatest woman of the lot, but then she was, by so much, the ugliest. . . . The children all well. Lady H. told Robin² the other day, he knew more about his animals than his papa did. 'Yes,' said the dutiful youth; 'but papa knows more about the lions of his country.' . . .

Yours ever affectionately,

HOUGHTON.

No man's love of children could ever have exceeded F. T. Palgrave's. He delighted in taking those whom he made his friends to a picture-gallery, in sending them books, or in writing to them. In the letter just given, Lord Houghton alludes to a correspondence which my father kept up with his little daughter. Unfortunately, most of the letters

¹ The Hon. Lady Fitzgerald.² Earl of Crewe.

written to children, with the exception of the following one and of some to his own children written in their early childhood, have been destroyed.

To the Hon. Lady Fitzgerald

29 Welbeck Street : Oct. 16, 1862.

Dear Amicia,—It was very nice of you to write to me, and I only wish I had such a charming piece of green paper to put my answer on. I dare say I should have, if I only had the luck to be a lovely young lady at Fryston. Only I can't make out why you 'don't know whether to be glad or sorry' about Cecil and me; pray make up your mind directly, and be good enough to be very glad, or we shall not forgive you, and think you a little puss and old maid already! She tells me to give you an invitation to come and be one of her bridesmaids, if you like and can; the others are to be May Doyle and two *little* girls, under seven years old—real *little* girls, you see. It is supposed by the wise that you will be wanted about the 12th of December. But if you can't manage this, then Cecil and I beg leave (if we can be trusted enough) to invite you and Flory and Robin to come and see us in our house, which we hope we have discovered (through a long telescope) in York Gate, Regent's Park.

I am glad you went again to the Exhibition, and that you used your *own* eyes about the things there. . . . I thought the Japanese things the most charming of their kind in all the Exhibition—such loves of cabinets! such ducks of trays! such darlings of teacups—such lovely ugly monsters! Give my love to Flory and Robin, and my kindest regards to your father and mother, and please give him the paper enclosed. . . .

Ever your affect. friend,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To his Daughter

My own dear little Cecy,—I have been often and often thinking of you, my darling, and how to-morrow will be your birthday, and how happy I hope you will be. . . . But as you grow up, you will sometimes think on your birthday of the sad things that happen to all of us in our lives, and how your life is going by, which now seems so long to you ; and then I hope you will think kindly of your old papa, and how much he cared for you. Mamma tells me that you are good and happy, and I shall expect to hear a *great* deal about all you have seen when you come back ; and then you and Frank will tell me what you would like me to give you for Christmas presents. It seems to us dreadfully long since you went away, and dreadfully long before you will come back. Good-bye, my dear little seven-year-old girl !

Your loving

PUP.

To the same

Horrid London : 1873.

My dear little eldest one,—I hope you will be *proud* to-morrow when you have a letter, and poor Mum has none ! Frank—the dear fellow !—was so pleased with your letter this morning ; it was read over several times, and he said it had such a number of subjects and was so well spelt. I told a certain *wonderful* baby what you said about her, and she grunted a little to show that she was pleased. Her godpapa came all the way from Kensington to see her, but she only pouted at him, naughty girl ! Did you have any children going about with flowers and dressed up yesterday ? I saw some poor little things going about in *horrid* London, and was so sorry for them. Also some horses came in from the country covered with coloured ribbons, and pleased two little girls with whom I

was driving. . . . We wonder what fir-cone frames (not *frains, ma petite!*) are like. Now give my best and biggest love to Mum, and 100 kisses to her. To-night I shall have my two little comforts at dinner, now that my two other comforts have run away, like naughty female sex as they are.

Your loving
PUP.

To his Daughter

London : Aug. 1875.

My *very* dear little Gwenny,—Mum tells me that you have not been well, and so, though I have no adventures to tell you of, not so much as a rabbit or a pony, I cannot help writing to ask how you are, and to tell you how much I think about my darling little one and long to see her. It makes me think of Eternity, the days seem so long to me now, and so long since I last saw all your dear faces. Also I have never heard the very difficult name of the lovely large doll which was given you at the *βαζααρ*.

It was such pretty country where I was yesterday. . . . There are tall hills all around covered with trees, oaks and ashes ; the hedges are high, like ours ; but there are not so many wild flowers, and then there is no mountain like Golden Cap, and no sea. Mr. Roundell is very proud of his two Alderney cows. . . .

I think you would soon be tired of the rocking *όρσε* if you bought him. *Μυμ* says you are doing your music nicely. Good-bye, my precious little thing,

Yr. loving
PUP.

To the same

Whitehall.

Ym hanwylyd Gwenllian,— . . . I am sure that both Frank and you would have highly enjoyed the country

about Haslemere. It is almost as hilly as our Dorset-Devon, and has, I think, even more wild nature and untouched surface about it. The view from the house [Aldworth] is splendid : one looks over flowers and a hedge of tall evergreens (all grown since Tennyson came there), then a precipitous wooded slope, to a rich plain below with hedges and villages, and long misty lines of hill (the South Downs) beyond. . . . We often sat on the terrace and talked together. Hallam is perfection as the entertainer : most, perhaps, of this now falling upon him ; and no daughter could be more to a mother than he to his. I read several printed but unpublished poems, and was much interested ; . . . a *narrative* poem, on the subject of the Theban prophet Teiresias, was magnificent ; and equally so two rhymed poems, one humorous, one sad, which made a kind of frame to the main subject :—these were written with a grace and a depth of feeling which probably no one alive could even approach. He was also better in health than when in London, and I had much very interesting and charming talk with him—(these epithets refer to *his* part !) There were three dogs about : one blind and deaf with age whom he scratched with a stick, saying he wished to give him what pleasure he could during his life ! . . . Good-bye, my darling,

Ever your loving

FATHER.

To his Son

Holker Hall, Carnforth : Oct. 11, 1877.

My very dear little Child,— . . . One day whilst we were at Robert Cunliffe's, I *did* long for you ! We drove over to Wynnstay, where mamma's cousins, the Watkin Williams-Wynns, live, and they took me all over the stables. They are said to be one of the very finest in England, or anywhere indeed, for the number of first-rate hunters which they contain. They love hunting above all things. There

were near sixty horses in the whole stable, more than forty being hunters. Lord Portsmouth, Aunt Catty's father, has about as many : they were so gentle in their boxes, and turned round and showed their grand heads and necks, and their coats shone like so many dark looking-glasses.

Yesterday I went a walk up a hillside, and on our way we found a poor little rabbit with his leg broken in a trap, but Lord F. Cavendish and the Duke both said there was nothing to be done but to kill it, and they looked very sad, and so it was done. They are both so very kind and good to everything, that I supposed they were right ; but I ran on up the hill and felt wretched. We had a very fine view of the Lake Mountains. The garden is full of flowers and great cypresses. . . .

To the same

1877.

My very dear Boy,—I wish that the place of my letters to you were always taken as pleasantly as it was last Saturday! We, at least, shall have no such nice days again until you come back to us in the holidays. And I hope that the remembrance of all the pleasant things we saw, and of your sisters' company, and the little white donkey at Hatfield will have served to cheer you up at school. I remember how much agreeable memories of this kind used to inspirit me at Charterhouse. I hope that you are not too *particular* and unsociable, but make the best you can of your schoolfellows. You will not find friends made for you in life : they only come if one takes some pains oneself to make them, and if one makes the best of those about one. . . . You must keep up your spirits like a man. . . . I am sorry to say that I fear the 'four-in-hand club,' which has taken to driving about lately, keeps up tight bearing-reins, just as if Mr. Flower had never written anything ! I do hope the holidays will

not end till some way into September, that we may have some good scrambles together. How I long for them!

Ever your loving

F. T. P.

To his Daughter

Education Department, Whitehall: Aug. 1883.

My darling duck Margaret,—You asked for a letter on Sunday evening in bed: and I wish I could write you anything amusing. *Now* I say, the day after to-morrow, I can say, I hope to see you again on the day after to-morrow! Although I think you will be fast asleep and dreaming of a doll when I come. It seems dreadfully long since you went away. I hope you have had a nice drive and ride or two with Frank. . . . Yesterday afternoon I sallied out and called on two nice old cats in — Terrace, who each purred very amiably to me, and offered me five o'clock milk. One of them had just seen poor Lady Eastlake, and found that her rheumatism had taken a better turn. I hope there is plenty of verbena and nasturtium in the garden . . . also some sunflowers, that we may all look artistical! The house does not look like itself, for mamma and I live downstairs, and we are studying Welsh together at every spare minute. Please tell Gwenny and Annora that if they have done any exercises, and like to send them here, Mr. Evans will be delighted to correct them. I have got a few *plays* for you all to read at Nevin, and a lot of colour-boxes &c. Good-bye, my sweet little one.

Ever your very loving Father,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

It was perfect pleasure to him to have children about him, and if this was so regarding other people's children, so much the more was it in the case of his

own. He worshipped them from their babyhood, playing with them, walking out with them, sharing their interests, and encouraging them to share his as soon as childhood began. He gave them almost unrestrained liberty while with him, allowing them the free run of all his books, and never restricting them further than to say 'That's rubbish, and waste of time to read it.' He liked having them, too, in his study while he was working, and would often thank them for their company, even though he might not have spoken to them for hours, being wholly concentrated on his work. His humility to them was touching: he would reprove them with great diffidence, and afterwards would always apologise to them for having rebuked them at all. He retained his buoyancy and an eternal youthfulness to the very end of his life. In spite of deeply felt sorrows—almost overwhelming him at times—his interests, always manifold, increased year by year, and into such as affected those he loved he threw all his ardour and sympathy—and it was a wonderful sympathy—given as freely and unreservedly in the matter of choosing a doll or reading a child's story-book, as it was in those matters nearest his heart. Devotion to the smallest child, and even babies, had indeed been always one of his characteristics. He took the keenest delight in gathering around him many poor little children as he walked through St. James's Park while returning from his work, often distributing threepenny bits or sweets among them; and the sight of particularly poorly dressed little girls invariably made him regret that he could not

walk out stocked with new frocks for them all. But it was not only children who claimed this tender-heartedness; any destitute woman or girl especially appealed to his sympathy and to his sense of chivalrous protection, and he was generous to the last degree in giving practical help to schemes furthered for their welfare. More than one of his friends have said, 'I have never seen such unbounded generosity as Palgrave's, he is one of the very few who realise the duty of giving, and who *gives up* for the sake of giving'; and another, 'His charity list seemed unending.'

Robert Browning was a frequent visitor at my father's house, particularly during these years, when he constantly spent Sunday afternoons with him and my mother. In the following letter he refers to a detrimental article on some of his poems, which had been erroneously ascribed to my father :

From Robert Browning

19 Warwick Crescent : Oct. 19, 1864.

My dear Palgrave,—Thank you indeed for your letter and the pleasant news of your return. We were not near each other in France—I went southward to the Pyrenees and Biarritz—indeed, I saw Fontarabia and St. Sebastian. We'll talk it all over soon, but, I much fear, not to-night, for I have a vile cold and cough and must care for my sweet self. If I can look in I will, of course.

You write the article? No, indeed! Were you minded to review me, you might easily have much to say against the general cut of my coat, but would not—I fancy—go grubbing among my old wardrobe of thirty years' accumulation, and, picking off here a quaint button, there a queer

tag and tassel, exhibit them as my daily wear. Bless us! in the course of my musical exercises, and according to the moods of many a year, I may have treated myself to an occasional whistle, cherrup, and guffaw, besides the regular symphonies—and even in these, it's not unlikely that 'Strafford,' written twenty-eight years ago, is far from perfect; whereupon . . . but see the Review and then smash it! I had supposed that the ramshackle old 'Edinburg,' under a succession of sleepy editors, was cleaned in the crannies: but—body o' me!—here's a bug again!

Ever yours most truly,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Shortly before the Christmas of 1865 Tennyson was my parents' guest for a fortnight, and this was naturally the occasion for many noteworthy friends to gather round him, among them being Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Browning.

This year had brought forth two anthologies, the one a selection from Wordsworth's poems in Moxon's 'Miniature Poets' series, with a biographical preface; the other, Shakespeare's Lyrical Songs and Sonnets. This selection differs from others of its kind in that it excludes the 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Lucrece,' which he thought were 'marked by a warmth of colouring unsuited for the world at large'; other lyrics are absent from the little book which were considered as 'too closely involved in the action of the plays.'

It was in 1866 that his 'Essays on Art' appeared in book form, most of these having been published before in the 'Saturday Review' and other periodicals. These dealt with the recent

exhibitions of the Royal Academy, with the work of single contemporary painters, and with two or three more general views of Art. Of this latter class, the two entitled 'Poetry and Prose in Art' and 'Sensational Art' were commonly considered admirable. He had been much connected with the spread of pre-Raphaelitism, and was an ardent admirer of that school. The essay on Mr. Ford Madox-Brown's pictures did something to foster at large an appreciation of his painting, for his archaic picturesqueness was too strange and original to appeal forcibly to more than a comparative few. Of his perhaps best-known picture—'Work'—my father says that it is 'so far as we know the most truthfully pathetic, and yet the least sentimental rendering of the dominant aspect of English life that any of our painters have given us.' He also points out the unconventional style and creative originality in his handling of Scriptural subjects, and his skilful use of detail and colour, comparing 'Elijah and the Widow's Son,' in its 'dramatic intensity,' with the designs of Giotto.¹ The essay on Mr. Holman Hunt is almost wholly commendatory, special praise being given to his London Bridge ('The Sea King's Peaceful Triumph'): 'A representation of the Londoners of our age so profoundly faithful, giving

¹ In a letter to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, dated May 1897, my father writes:—'You lost the F. M. Brown Exhibition: which impressed me more than the contemporary Watts and Leighton Shows, interesting and instructive as they were. *Where* F. M. B. was good, he rose (to my mind) far above either. But I compare him to Browning: the execution, too rarely doing justice to the thought. But I shall perhaps be a heretic in your eyes on both R. B. and F. M. B.'

the whole, without caricature, yet without commonplace, we have never seen. We are glad that high art—for such, and only such, we should consider all really good art—has been employed for once on such a subject as this.' It is curious to note how in essentials my father's opinion of modern painters remained practically unchanged through life. Hence Mr. Watts continued to be his ideal colourist—his painting the nearest approach in my father's mind to that of the Old Masters—the only artist to recall Titian: while for purely poetical painting he placed George Mason first, and latterly remarked that one of his pictures would perhaps give him more pleasure to have constantly before him than the work of any other artist. Mason's beauty of line in his drawing of children he would compare with that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Three years later [1869] his 'Gems of English Art' came out, a book containing illustrations printed in colour from wood blocks, from the oil-paintings by English artists of the first half of this century; there are accompanying papers which describe the illustrations, showing the connection between the art of each period and the larger national influences of the same time. 'The Five Days' Entertainments' came out almost simultaneously—a set of fairy stories on the five senses, most of them original, a few only being gathered and re-written from old sources. A charm and interest of this book lies in the beautifully designed woodcuts by Arthur Hughes. To the Globe edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poems he contributed in 1866 a critical memoir, besides copious notes. This

essay is, however, biographical rather than critical, and gives a delightful portrait of Scott's life and character. Of this, my father remarked years afterwards that it was 'the least unsatisfactory piece of prose-work, I think, that I have done.' Principal Shairp warmly admired this tribute to Scott, and wrote thus about it to my father :

Anything about Scott would always be welcome. Your Essay is all the more so that it brings out a truer view of him than either Lockhart or Carlyle gives. I never believe that such poetry as his—coming from a living enthusiasm in his subjects—ever could have been written by one at the core a worldling, as a mere bye-play ; nor that the love of money could be the soil which grew such a harvest. You have done good service by bringing out the contrary. . . .

My father and mother were in the habit of spending part of the summer holiday at Lyme Regis, a little old town of some historical interest, which lies on the borders of Dorset and Devon in a particularly beautiful curve of Portland Bay. Here in August 1867 they were visited by Alfred Tennyson, who had been led there, like my father before him, by Miss Austen's description of the place, in 'Persuasion.' My father has often described the intense interest which Lord Tennyson showed in the classical Cobb whence Louisa Musgrove fell, and in the endless lovely walks in the near country. After this visit my father and he traversed Dartmoor and other parts of Devonshire. In writing to Mr. F. G. Waugh he says :

I had a very enviable fortnight whilst in the South

with A. Tennyson. We went over Dartmoor and the peninsula of Salcombe together in the finest weather, and enjoyed ourselves like schoolboys in defiance of Time, children, and the other cares of life. If not *noctes cœnæque deum*, the half-hours of talk, or reading Horace together, with a pipe, and in some choice spot of hillside or torrent or woodland, or by the sea, were hardly less divine.

Some of his friends urged his standing for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford in 1867, the chair having become vacant; but he refused to do so, being anxious that Sir Francis Doyle should hold the post.

To Mr. Waugh

Feb. 1867.

Dear Mr. Waugh,—My sole and all-sufficient reason for not standing for the Poetry Professorship (modesty apart) is that I am much attached to Doyle¹ (who is my uncle), and think he would do the work very tidily. . . .

Many thanks for your kindness in sending the etching, which is a real bit from Rembrandt's hand. From the look of the paper, I conjecture it was taken from the plate rather after Rembrandt's time; a particular I notice, because in buying old prints it is useful to keep it in mind. A print shop is as full of ingenuities and subterfuges as Tattersall's.

I fear Theed's group would not convert me to your admiration. When a man of fifty or sixty has been all his life engaged on an art, and never reaches knowledge of form, or force in rendering character, or poetry of invention, one must perforce give up further hope. Hence my despair about Theed, Noble, Marochetti, and several other men. When I hear anything new by them described as, 'Oh, but this is quite different from what you have seen, quite

¹ Sir F. Doyle, Bart., late Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

superior!' I am as unable to share the speaker's confidence as if he said 'Tupper has now written a really first-rate poem.' But you know many people think taste mere matter of individual fancy; many admire Tupper honestly. All I can advance is a very long and careful study of sculpture from boyhood, and under great advantages of learning, however I may have employed them. To one who, like yourself, cares about art, and wishes to form his independent opinion on sculpture, I could only say, wait till you hear a little more of the 'Tricks of the Trade' before you make up your judgment.

Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

. . . Thanks for the Sonnets. It is good that you should work on, success in poetry being almost always as much matter of practice as in any other art. The difference between Virgil and Bavius [?] lies quite as much in the greater accuracy and completeness of Virgil as in his greater inspiration. But the inspiration has such charms when one is young, that I dare say you will consider this doctrine as mechanical. . . .

To Alfred Lord Tennyson

Oct. 27, 1868.

We were very sorry you could not come to us at Lyme, where . . . I discovered several new walks of greater beauty than any known to us last year. After that we went to a valley in Montgomeryshire of almost equal beauty, and then to a little visit with the Gladstones at Hawarden Castle, which I enjoyed as much as any two days I can remember. We heard, as you may fancy, much more about Homer than about the House. . . .

You would have been charmed with some pictures in the Leeds exhibition. A girl's head by Leonardo da

Vinci is one of the most beautiful and most individual portraits I ever saw; I remember it as one of the faces one has long known, though I was but a few minutes in the gallery. . . .

To the same

April 22, 1869.

. . . I have had a sight lately of two very charming old friends, who have lost nothing of their vividness and geniality—Alexander Grant and B. Morier. Grant has returned to his acropolis: Morier will be in England till autumn; . . . he is rich in strange experiences from Germany. They and Jowett met here, and we all determined never to grow old—a virtuous resolution, in which we regard *you* as setting us an admirable example. This is another version of the prayer ‘to die young’—and perhaps a better one.

I have been deeply interested by Lecky’s new book [‘History of Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne’]. It seems to me as brilliant and as rich in varied knowledge as his ‘Rationalism,’ with greater power of thought and argument. The opening chapter, in which he compares the rival systems of ‘intuitive and utilitarian’ morality—arguing strongly in favour of the ‘intuitive’—is singularly clear and striking. But indeed the whole book is one which you should read. Do you know Lecky? He is a very pleasing man. . . .

The following letter from Cardinal Newman alludes to an article by my father on ‘Verses on Various Occasions’:

From Cardinal Newman

The Oratory, Birmingham: Jan. 26, 1868.

My dear Mr. Palgrave,—A friend had sent me the number of the ‘Pall Mall Gazette’ before your welcome letter of this morning, and I had taken the great liberty

with you already, of conjecturing that the article on my volume of verses was your writing.

I so fancied, first because I saw it was the writing of one who was perfectly at home in literary criticism, and next because I felt that, did you write about me, you would be sure, like the writer of the article, to be kind to me in your notice beyond my deserts.

And now I can but pray that those who, like you, think and speak of me with interest and tenderness, may have a great reward for their goodness.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S.—I will not forget your kind wish, should I again come to London.

Part of a letter from my father to a friend is here inserted. His estimate of Tennyson in comparison with Browning is clearly portrayed; much as he admired Browning, Tennyson always remained in his mind 'ten times the greater poet and thinker.'

March 17, 1869.

I was much interested by your remarks on Conington's pamphlet. . . . Whilst I am compelled to agree in his general estimate of the superior poetical art assigned to Virgil, and perhaps to Horace, I agree with you that he does not do full justice to the *vivida vis animi* of Lucretius. But I think that the modernism of Lucretius (a quality which he shares with the greater Greek minds) gives us a kind of bias in his favour which perhaps imparts another element than poetical criticism into our estimate of him. When one looks at the subject matter of great works of art, it does seem difficult to find a common measure for them. Yet the fact that the pleasure which we receive from, e.g., the 'Iliad,' the 'Divina Commedia,' and the

‘Excursion,’ so far as it is poetical pleasure, is (or seems to me) identical in nature, points to the great common ground on which all may be tried ; whilst the great differences equally warn us that, as in astronomical calculations, a vast number of accidental points must be first eliminated.

I have just finished reading ‘The Ring and the Book’ through to my wife. Within a rather narrow range it has amazing power and subtlety. What I do not find are charm and delicacy. . . . Tennyson seems to me ten times the greater poet, and ten times the wider and deeper thinker. But Browning’s individuality is of course his own. . . . However, the whole poem certainly adds some marvellously living figures to our gallery of English poetry, and is excellent *sui generis*.

To the Right Hon. J. G. Talbot, M.P.

London : Aug. 1880.

I have it on my conscience to say that my criticisms on Browning’s want of poetry was only an inferior modification of a review on his ‘Ring and Book’ which I once saw. In this, after pointing out this and that merit, the writer wound up : ‘In short, we may say with the Shepherd in Virgil,

Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt !

Is not this very felicitous ? I envied it, although, as one should never sacrifice one’s friend to one’s joke, or one’s review, I would not have said it, had it occurred to me. . . .

The spring of 1869 was clouded by the death of his mother-in-law, which took place in April at Bordeaux. My mother went to see her shortly before she died.

To his Wife

Privy Council Office : April 1869.

. . . I cannot tell in what state exactly you may have found your dear mother : but I know it must be a state which fills you with grief on your own account, and with even greater grief for his sake to whom this will truly be taking the life out of his life. . . . If there be time and occasion, will you assure your mother of my true love and respect, and that I have truly felt for her as a son ever since September 1862. . . .

The friends on Saturday seemed to be very happy, and Morier did not go till 1.30 A.M. He returned to breakfast at nine, with A. Grant, and they all sat and talked till two. After that, I took the children ; and at 6.30 Jowett returned to dinner, and spent the evening quietly with me. . . .

In the August of this year my father made a short journey in Savoy with three of Baron Alderson's family ; after which he and my mother visited some of the wildest parts of South Wales.

F. T. P.'s Journal

Laon: Aug. 14, 1869.

I cannot remember a more striking effect than these vast towers on the summit of a green hill. . . . The four towers are perhaps the very best known to me : for a union of elegance and solidity, and for the greatest air of apparent height, they are incomparable. The façade is also noble, so largely arranged, yet with sufficient detail. We saw also some noble pieces of palace &c. in the same grand style around the Cathedral : and I never felt more decidedly the sort of 'line of life' which parts the great Gothic of 1200 from the later developments. . . .

Aug. 20, La Grande Chartreuse.—It is very difficult to

put the recollections of these two days on paper. Perhaps the impression which we all received sums up the matter best—that the great celebrity of the place falls below its merits, that we never saw more beauty and more impressiveness together. We had a brilliant day: the road goes between lofty walls of rock, feathered from top to base with lovely trees left to their free fancies—wherever they can plant themselves—and often in spots where one cannot understand how they can take root. . . . The rock used by St. Bruno as an altar is enclosed within a marble reredos. The chapel bore no traces of special age, but was covered with rude oil paintings internally. What a gulf seems to part our whole world of thought and action, and that in which this holy man lived! I looked at the great scattered rocks by his chapel—at the great jagged crests of the mountain above, and thought that these at least must give to my eye the same impressions of form and colour as to St. Bruno. But what he saw was not the beauty of the wood, or the grandeur of the mountain, the pathos and the terror which such scenes afford to Rousseau or Wordsworth: ‘but something deeper far than these’—raptures and ecstasies and adorations. The difference between the mediæval and the modern life is nowhere shown more vividly than by some shrine like this, so small, so trivial in itself, so deep in far-reaching memories. . . . We left the place with great regret. I had hardly cared to go; but, like the Alps or Rhine, though commonplace beings and cockneydom may crowd it, yet the place bears itself and its profound impressiveness—picturesque and moral—high above these things, and has given us one of the days that are not likely to be forgotten. Yet after all we did enjoy the total freedom from other presences on our long ride back through a hundred woodland spaces and torrent sides which would have been ‘a joy for ever’ in themselves, had we not been in a land so rich in such treasures. . . . I write out some lines begun in the valley

of the Guier, and which I finished in the Grande Char-
treuse.

Torrent under lofty beeches, under larches fringeing high,
Wanderer by the wandering stranger, slipping softly,
surely, by ;

Born among Savoyan snows, and where Saint Bruno, hid
with God,
Far from human home and love, his path in tears and
rapture trod :

Joining then the valley-streamlet, then the golden-green
Isère,
Then where Rhone's broad currents to the blue their
lordly burden bear :

Torrent under lofty beeches, under larches fringeing high,
Thou art southward set, and southward all thy waters
strain and fly.

Ah ! another vision calls me, calls me to the northern isle ;
Voices from beyond the mountain, smiles that dim the
sun's own smile ;

And I set my soul against thee, water of the southern sea ;
Thine are not the currents toward the haven where my
heart would be.¹

. . . *Paris, Sept. 3.*—Paris is a place where everything
strikes you and nothing penetrates you. I am surprised
at the absence of salient points. The Louvre, now that it
begins to lose its first brilliancy, seems to me very wanting
in grandeur ; it has neither the life nor elegance of Gothic
architecture, nor any trace of the union of grace with
severity of the Greek. . . .

¹ *Lyrical Poems*, Macmillan, 1871.

To Sir Alexander Grant

5 York Gate, London : Oct. 12, 1869.

Dear Alexander,— . . . I went through France to Grenoble, out of all question the richest piece of the picturesque I ever saw. . . . I had very pleasant companions in three of the gens Alderson: nevertheless, I felt that to travel without my wife, who had stayed at Walmer with the children, was vanity. I then took her for a fortnight to South Wales; . . . and we enjoyed it immensely. This country has a wildness and beauty which is all one wants in its way; it was 'all-sufficient,' even after the greater splendours and more penetrating sublimities of Dauphiné and High Savoy. I have now put the yoke on again, and find that also 'all-sufficient,' in the sense of absorbing my working powers, which are certainly in the 'stationary state,' if not deteriorating. . . . Hughlings lingered long in Anglia and came to say farewell, when I gave him Matt's complete poems as a souvenir. There is a great charm of nature about him, besides an unusual vividness and originality of mind. He has as much as poor Clough in him, if he could get it out. . . . The Stowe-Byron affair . . . seems to me the most disgraceful thing to all concerned in the way of literature that has happened in our time. Badly as I had long seen one must think of Lady B., I did not know the case was so thoroughly bad against her. . . . I am greatly pleased at Temple's appointment,¹ almost the only one in Church matters which could really interest me. If Bishop of London, he would be one of the most *felt* men of the day.

Ever affly. yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

Two letters to his cousin, Lady Eastlake, follow,

¹ To the Bishopric of Exeter.

on the subject of the memoir she was at that time writing of her husband.

To Lady Eastlake

5 York Gate : Oct. 15, 1869.

My dear Lady Eastlake,—I have gone twice carefully through the enclosed ;¹ I need not say, with the greatest interest, both from its revelations of the artist's mind, and from the height and beauty of the nature set before one.

Substantially, there is but little that I wish to see altered : yet I fear that your first impression in looking at the sheets will not be one altogether of charity to the critic ! I have revised them pretty much as if it were my own book—just as I have revised much for Gifford, Max Müller, and others much beyond myself both in fame and in ability. I am perfectly aware of the implied vanity of such a process—that every correction carries with it a sort of 'I am better than thou !' but it seems also to me more consistent with a humble performance of the work of revision to put away such thoughts, and simply suggest a way, as best one can, and I may, I think, honestly add, without any desire to impose my preferences on another. . . .

In regard to points of wider importance. I fully agree with you that the tone of such a book must be, and ought to be, one of warm admiration. But the writer's object is not so much to have the pleasure of expressing this, as to carry the reader's mind with him. It seems to me that (as a general rule) this is effected best by restraining phrases of praise to a man's nature and character, leaving the praise of his ability as an artist or a thinker to come from the reader, as the result of the reader's knowledge of the works, or his perusal of the writings. Holding this opinion, you will not, however, find that I have wished to suggest many

¹ *Memoir of Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.*

changes, although I have here and there ventured to put the words in what seemed to me a more effective, because a more impersonal, form. . . . Now I need only add that it has been the greatest pleasure to me to do any work on behalf of a friend so valued and honoured—as well as on your own. I shall be equally glad to have been allowed to do it, if you should not concur in anything I have suggested ; all I hope is, that if you are wrathful (as I should certainly be in my own case!) at some remarks, yet that in the end you will charitably forgive the critic, and forget the criticism, out of regard to his intention. . . .

Your aff. Cousin,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

Jan. 4, 1870.

My dear Lady Eastlake,—I shall value very highly the copy of the 'Memoir.'¹ I am truly pleased if I have been of any use, whether in helping you, or in assisting this little monument in honour of so noble a nature and so gifted a man as he whom you lament so faithfully. I hope to read it all carefully through within a few days.

Your memoir of Gibson has also interested me much. I do not think that I underrate his art nearly so much as you seem to believe. He seems to me a man of much feeling for grace and refinement, and a fair degree of inventiveness, and also much better grounded in the material side of his art than most of his contemporaries. I regret that he should have so rarely used these gifts upon subjects of real interest or vitality. I doubt whether he admired the Greeks more than I: but this very admiration seems to warn one against second-hand Hellenising at two thousand years' distance. But the Life shows how natural this direction was to Gibson. So far as my knowledge of modern

¹ *Memoir of Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.*

Roman sculpture goes, I put him above Thorwaldsen, above Tenerani ; under Canova, despite Canova's modernisms. But they seem to me, one and all, so far below Flaxman as hardly to enter into competition with him.

Cis begs me to send you her love, with all good wishes for this and future years. . . . We drank to the health of 1870 very cheerfully at Hatfield, where we spent a few days last week with much pleasure.

Ever yr. affecte. cousin,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the late Lord de Tabley

Privy Council Office : Oct. 4, 1865.

Dear Warren,— . . . I won't say that reading 'The Bibliography of Tennyson' has been an effectual consolation to me for giving up free life in Wales for this place ; but I will say I read it with great pleasure and thought it showed a real critical faculty for poetry—a remark which Woolner, who has a good deal of it himself, also made to me. What you want is to feel that it is worth your while to take more pains, and hence to work a subject out in a more detailed, consecutive way. Now if you don't choose to do this, I shall set it down, not to Modesty, but to'ther woman in the Sciarra picture. . . . The 'Olympias' figure, as you say, is very fine ; but where is the man of money with sense enough—only common sense—to take your suggestion ?

My holiday was mainly spent with wife and children at Aberystwyth ; if one must stop at a seaside place, one of the best, or the best I know. We diverged, however, into Shropshire for visits, and made a car-round through the best parts of North Wales, which we enjoyed extremely. I hope this will find you in some similar scene. . . .

To Mr. W. M. Rossetti

I own I can't find that the published or oral criticisms by artists have the value which one would wish to find in them ; with some very rare exceptions. Certainly, absolute contradictions of estimate are as common among artists as among the blessed *publicum* itself. On the other hand, artists give flashes of insight of far higher value than those of outsiders. I think a very valuable and charming book might be made of brief aphorisms and criticisms by artists. From Hogarth onwards we have them. The Academy lectures, of course, would supply something ; the lives of men like Blake more and better. I wish you, who seem to have a wonderful and enviable power of work in leisure hours, would think of this. Your first papers on style, and then those on modern English painters, strike me as those in which you unite ability and completeness of treatment most. . . . The impression Turner made on me was just that of a Dr. M'Culloch—great *general* ability and quickness. Whatever subject of talk was started, he seemed master of it—books, politics, &c. This confirms me in my general view of art—that it is less the product of a special artistic faculty than of a powerful or genial nature, expressing itself through paint or marble. This is Goethe's idea of genius. But much is to be said on the other side, and no one has urged it better than you. . . . I saw Hamerton yesterday. I believe he will review you in the 'Saturday,' where he succeeded me two years ago. He is a very good sort of fellow, and I like many of his criticisms, which are certainly of the professional kind.

F. T. P.'s Journal

Dec. 1869.—The other day I went to the British Museum. The Greek sculpture and vases impressed me

more profoundly than ever: the designs are so exquisite, the grace so unailing, the touch so fine, that I know no school of fine art equal to what is shown here. A hundred nameless potters are better than the best men of the Renaissance. We justly praise Flaxman, but Athens or Corinth had each a whole crowd of working men who probably did not reckon as artists at all to rival him. . . .

On Wednesday last Cis and I went to Hatfield House. What with the beauty of the noble old house, and the imaginative interest of its history and contents, it surpasses most private dwellings I have seen. No human creatures could be more wholly simple than our hosts [Lord and Lady S.], the good and the evil of life could find nothing to spoil in them. . . . I suppose that highest of all principles—unthoughtfulness of self—is their principle. . . . There is a lovely little Reynolds here of a little girl with sheep, a perfect specimen of his *naïveté* and subdued brilliancy of colour. The evenings generally passed in talk, but on Friday there was some experimental dancing in the Long Gallery in preparation for a ball to come. Then we sat up and listened to the bells, and drank the health of the New Year. There are few from which I have parted more readily than 1869, with its series of deprivals, from Strangford¹ onwards to Aunt Harriet.²

Jan. 2, 1870.—Browning has been for an hour, giving a very animated account of his autumn, which he had spent in a long course of visits, enjoying it all himself, and no doubt a source of enjoyment to others.

March 9, 1870.—Cis and I dined at the Lord Chancellor's, meeting the De Greys, A. Stanleys, old Panizzi and others. I sat next to Lord Hatherley. He talked to me about the Queen Caroline affair, in which he, then very young, took a share. . . . He said that from his position at the time he might of course be held a not wholly disinterested

¹ Lord Strangford.

² Mrs. John Gunn.

witness, yet that he now, looking back on the whole, on his soul and honour, acquitted her of anything beyond excessive want of propriety, and added, 'My verdict is—Not Guilty.' . . . I know no nature more charming and attractive than his, nor any perhaps that has so much of the wisdom from above. . . . Seeing friends has been the main business of the last month—the one thing which makes London endurable. I have seen more of Charles Alderson than of any other friend. . . . *April*, 1870.—Spent Easter at Chichester with Dean Hook, who showed all his hearty humour, and their usual Easter guests the Hatherleys were there. . . . Cis and I have taken little Cecy and Frank to Worthing. The sweet nature of my little boy always grows upon me; the child seems as if he *could* not think a mean or selfish thought. . . . We returned to London on the 29th. Many parties, a pleasant one at Devonshire House, also the Grant-Duffs. Cis and I went to the Deanery at Westminster; certainly no one can be more genuinely kind friends than the Dean and Lady Augusta. . . .

The following letters concerning an edition of Shelley's Poems, being then [1869] prepared by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, may find a place here.

To Mr. W. M. Rossetti

Feb. 20, 1869.

Dear Rossetti,—Having happened to get a second-hand number of the 'Quarterly' for October 1861, and to cut it up, I saved from the *débris* an article on Shelley, and send it you by book post. I remember nothing about it, and should not expect to find that it takes the view you will probably take; but when trying some minor attempts in biography, I found that any other person's view was of value; and if I am right in thinking your 'Opus' includes a life, you may like to refer to it. You have a rather

enviable task, I think, in editing Shelley, who seems to me to want the process more than most men. In case of such an edition as yours, my wish would be that the text should absolutely follow the MS. (except, perhaps, as to spelling and punctuation), and that all emendations of supposed errors in the original writing down, or *variæ lectiones* where the MS. is itself dubious, should appear as *notes*. The more I read, the more doubtful do the most ingenious conjectures appear to me. But I have no doubt you have pondered all these points already. I hope your edition will *not* contain more than specimens, at the most, of the Margaret Nicolson verses, or those juvenilia which Hogg has printed, and also, I think, Garnett. No man is so immortal that the world cannot afford to lose some drops of him! I hardly know a crueller thing to genius—especially genius like Shelley's—than, when he is dead and defenceless, to overwhelm his memory with his rejected or careless pieces. . . . Every weak thing in a book, I sometimes think, is like the weak place in a beam—that by which its durability is ultimately measured. But perhaps I am here misled by a metaphor. . . .

From Mr. W. M. Rossetti

56 Euston Square : Feb. 1869.

Dear Palgrave,—Very much obliged for your friendliness in thinking of my Shelley work. I have now read through the 'Quarterly' article; there is nothing new to me in it *now*, as I have been saturating myself with Shelley material, but I shall keep it by me, and may turn it to some use yet. . . . I see—with regret but obduracy—that you will not consider my text the right kind of thing. I introduce various emendations, corrections of slight grammatical slips, and some of the conjectural class. Vastly more of these are only suggested in notes. . . . I put in all verses I can find—Peg Nicolson, &c., but this

rubbish only in an appendix. It appears to me that each enthusiast is entitled to take his own feelings very much as the standard in such cases. Now I am a Shelley enthusiast, and I like to see all this vile nonsense, and form a tolerably correct (instead of a haphazard) opinion as to the development of so splendid a poetic genius. *Ergo*, all is shovelled in—but not confounded with what is worth reading for its own sake. I quite agree with you that selected editions of poets are most desirable, but not exclusively desirable. Let me know everything, and then hold fast to the good. . . .

Yours always,

W. M. ROSSETTI.

To Mr. W. M. Rossetti

Feb. 1869.

Dear Rossetti,—Your note gives me a new insight into your work, and does away with nine-tenths of what I said. I had inferred from your first letter that your changes of text were not, necessarily and uniformly, to be accompanied with an explanatory note. The main point is that a reader shall be able to know precisely what the author wrote or printed: if this be done once for all, it is more a matter of simple taste than anything whether obvious errors shall be corrected above or below. I have no doubt that you are right in reprinting all that has been printed, although I own that some pages in Garnett's Vol. of 1862 present a sadly *Herculanean* appearance. I disagree with several that he considers 'felicitous' corrections, and should withdraw most of mine if I reprinted the 'Golden Treasury.' Felicitous to one at the first blush, I find that (whether my own or others) they are apt, after a lapse of years, to carry no conviction. But there are a few exceptions to this. . . . I am *extremely* sorry and disappointed to hear that you will not have the MSS. to refer to. . . .

For those poems which were posthumously printed they are indispensable for a true text, and they would be very valuable for those poems which were printed in England, and the incorrectness of which Shelley himself deplored. . . . No one can admire more than I the taste and skill your brother showed in his corrections of Blake ; but (even in that case) I still desiderate notes showing the original, and I also think that a similar amount of correction in Shelley is not so admissible as it really was for Blake, who was 'super grammaticam' as well as *super* many other things. . . .

From Mr. W. M. Rossetti

I am gratified to find you and I approximate closer than had before been apparent. I fear the time for the revision will have passed without my seeing any of the MSS., the property of the Shelley family, whom I know not. . . . About my brother's Blake I am to a considerable extent on your side. I have observed, however, that several objectors never seem to take into account the fact that Gabriel possesses MS. authority for several of the more noticeable alterations. . . .

CHAPTER IV

POEMS AND JOURNALS. 1870-1881

To write a really good hymn my father considered a most difficult task, even for the greatest poets. His own are generally sacred poems rather than hymns. In 1867 he gathered together those he had written from time to time in a little volume, many of them having already appeared in individual collections. A few of these hymns deal with questions of faith, and are abstruse and complex in parts. Others, again, are marked by a simplicity of language and by great poetical feeling; such as his 'Little Child's Hymn,' here inserted, which has been one of the most popular, its directness and simple charm appealing to many. This little hymn-book has met with great favour among many classes of people; the following is one of many appreciations from an American stranger:

I think it may be pleasant to you to know that these exquisite hymns are known and loved so far away from the place of their origin. As for the book itself, I learned of it through the 'Spectator,' and have given away several dozens of copies of the various editions. Please accept from a distant and unknown admirer his grateful acknowledgment of the spiritual quickening and thoughtful consolation which your hymns have afforded to him and his. Let me frankly own it has been a satisfaction to have any

excuse for telling you how very highly I prize the 'small volume but great book' you have given to us.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay Thy hands about my head ;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night ;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what I am bid to do ;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house :
Now Thou art above the sky ;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry ?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away ;
Thou my little hymn will hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me.

In 1871 my father's second volume of original verse was published—'Lyrical Poems.' The first two, here quoted, have their origin in facts taken from the lives of some in whom he had a particular interest ; while the pathetic story of little Margaret Wilson was naturally one which greatly touched him.

A VERY SIMPLE STORY

' Fifty years and more, Love,
We have been together ;
Gone through frost and fire,
Tears and tearless weather.
Now the Master's message
Bids our hands dissever ;
But will it be long, Love,
Ere they are together,
Together, Love !
Once again together ?'

Then she closed his eyelids,
Saying ' Now and ever !'
Went about her household ;
' Will he come ? O never !'
Till Death join'd the hands, that
Lately he bade sever.
Now two hearts united
Beat in one for ever ;
For ever, Love !
One henceforth for ever.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

With the cottage girls and the poor
It often is so, they say :
Yet 'tis to each mother as much
As if she were the only such
Whose daughter has wander'd astray.

She troubled and pain'd me oft ;
Yet I loved her beyond them all,
Fanciful ever and wild,
My dark-eyed gipsy child,
Dark-hair'd and nut-brown and tall.

They say she loved notice and dress ;
 There was nothing to make me amazed :
Perhaps it was vanity there ;
For her looks an overcare,
 An overcare to be praised.

Yet no such sweet temper as hers,
 No smiles like hers in the place ;
When she garnish'd the cottage out,
Or carried the youngest about,
 And she with her mere child's face !

And I guarded her all I could ;
 But what can be done by the poor ?
She went from her home far away,
Where respite was none, night or day,
 Nor comfort within the door.

Yet if she had had her chance,
 She would have been gentle and good ;
Have kept a pure maiden breast,
By respect for herself repress'd
 The dance of the youthful blood.

But praise, on her simple looks,
 And gold, on her wearisome life
Where never a happiness came,
Like sunbeams fell :—and the shame
 Was hid in some whisper of ' wife.'

I know not if she believed,
 For she was only a child ;
She took his base jewels for true ;
She could not keep out of his view,
 And turn'd unsettled and wild.

And jest and lust and the pride
 Of conquest urged on the suit ;
 Half force, half folly :—but O
 The shame of advantage, so
 Won on a child by a brute !

And he had his play and his laugh,
 And pass'd on to his pleasures elsewhere :
 But she—where she hides her head,
 And if with the living or dead,
 To think I cannot dare.

She dares not come back, nor knows
 For her face how I linger and yearn :—
 Whatever there be, I forgive,—
 O one hour, to tell if you live,
 Only one hour, return !

—If ever the child has her chance
 She may yet be honest and good.
 God will pity the lost, and exact
 From the tempter the price of his act ;
 For upon his head is her blood.

MARGARET WILSON¹

Four children at their little play
 Across the iron-furrow'd way ;
 Joyous in all the joy of May.

¹ 'A noble instance of self-sacrifice was witnessed at Newcastle on Sunday (May 31). While four children were playing on the railway near the station an engine and tender came up. One little fellow ran for the platform, and his example was followed by his elder sister. Looking back, however, she saw that the other two children were in imminent danger. She returned to them, and drew them to her side, between the rails and the platform. As the engine passed, the connecting-rod struck her down, and she died in a few moments. The children she had so nobly protected escaped almost unhurt. The name of this heroic little maiden was Margaret Wilson, daughter of a miner.'—*Daily News*, June 3, 1868.

Three, babies ; and one, Margaret,
In charge upon the others set
To lift and soothe them if they fret.

The sky is blue ; the sun is bright ;
The little voices, pure and light,
Make music as they laugh outright.

The noiseless weight of giant wheels
Amongst them in a moment steals,
And death is rolling at their heels.

She ran with one to reach the side,
And reach'd it, and look'd back, and spied,
Where the dark wheels right towards them slide.

The other two, that were forgot,
Playing by Death, and knowing not ;—
And drew them to the narrow spot

Between the rails and platform-side,
Safe nestling down ;—but as they glide
The wheel-rods struck her, and she died.

By those she died for, there she lay,
Nor any word could Margaret say,
But closed her eyes, and pass'd away.

—My little heroine ! though I ne'er
Can look upon thy features fair,
Nor kiss the lips that mangled were :

Too small a thing from Fame to have
A portion with the great and brave,
And unknown in thy lowly grave :

Yet in thy true heart, and fearless faith,
And agony of love in death
God saw, and He remembereth.

Many of the Lyrical Poems are upon classical subjects, and of these 'Alcestis' is the most interesting and original.

From the late Lord de Tabley

April 1871.

My dear Palgrave,—I have been much interested by your book of lyrics, and really thank you for sending it to me. . . . I will tell you what struck me: 'The Esquiline Field,' 'A Maiden's Prayers'—very graceful and perfect—'Melusine'—extremely nice, but with bits I should like out here and there—'William Wordsworth'—excellent. Then your anti-Huxleian pieces are thoroughly original and striking . . . I think you have in them hit out quite a line of your own . . . but certainly the 'Alcestis' is the most important piece in the volume. I like it extremely. . . . I see you take the Athenian æsthetic school of the time of Pericles as your masters, and so after a humble manner do I. I think many stanzas in form and taste admirable: in fact, I like your 'Alcestis' quite as much as I do Wordsworth's 'Laodamia,' but I humbly claim to believe that both are much more Teutonic, Romantic, or whatever you like to call them, than Sophoclean or Euripidean or Periclean. Your whole volume is a very *pleasant* and healthy one. The work is good throughout and extremely even. It will not bore even the Philistine, while it contains plenty to interest even the children of light. I dare say it is very presumptuous my writing all this, as really on all poetry, except classical, I have no right to give an opinion. And I believe few people have a better critical knowledge of English poetry of all ages and kinds and schools than yourself. . . .

Yours ever,

J. L. WARREN.

Some time before this Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote thus to my father on the subject of 'Wordsworth,' one of the Lyrical Poems :

Good and interesting :—and the right points taken—the *pureness* particularly. I would rather wait and see the 'Alcestis' in print—it is a real injustice to anything, so far as I am concerned, to read it in manuscript. Some of Clough's best things I was not just to, which, if I had read them in print, I should have seen with the same eyes as now. . . . You should undoubtedly collect and publish your poetical pieces.

At Lyme, some three years later, he published on behalf of a local charity a small collection of poems mostly descriptive of the scenery in the neighbourhood. The first three stanzas of the poem written to his mother's memory are inserted here. It is the poem alluded to in the letter from Cardinal Newman given below.

So many years are gone since last I saw thee,
 And I, alas ! so young
 When that black hour its shadow o'er me flung,
 That with but feeble hints,
 Vague strokes, half-lights, time-troubled tints,
 E'en to the inner eye my heart can draw thee.
 Yet sometime memory wakes,—
 O ! not in night, or sadness, but when dawn
 Slopes all her silver o'er the dewy lawn,
 Or golden day dimples on mountain-lakes,
 Or evening's wild-dove tolls her brooding strain,—
 Then I remember me of what thou wast,
 And see thee once again.

Though denizen'd so long in far-off bowers
And in another air,
Her form I know 'mong all the blest ones there.
Before toward me she turns
My gazing heart within me burns,
And a new rose-flush flames through all the flowers.
I know the step, the dress,
The grace around her way like sunbeams shed ;
The worshipp'd hand, on my then-golden head
Laid with the touch of utter gentleness ;
The hair—but O ! no more what it had been,
Silver'd with pain, not age,—but fair as once
In youth, by me unseen.

'Mong all the bright ones there is none such other !
Clear through that myriad throng
Like some sweet subtle scent I catch her song :—
O by whatever name
Now named, thy child, my part I claim ;
My soul goes forth to thee ; I call thee, Mother !
Smile the low serious smile
Which animated youth to highest aims :
Lay thy soft hand upon the fever-flames
That manhood's brain to foolishness beguile :
Hold me once more upon the faithful breast :
Kiss my life-wearied eyelids, say *My child !*
And then I shall find rest.

From Cardinal Newman

The Oratory : Sept. 5, 1874.

Dear Mr. Palgrave,—I think it very kind in you to have sent me your Lyme Poems, and have read them with that special pleasure, soothing and satisfying, which it is the office of Poetry to create.

Indeed, their subjects run in such various directions, that it would be hard if a reader was not interested in one or other of them.

What struck me most myself was the keen sensitiveness they show both to the beauty and the perishableness of the natural world, a contrast which many men would feel enough to madden them, if it were not for religion. This makes you, as it seems to me, more moderate in your praise of autumn than painters are. Somehow, I always feel with Crabbe, that the year in the autumn months (I can't quote him with verbal accuracy) is like a beauty, who

when her bloom is lost,

Attires with more magnificence and cost.

Of course the poem at p. 14 is the best, as well as the most touching in the collection. . . .

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

From Dr. Hook

Chichester : Sept. 12, 1874.

My dear Palgrave,—You will be amused to hear that my not having thanked you for your poems before, originated in Cecil's desire that I should answer you in rhyme. If you reach the age of seventy-seven and feel as I do, that you must soon depart hence, and write, as I am writing (by the kind hand of my son) the *Life of Laud*—you will find that the brain of a departing man will not rise to such an occasion.

I like your poems¹ extremely : . . . I particularly like the difficult eloquence of your phraseology, and I suppose, as civilisation advances, poetry will partake more and more of this character.

¹ *Lyrical Poems.*

My house at present is full ; my son Walter and his wife have brought their sweet children to receive my last blessing. Hatherley told me that you desired that blessing to extend to your children : may you and your wife, during the few short days which remain to me, let me have your blessing.

Your affectionate friend,
W. F. HOOK.

The otherwise happy life of these years was overcast by the death, in 1870, of his second little son in infancy. His other children were an increasing delight to him, and although he never regularly taught them himself, he enjoyed giving them lessons in such subjects as architecture and Latin. For many years he was in the habit of reading aloud to them the Waverley Novels, Shakespeare, or translations from the Iliad and Odyssey ; often, too, he would read to them children's story-books, Mrs. Mozley's 'Fairy Bower' and 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' by Charles and Mary Lamb, being his particular favourites. The pleasure which he took in reading aloud was equalled in later years by his pleasure in listening to reading. He used to say, 'I can conceive no greater luxury than being read aloud to.' His memory for most things, almost miraculously good, was conveniently short when exercised on novels ; and he could bear such books as Miss Austen's, Scott's, Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Dickens and Thackeray, to be read to him again and again, after but a short lapse of time. Sensational literature was an abhorrence to him, though he recognised its value in some modern

dramas—character-drawing being the first thing he looked for. Among his favourite modern novelists were Miss Lawless, W. E. Norris, Miss Yonge, and Lady Margaret Majendie, one of whose stories on life in Florence he thought admirable. Not long ago he was greatly struck by Miss Montgomery's 'Blue Veil,' a child's story, which he considered a perfect masterpiece in its way, and he listened to it with intense interest and amusement. Of serious contemporary writing, he admired much the essays of J. B. Mozley and Dean Church, and read them many times; but he never cared for reading sermons, except those by Cardinal Newman. His appreciation of Mozley's 'Essays' is shown in the following letter.

To Lady Frederick Cavendish

15 Chester Terrace : Aug. 20, 1878.

Dear Lady Frederick,— . . . I hope that the sport has been good and that the salt-cauldrons of Droitwich (which must somewhat resemble certain hot pits described by Dante, though not in the 'Paradiso') have thoroughly set your husband up to his work. Considering how much he does—not on the moors only!—he wants all the strength he can get.

The two volumes of Mozley's 'Essays' turn out even abler and more interesting than I had expected. There is a kind of unevenness in his style and treatment: didactic passages curiously interposed: which I suppose are traceable to diffidence and to the habit of working too much by himself. But the power shown is exceptional: there is a clearness of statement, a judicial weight—sometimes a judicial scorn—an insight into human nature and character, of which our literature has now less than it has

at any time had of such rare qualities. The essays on Cromwell, on Dr. Arnold, and on Job, so far as I have read, strike me most. Those on Strafford and Laud were written before much evidence came to light, and are biassed by Mozley's [then] High Church view. This bias ought, however, to have its hearing, in reference to a part of our history which hitherto no one, not even Hallam altogether, has treated without bias. . . . Have any drawings ever been *missed* from Chatsworth? I saw last week, at a sale at Sotheby's, three drawings the frames and mounting of which were very like those in the gallery there. They are by Salanio and two other late Italians, and not worth having, it is true. And the frames may have been imitated by some one who had seen Chatsworth—a collection I never think of without a sigh for its safety, and a fervent wish for a fireproof room. . . .

By this time I hope the E. Talbots will have met Dean Church. They are certainly to be envied for the opportunity of seeing so much more of so interesting a man than can be managed in London. . . . There is something of singular charm about him, and I fancy one sees it also in his writing. At least the essay on Dante has some exquisite passages 'halfway between beauty and goodness,' if I may so parody one of his quotations.

Please give my best remembrances to your family and my love to Freddy. . . .

On the subject of his children's education he had distinct theories; the knowledge of some Latin and Greek he considered should be as much part of a girl's as of a boy's education. The schoolroom, however, was a far less agreeable room to him than the nursery, and he always maintained, to the horror of the schoolroom's presiding genius, that holidays should be the rule and lessons the exception,

invariably hoping that mother-wit, general reading and travelling, might in after years supply all deficiencies.

To Sir Alexander Grant

5 York Gate, London : Nov. 20, 1872.

Dear Grant,—Received, with many thanks, your lecture on Female Education. I read it with much interest, and I think you take a very rational view of a subject which provokes a good deal of talk, but is, however, of supreme importance. In one point I do not quite follow you: doubting whether without the spur of personal competition boys would do much, whilst you seem to deprecate this as a bad lever for girls. . . . Half the weakness of our present girls' education arises from the necessity of finishing at eighteen the subjects which boys are only then beginning. . . . However, you are crying a *jam satis*, if you have accompanied me thus far. . . . I was at Balliol for two days last summer, and met Lord Westbury, who is decidedly the most marked and amusing 'character' or 'nature' I ever saw. Was this type once more common? Or is this an illusion? Certainly one sees few such decisive individualities in England, although I suppose you retain a few more, fortified by provincialism, if I may use the word—'small nationality' might be better. M. l'Abbé Jowett, as I call him, was very well and enjoys life much as Master: but he is a less facile head than had been anticipated, and, I fancy, works the men rather too hard at times.

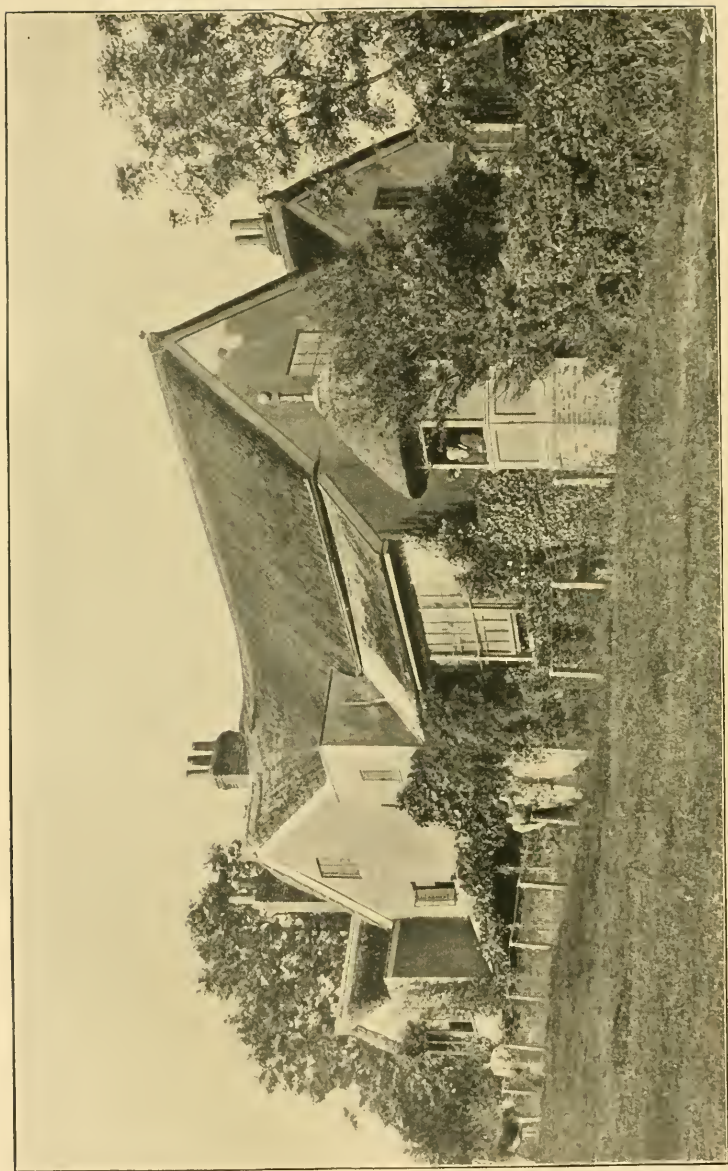
Ever yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To Alfred Lord Tennyson

5 York Gate : March 1871

Dear Tennyson,—I do not like month after month to go by without knocking at your door, at any rate, and



LITTLE PARK, LYME.

From a photograph taken October 1897.

asking Mrs. Tennyson whether you are well. . . . You should have been here during the last three weeks and heard Jowett's lectures on Socrates at the Royal Institution. . . . The lectures were a brilliant success, and the interest went on increasing till the room was overcrowded. I dare say Socrates has sent you his book. Probably Cambridge can urge something against the scholarship of it. But as a piece of pure translation it seems to me one of the rare masterpieces in that 'art of the impossible' which are produced about once in a century or two :—and the Introductions are written with a lucidity which is perfectly marvellous. . . .

The journal of these years (1870-75) makes frequent mention of seeing many friends. There was much intercourse with Mr. Gladstone, which continued steadily, until in 1885 their strong friendship was severed on political grounds, and for this reason they seldom again met.

Lyme Regis continued to have such an attraction for my parents that in 1872 they made it a permanent second home by purchasing the two picturesque old gabled cottages, lately thrown into one, and the adjoining fields which have been known since the time of Charles I. as 'Little Park,' thus named by the Royalist party in contradistinction to the 'Great Park' which they held on the other side of the valley, and which is now called Colway Manor Farm. During the siege of Lyme in 1644, one or two skirmishes took place here, Cromwell's men firing from the Little Park hillside. Here my father spent a part of every spring and summer, always finding new beauties in the scenery, and increasing charm in life at the little place. It was a

very quiet life : the mornings spent in working and reading in the summer-house he built, overlooking the lovely bay ; the afternoons in long walks, or drives with my mother. Above all things he loved reading in the open air, particularly after rheumatism had crippled him during the last few years of his life, and had rendered much walking impracticable. Then he would call it a day lost if he could not sit out for some portion of the day until late in the autumn. He was at all times an incessant worker and reader, and though open to the interruption of friends' visits, he never let them shorten his reading hours, often studying hard till far into the night. He was a good and brilliant talker, always speaking with animation and absorbing interest on a variety of subjects ; a peculiarity of his being that he gave his best talk as freely alike to dull or wholly uneducated people as to his equals in mind and cultivation. He would show the liveliest sympathy in his intercourse with labourers and school-children, without ever talking 'down' ; in fact, as an old labourer said, 'he never has any condescension, no patronising ; he just talks the same to us as he does to the gentry, and always so kind and thoughtful.'

F. T. P.'s Journal

July 1870.—On the 14th of July we welcomed another little boy. After eight or nine days this little darling began to pine, and my dear Cis wishing to have him baptised, he received the names Arthur Frederick, the second after Freddy Cavendish, who promised to be godfather. The baby looked at us with deep violet eyes, as if asking

to live. I could not realise fear, though his dear mother had begun to realise she must resign her treasure. But in the afternoon of the 31st, as this sweet patient little Arthur lay on Cecil's lap, every hope was clearly over. . . . We buried him in the quiet country ground at Barnes, where Cecil's Aunt Sidney¹ lies. Dear, dear little one.—Cecil's love and courage made her say even thus she would rather have had him. . . . Some time after this I breakfasted with the Gladstones. Every one must have wished for distinct announcements on the war,² but he preserved a general reticence; . . . he was very happy in that mixture of openness and reserve which is the proper atmosphere of a statesman in a responsible place: on any other matter, he showed that charming frankness which is, equally, the natural region of genius.

Nov. 23, 1870.—The war still, but with more than one difference. In so great and complex an action and where so much human feeling is mixed, a cause cannot remain true to itself: initial right and justice are insufficient to leaven the vast mass of after events. It seems clear that the French will die as a nation, sooner than make a surrender of defeat. . . . From 12th to 15th, visit to Hatfield: same impression of deep and lofty goodness. Then a visit to our old friends the Capel-Cures at Blake Hall. . . . Have seen several friends—Tennyson, Brooke, Woolner, Howards, Aldersons, Doyles.

May 27, 1871, Wenlock Abbey.—Cis and I came to be Carlo's guests at Wenlock yesterday: found the old place looking its best. In the evening Sir Arthur Monck came, and we walked to the edge and saw that noble view.

29th.—All to Stokesay Castle, a singularly perfect specimen of domestic residence temp. Edward I. The site of this small ancient relic, lovely amid green wooded hills and

¹ Lady Doyle.

² Franco-Prussian war.

mountainous horizon—indebted much to the haze of an exquisite summer day. Thence to Ludlow: the castle here of all dates, is as fine as that uncomfortable thing, a ruin, ever can be.

May 31.—Left Wenlock . . . Lady Mary Egerton and Uncle Frank¹ called, and we read aloud some of ‘In Memoriam’: the diction I think less ornamentalised than in the ‘Princess,’ and the poem is of an ethereal and elevated cast of thought . . . June and July we passed in London, seeing a good many friends. A. Tennyson came to us, and was very lively and pleasant. He read me a new Idyl on the subject of Sir Tristram . . . There is a very pretty song in the poem, and some good touches of character, and of course the skilful hand is visible throughout.

July 21.—Came to Lyme. In the evenings I am reading to Cis the ‘Bride of Lammermoor’: this seems to me to stand above all other novels, like a play by Shakespeare above all other plays. Indeed, in astonishing truthfulness and variety in creation of character, in power and pathos, I cannot see how this, at least, is inferior to Shakespeare . . . We have spent four agreeable days at the Palace at Exeter: I had one long walk with the Bishop,² and a really good discussion on Darwin and cognate topics. He was at his best on such points: large and wise and liberal . . . After that a brief visit to Whitestaunton, a charming house of early Elizabethan date; we much regretted the brevity of our visit, having greatly liked our hosts.³ On the 9th of September, we went to stay with Robert Meade⁴ in his pretty little place at Ightham; drove through Knole Park, passing the truly lordly old house, and by lovely wooded roads and hills. Spent Sunday there very agreeably with Meade, whose charm lies in his singular beauty and deli-

¹ Sir Francis Doyle.

² Bishop Temple.

³ Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elton.

⁴ Late Hon. Sir Robert Meade.

cacy of nature. His sisters-in-law, Lady Louisa Mills and M. Lascelles, were there too.

On 14th of October to Aldworth. Found there, besides A. Tennyson and his always charming wife, his very pleasant brother Charles. A. T. himself remarkably full of life and spirit. The country is beautiful, both in the near landscape and the noble view—the ‘immense plain,’ which Tennyson confessed ‘sometimes weighed upon his spirits.’ He read Wordsworth on Sunday evening, and we had a general service of reverence to that great poet, agreeing that what he had left us was the greatest gift any one poet, since Milton, had conferred on England.

On the 20th [October] we came to Lyme, and Cis and I went carefully over our little intended purchase, Little Park. It is a pretty little old place, with its many little rooms and pretty garden and lovely views. May it be a true haunt of peace to us and our dear ones! . . . Returned home to a warm welcome from our dear, dear lively little ones.

June 1, 1872.—Cis and I went to Oxford to stay with Jowett; the party in the house including Lord Westbury and Miss Bethell, Charles Roundell, and others. On the whole the old ex-Chancellor¹ is the most amusing ‘character’ I ever remember. What would be buffoonery in most men—his remarks being intended as much to make you laugh *at* as *with* him—is avoided here by a certain geniality and sense of power. His daughter very intelligent and pleasant. . . . We have had one or two lively parties at our house; on the 14th Jowett, the George Howards, Lady F. Herbert, Morier, Lord Portsmouth, and Professor Tyndall—a very lively party, and Jowett was at his best.

. . . We spent August at Little Park, and have fallen more and more in love with our Dorset and Devonian valleys. We have some remarkably pleasant neighbours

¹ Lord Westbury.

. . . On the 31st with Cis to Fryston : Lord Houghton and his daughter Florence,¹ an uncommonly nice girl, met us at the station. A very lively evening. Read aloud A. Tennyson's latest idyl, 'Gareth,' which we all agreed in admiring ; also Hutton's 'Essays'—some good criticism lost in the flood of verbiage, begot by journalism. . . .

November 30.—From Hatfield we drove over with Lord and Lady S. to Panshanger ;² the early Raphael much the most beautiful and the most truly felt, though the larger one shows much advance in style and command of form. One sees the influence of Bartolomeo. The Reynolds group of the three *Lamb* boys has that childly grace, beautiful arrangement, and that look of life and mobility which is perhaps rarer than all.

1873.—The loss of Milnes-Gaskell I feel to be a real one. I saw him last on January 23 in the drawing-room in Norfolk Street, weak and changed looking, but cheerful and talking of political history, with apparent hopes of soon rallying. . . . Mr. Gladstone, whom I have seen, spoke of him with tenderest affection, and of his friendship of forty years. My own intercourse with my father-in-law from the first time of meeting him in the autumn of '61 has been wholly unclouded. . . . To the world at large he has done nothing to show that when young, and for years after, his best contemporaries ranked him amongst the best, and that only the will was wanted to place him (with so many external advantages) in the first rank of political life. With my dear Cis to the funeral at Wenlock Abbey. . . . A pleasant summer at Lyme ; Reggie and Grace³ and Cis's cousin Sidney Doyle have paid us visits, and we have had long and interesting drives.

On the 26th Cis and I came to Hawarden, where Mr.

¹ Now Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker.

² Earl Cowper's house.

³ Sir R. and Lady Palgrave.

and Mrs. Gladstone and Sir Stephen Glynne received us very kindly. Mr. G. spoke much of Samuel Rogers and his kindness to himself as a young man ; wondering, in his way, what Rogers's real inner nature had been—such a contrast of kindness and sarcasm and reticence. Also of Wordsworth, who had come pretty often to see him ; said there was a remarkable *charm* to him about Wordsworth, great simplicity and openness, no stiffness or egotism. Then we went on to poetry, he placing Dante with Homer and Shakespeare, a sort of triad apart. Would not allow Milton to be one ; he confessed to a dislike of Milton from the unworthy arguments placed in our Saviour's mouth in the 'Paradise Regained,' and from Milton's gross undervaluing of the Greeks. *September 27.*—Much conversation on Greek mythology and Homer with Mr. Gladstone ; walked in the park with him and the Stuart Wortleys. In the evening music and talk. On Sunday to Hawarden Church. After service walked with Mr. Gladstone, who spoke warmly of Hallam, whom he described as 'the most judicial mind of the century.' Much talk, too, with him on religious aspects of the time, philosophy, poetry, &c. He read Johnson's epitaph on Thrale with high praise. I hardly remember a more interesting evening, nor a more profound impression given by any man—variety, strange subtlety with strange simplicity, insight and vital energy—in a word, genius and greatness of nature. No one could be kinder to us than he and his wife and family have been throughout. . . . Life at Hawarden comes nearer Wordsworth's 'plain living and high thinking' than anything I have ever seen. On our return to London I saw Mr. Gladstone alone for one evening, and he said: 'I cannot fancy anything less desirable than to grow old in this *horrible* life'—i.e. politics.

July 4, 1874.—We went to Chichester, taking little Cecy and Frank. A year has much shaken the good old

Dean, but when pretty well there was all his old charm and life. He is about the best type of a former age that I know, or, rather, he has the best of the last age joined with our modern movement.

July 23, Naworth Castle.—Came here to-day, and was welcomed by George [Howard], his wife, and Lady Stanley of Alderley.

25th.—A long walk with George by the Irthing, thence up to Birdoswald, a house built in a Roman camp. The walls and gates, with the wall of Hadrian and its great ranges of trench and vallum, took one back charmingly to ancient days.

28th.—Drove through the lovely valley of the Gelt, where we saw a Roman inscription on a rock which A. Tennyson saw when here and has noticed in 'Gareth.' The glen has the beautiful character of all those about here. . . . Many of the children came with us, they are darlings. . . . Left these hospitable towers on the 31st July.

Heard of the death on the 29th September of our dear aunt Mary; ¹ in her we lose the one who has been the centre and head of us all for many years, the one to whom all looked for interest, for sympathy, for those counsels in which a natural love of wisdom was guided by the wisdom of love. With her went also how much traditionary knowledge on Norfolk—how much taste, how much charity to others, we shall never know.

May 4, 1875.—Took my sweet little Cecy (as her dear mother was unable to go) to the 'Freischutz'; does any opera so wholly consist of gems as this? Even 'Fidelio' has not more absolute finish in every detail. Yet it suffers, first, from the original absence of recitative; second, from the feeble story, which, however 'national,' has the weakness of the romantic style as contrasted with the classical.

¹ Miss Dawson Turner.

May 5.—Last night with the Bishop of Chester, who is now our guest, dined with the (De Tabley) Warrens—John and the two sisters—to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Mr. G. was interesting to the last degree. He gave analysis of Ayrton's character and powers, of J. H. Newman, and Manning.

June 5.—My dear Cis, with our little Cecy and Frank, and I went to Oxford (Balliol) and found Jowett well and lively, and as full of kindness as ever. . . . We sat long in the quad of Keble, where Butterfield's new chapel seems to me decisively the most beautiful church built within my knowledge—proportions, details equally lovely and original; the whole with a shrine-like air, yet also with a look of size and power most rarely united. . . . Seeing Mr. Gladstone the other night, I asked for his 'Homeric Age' for our little Frank, as the child had done remarkably well in Greek during the school term just ended. Mr. Gladstone broke out with a warmth and liveliness of congratulation to us on having a boy of such sure promise, such as few parents even would reach. How charming was this! What a splendid nature! We saw him several times this year, and always with the same fascination.

September 30, Lyme.—I have been reading the 'Iliad'; the marvellous force of poetry now breaks on me with astonishment; the great style everywhere found; the sublimity, the dramatic rendering of character; the singular and overwhelming tenderness. And what a picture of human life! So strange as to be almost incredible, yet so vivid that it is like a chronicle of to-day. I have also read over Stopford Brooke's first-rate little 'History of English Literature.'

About this time my parents made the acquaintance of George Eliot, and some pleasant meetings with her are mentioned.

To his Wife

London: March 1874.

I have had such a mass of work that only now have I the spare time to write to you. . . . In the afternoon I called on the Lewes's: she [George Eliot] was very charming, her manner is so fine and peculiar. . . . To-day I have been to make my adieux at the Casa Gladstone. I shall miss them much, especially as Mary is my only P.F. playing friend. . . . The G. Howards very kindly took me last night to the St. James' Hall Concert; there was a fine Quartette by Beethoven; but the Andante of another by Haydn was by far the most charming 'movement,' so clear, so sweet—so *Greek*, in short, in point of art compared with the Gothic depths and irregularities of Beethoven. . . . I have just seen the Bard in great strength and liveliness. . . . A. Thackeray was at the concert, and looked ready to jump out of her skin every minute. . . . I have had a pleasant dinner at the Athenæum with Joseph,¹ and Maskeleyne, and Huxley, in which the philosophers appeared in their most favourable aspect: I think we discoursed most on what kind of fish we liked best! . . . Thanks to my dear little Cecy for her letter; tell her that Cambridge is going to win. She should get a blue periwinkle to wear; a wild hyacinth will do for Oxford.

To Sir Alexander Grant

London: Dec. 1875.

Dear Alexander,— . . . I forget whether I ever wrote to say with what great pleasure and advantage I read your 'Ethics' essays. You seem to me to deal admirably with the results of foreign criticism, steering between pedantic

¹ Sir Joseph Hooker.

or fanatical adhesion to ultra-critical theories, and the common-sense and traditionary history. I was hence not surprised to see a priggish attack on you in the *Academy*: a paper which, though much the best of the kind we now have, has an exorbitant number of prigs on its staff. . . . I saw Mrs. Lewes [George Eliot] not long ago: she was very pleasant, but weak in health and (I believe) writing poetry—both melancholy circumstances. . . . Read a Mr. Ward's history of our drama to 1700. Barring a little heaviness in style—which, indeed, human powers can very rarely eliminate from weightiness—it seems to me a real thorough piece of good work, and in pointed opposition, as such, to the flimsy essayisms of . . . and our younger men. Only I confess that to me it is always hard work to read a play meant for the stage, though this, in its turn, is much less hard than to read one not meant for it. 'Queen Mary' hovers between these classes; I cannot imagine it will succeed at the Lyceum. Yet it has singular merit, and, on the whole, improves act by act. I hope Tennyson will try again; when I saw him in the summer he was anxious to do so. . . .

Ever your affectionate,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

During these years my father was busy in preparing the 'Children's Treasury,' which appeared in 1875. In many ways this little book follows the lines of the 'Golden Treasury' in that it admits only the *best* lyrical verse in our language. This principle, and the wish to include only what is suitable or interesting to children, are the main motives of this treasury; the 'encouragement of virtue' or the pointing of useful morals having but a secondary or indirect place in his choice of the poems. Living authors were admitted, and it was

a great pleasure to him to be able to introduce two or three of William Barnes' poems in the Dorset dialect. He much regretted that this dialect should form such an obstacle to his poetry being more widely read and appreciated. He himself gave him a foremost place among our modern poets.

From W. Barnes

Came Rectory, Dorchester : Nov. 29, 1875.

Dear Sir,—I thank you very much for the copies of your charming little books, and for the honour with which you have marked my little poems. . . . An old Bordic I read gives a love of children as one of the marks of a good man. I must believe that you have it, and I trust the rising generation will be the better in heart for your gifts to them in your works. In this time of worldly teaching in hard and cold truths for the head, it is well that the heart should be thought worthy of attention. As some writer has said, 'Man is born not only to know, but to feel.'

I mean to read the 'Burning Babe' as the ending of a Christmas sermon. . . .

I should, indeed, be very glad to see you here in my 'cottage near a wood,' but only about a mile from the Dorchester South-Western station, and the chances are that we could give you a bed. Do come, if you should be called near to us, and pass two or three days with me.

Yours very truly,

W. BARNES.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone

Little Park, Lyme, Dorset : Oct 1, 1875.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—By book post I send the last part of my little poetry book for children; most of the

pieces will be familiar to you ; but you may not have seen the last,¹ a poem which seems to me one of great beauty and originality. Poor Southwell's book, though not absolutely rare in a bibliomaniac sense, is not often seen, and has been reprinted in no collection. It is a pleasure to me to hope that this little poem may now, after 300 years, have a chance of the readers and the fame which Ben Jonson thought due to it. Dibdin's fine 'Anchor-smiths' I inserted in consequence of your praise of it some years ago. It is truly so much grander in style than his sea-songs, and so different in manner, that, except yourself, I have met with no one who knew it. Longfellow's 'Launch' is finely imagined and has many good lines ; but it seems to me to want power to sustain its length, nor is it free from the writer's sentimental moralisation. My list of poems by our contemporaries is sadly short (Tennyson, from whom I marked ten or twelve, was forbidden me by . . . his publisher, King.) This paucity (if I have judged correctly) is due to what, in one word, I should call the *morbid* character of recent poetry. Health and motion, animated and simple narrative ; thoughts at once plain and high : these qualities it almost wants. . . . Even in M. Arnold and Clough, who in some ways to me seem more truly gifted, this 'subjective' vein prevails everywhere. Shelley, in contrast with Scott and Byron, has this character ; but, compared with our poets since Tennyson, he belongs to a healthier world. But what a chasm between all of these and Homer!² Since I came here, I have been reading through the 'Iliad' : which (to you I confess with some shame) I have not consecutively studied since leaving college. It is almost a pleasure, in one way,

¹ The *Burning Babe*, by R. Southwell.

² On this Mr. Gladstone afterwards said : 'Your appreciation of the king of objective poets delights me, while I think your observations on modern poetry most true. The Southwell poem is beautiful, and I do not repent of having recommended Dibdin.'

that it should be so. It opens on me, as Keats put it, like a 'new planet,' or, like one of those districts of which geologists speak, where the vast strata of an earlier world are revealed, with its strange inhabitants, at once like and unlike their later types, and bearing witness to forces operating on a larger scheme than our experience knows, though they are forces not generically different. At first the difference between the mind and life displayed, and those of Greece in historical times most impressed me. Now I see that, from Marathon to the ruin of Athens, the Greeks are nearer Homer's world than any other race. Yet at what time, and under what sort of polity, can we place Homer's 'Hellas' as a real living society? Such, if I remember correctly, you hold it; nor can one imagine that it could have been created, as the scene for his drama, by anyone. Yet, how strange that, except here, it should survive in no historical tradition. Was the vast mass of heroic legend handed down orally? As to the poem, whatever of such traditional material coalesced in it, all that we have seems to me not only wrought into one by one conscious artist, but far more completely wrought into unity than almost any long work of later time. Every detail tells in the total effect, and is vitally connected with it—more than, e.g., we find in Milton or Tasso. Having read so many analytic criticisms of the *chorizontic* character, I am astonished at the absolute art of the poem. Michelangelo's Sistine ceiling does not appear to me more marked by vital 'artistic unity.'

On these and many other points I hope I may have the opportunity of hearing your opinion next year. More strange than any is the treatment of the gods, on which I know you have worked. It is an inversion of what one would expect, that they are painted in a light so morally contemptible in that very primitive age when one looks for most reverence.

I fear you may find that I touch crudely and

ignorantly on points on which I ought, in reason, to be better read. But I am not wrong in the singular impression at once of grandeur and of tenderness which is everywhere given. This indeed is no discovery! Yet the difference is immense between taking the greatness of the poet on trust, and having personal experience of it. And what an extraordinary power, that is as fresh now as when it moved the court of Pisistratus! What a race, whose literature begins with poems which seem as if they had sufficient vitality to outlast all others, which are as true to nature now as 3,000 years ago. I have ill expressed all this, but you love Homer too well not to excuse an awkward admiration.

My wife sends her best love to Mrs. Gladstone. . . . Do you know this country? It is, if one excepts direct mountain scenery, perhaps the England which most unites beauty and wildness, and no region is so little visited. . . .

Ever very truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

5 York Gate : October 22, 1875.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—I send this¹ because I know you will hold no attempt to honour that great and good man

¹ IN MEMORIAM W. F. HOOK

October 20, 1875

To some, the conqueror's crown, the patriot's fame,
 The one achievement which creates a name ;
 And, had he cared to shine in human eyes,
 He who lies here had but to claim his prize ;
 In God's good gifts so rich, he might have gain'd
 Whate'er Ambition schemed, or Fancy feign'd.
 But now—since others' joy, and others' smart,
 Lay nearer than himself to that great heart,
 And, finding glory dross, and life a day,
 For others' lives he gave his own away,

we have lost quite without value. I have tried to speak of him as he might have wished : and you will recognise the sublime lines which have supplied the *form* for mine—for the *contents*, unhappily, Sarpedon could not help me.

If I can master the literature of the subject enough, I wish to write a paper showing the untenability of Grote's Achilleis. He would be a very able judge, if the meaning of Poetry were not—that it is not Prose.

It has struck me much when reading the Iliad that the idea of an eight or nine years' anterior struggle (though once, and once only, so far as I remember, recognised) was very slightly before Homer's mind. Perhaps he here simply felt bound to accept a tradition. The faint realisation of it, however (if I am here correct), serves to assist in explaining Thucydides' old perplexity as to the fortification. I speculate often with curiosity as to your intended review of the theology of the poems. At present, the low standard of the gods is my great difficulty. Please do not answer. I know your engagements.

Ever very truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

15 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park : April 4, 1876.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—If you have not seen this exhibition, I think you will certainly be much interested by it : although I confess, with pain, that the high place which Blake had held with me on the strength of a few of his works is not sustained by the sight of his collected 'Opera.' There is much puerility, much almost sensational spiritualism, much even (I suspect) of commonplace concealed by

With the forgotten casting in his lot—
 Oh yet his name is, elsewhere, unforgot !
 High 'mid His faithful ones in Christ's own fold,
 And in the Eternal Memory enroll'd.

eccentricity of manner. Yet there is also a singular directness and originality in his conception of subjects, great intensity of imagination within certain limits, occasionally charm of colour and of form. I am very sorry that this (and other) orders were not sent to me last week, before the family dispersed. On Saturday morning I am to see the Flaxmans at Christie's (which are to be sold on the 12th) privately. This will be O how much higher a sight than even Blake's 'glorious incompleteness.'

To the late Professor Sellar

London: February 21, 1877.

Dear Sellar,—I have waited to thank you for the *Vergil*, until I had done so elaborate and long-considered a book the justice of such study as I could give it. . . . Except in regard to a very few points, the book has given me more immediate pleasure, and a stronger anticipation of enduring gain, than anything I have read for a long time. You seem to me to have gained in every way; in taste and management, as well as, naturally, in knowledge; Vergil, like Raphael among painters, has always seemed to me one of the most difficult artists to speak of with fairness and thoroughness. The balance between judgment and enthusiasm is here very hard to hold. Hence one approaches any writing on these men with imperfect confidence. You seem to me to hold this difficult balance admirably, and to justify your view throughout with very unusual success. Thanks are also due for your avoidance of that odious writing of poetry in prose which is one of the worst forms of word-painting prevalent amongst contemporary essayists. In short, you have made me look for your volume on Horace with an interest which I have wholly ceased to feel in the 'births of time' which may be reserved for Tennyson or Browning or Mrs. Lewes. . . .

Ever your affectionate,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

'Chrysomela,' a selection from Herrick's lyrical poems, followed closely on the 'Children's Treasury.' A main object of the book, as is stated in the dedication, was to render a poet 'hitherto little known in proportion to his charm and his deserts, accessible to readers in general.' This was the occasion when the two following letters were written.

From the Earl of Carlisle

Naworth Castle, Cumberland : July 18, 1877.

My dear Frank,—I told you that I would write to you about your preface to Herrick when I had 'read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested' it. I have done this for some time—so long, indeed, that the process of digestion at least should have been long over by this time. . . . As you are unluckily not likely to look in at the studio this rainy morning, I feel induced to make some short observations of your artistically finished essays.

First let me say that I think what you say of the poet and his poetry excellent, and charmingly said; but there are some 'genuine notes of Palgravian descent,' which you will not expect me to agree with. It seems to me a pity that you should have made this 'preface' a kind of excuse for airing your greatest paradoxes about 'art' in general. . . . The plan of building the tomb of a prophet and using it as a fort from which to hurl missiles of different descriptions is an old one, but it has not the note of 'sanity,' 'simplicity,' or even of 'lucidity.' For I admit that the missiles are only such to the understanding of the initiated; for though poetry and painting are, or ought to be, written down to the understanding of the vulgar, your literary criticism is to be written for the initiative. . . . After all

I agree with you about the charm of Herrick, but I think that though you may be 'a messenger from heaven,' you will not convert the stockbrokers and soap-boilers to Herrick. . . . Well, you have only to write me an amusing letter, and tell me how the great world moves, and what the wholesome Hellenic view of things in general is. . . . I hope that you do not over-work yourself—an idea which causes me anxiety.

Ever your affectionate,
 GEORGE HOWARD.

From the late Lord de Tabley

67 Onslow Square, June 19, 1877.

Dear Palgrave,—I should have written sooner to thank you for your charming present of 'Chrysomela,' but I could not, till yesterday, get time to look into its pages. It is an admirably done selection. That, of course, I expected from your 'Treasury,' but I did not think that so dainty a collection could have been gleaned from the old rake under his decenter aspects. You have unearthed at least a dozen pieces—all perfect in their way—which I had quite missed, though I flattered myself I knew Herrick fairly well. Your introduction is very nicely done and suggestive, though of course in your attitude to the moderns I can't quite go along with you, or upon our old argument as to what is truly classical. Barnes and Crabbe I cannot profess to care greatly about. . . . Your book has really pleased me more than any I have received for ever so long ; I do hope you will do some more work of the kind. What a delightful little gem for your frontispiece—one of your own collection, I suppose. Hardly Greek, I should guess, from the sentiment. An A.D. rather than a B.C. design. The modern with whom somehow I always unconsciously compare Herrick is Landor ; I dare say you won't agree. Though I see also

the Blake resemblance you note in the child-pieces and the directness of phrase—and also in the want of selection in his subjects. Yours is a charming anthology, and I could write about it for pages.

Yours sincerely,
J. L. WARREN.

From Mr. Stopford Brooke

January 1877.

My dear Palgrave,—I think this is quite exhaustive, and a real and suggestive contribution to our knowledge and our criticism. I admire exceedingly all you have said of Herrick, and I do not think it could have been done better. But I think in some places it is said in too obscure and abrupt a way, in too 'curious' a fashion. I may best express it by saying that the passages I allude to and which I have marked, read as if they were transcribed from jottings in your note-book in which the thought is only laid down, without being finished, for future enlargement. And these passages sometimes come in among elaborate and delightful sentences, and are of the strangest effect. A few additional words would remove this blot . . . But when these little things are said, all is said. The stuff of the thing is quite admirable, and only makes me regret more and more that you do not do work of this kind on a larger scale.

Yours ever,
S. A. BROOKE.

In 1877 he stood for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, but shortly before the election he resigned in favour of Principal Shairp, who held the Chair until his death in 1885.

From Principal Shairp

Edinburgh: May 22, 1877.

My dear Palgrave,—It is only an hour ago I read for the first time in the 'Times' of yesterday your letter about the Poetry Chair. I need hardly assure you how much I feel the kind and generous way in which you speak of me.

The one painful element to me in the whole matter has been that your interests and mine should have crossed each other. You have done your utmost to remove this, and have made me feel by the way you have acted how true and deeply rooted our old sympathy has been. If your supporters now join with mine, I think there will be little doubt as to the issue. But however it may go, I hope I may be able in future to show how truly I appreciate your generosity, and that I may be enabled to fulfil the prophecy of good which your letter contains.

Believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. SHAIRP.

In the spring of 1878 the degree of LL.D. was conferred on my father at Edinburgh. This was an occasion of great enjoyment to him, for it enabled him to see some of his many Scottish friends and to make a short tour in the Highlands. The following year my parents visited Dartmoor and Cornwall. For the rest, the journal for these years gives a pleasant record of ordinary life.

F. T. P.'s Journal

March 9, 1876.—I have just returned from the Abbey, where as large a crowd as probably has been gathered at the funeral of a private lady were collected by the grave

of Lady Augusta Stanley. . . . I suppose there were not twenty beside myself who were present now little more than twelve years ago when that great happiness began. . . . He had the courage to read the final blessing to the whole vast crowd with a voice and expression not likely to be forgotten by those who were present: a number including the Queen.

March 10.—A. P. Stanley asked me to walk with him to-day. He spoke mostly of his wife. . . . On January 1, when he and she for the first time gave up hope, she asked him to read several times the long form of blessing which he used in the Abbey, and she said: 'You will think of me when you use it.' Hence it was that he made the great effort to pronounce it yesterday. . . .

April 8.—I have been carefully through the exhibition of works by Blake with Maud Cecil¹ and Lord Cranborne. The result is other than I had expected. Blake is greater as a poet than as an artist: greater as an engraver than a painter. . . . It is painful to see how rapidly in proportion to increased size he advances to bad drawing, distorted expression, coarseness and inefficiency of colour. One sees that although Blake has a strange intensity, yet that it produced a very few types in art; but he has a directness of idea, an absolute sincerity in his mannerism. Had he lived with Giotto he would have been the leading mystic, the first inventor of new types of his age. . . . If we compare his imperfection—amounting as it often does to sheer artistic incompetency—with the imperfection of most minor artists, we must feel that there is a high and rare gift in the intensity of his vision, lifting him into a far deeper sphere of *interest* than belongs to many men far more æsthetically competent, but of less intellectual aim. . . .

June 21.—This morning Tennyson read to me the last

¹ Countess of Selborne.

act of 'Harold': it seemed to me full of life, character, and passion. . . . He then went off with little Cecy and Gwenny to the Zoological Gardens.

March 20, 1877.—Dined with the Tennysons in Upper Wimpole Street: met Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Joachim Browning, and Lord Monteaagle. I had a good deal of talk with the Lord of the Violin, who seems a man of much taste in literature, and wholly untouched and unspoiled by his great fame.

March 22.—Breakfasted with Lord Houghton, who was very pleasant and lively as ever. Then Cis and I to luncheon with those equally dear friends—the Hatherleys.

March 29.—Came to Little Park. The weather quite warm here, but the *flora* rather sparse. Robert¹ came to visit us for a few days. He made himself delightful. We walked to the Landslip one day. Since he left I have had several walks with Brooke Egerton.

July 5.—Last night we dined with Lady Portsmouth, whose eldest daughter is our charming new sister-in-law.² It was only a family party, and we met Lord Caernarvon and the Duke of Norfolk. I sat next to Lady Camilla,³ who was again unusually clever and pleasant.

October 4.—Cis and I came to Acton by Wrexham; there Robert and Eleanor⁴ welcomed us most pleasantly. On the 5th we all drove to Hawarden, and Mr. Gladstone presently took us for a long walk through those eminently picturesque grounds, he swinging along with the alacrity of youth.

October 10.—To Holker. In the afternoon with the Duke and F. C. a very picturesque walk to the foot of Hobarrow: a magnificent view of the whole panorama of hills; the whole range came out, and the effect was beautiful, with some snow on the peak over Coniston.

¹ Sir Robert Cunliffe. ² Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell.

³ Lady C. Gurdon, who died in 1894.

⁴ Sir R. and Lady Cunliffe.

April 20, 1878.—Cis and Cecy and I reached Edinburgh yesterday, and were received by Grant¹ and his family. Sellar² and his wife came to dinner. . . . Walked up the Canongate, enjoying that singular view ; not English, yet not exactly foreign, something peculiar, both in outward look and historical memories, to Edinburgh. A sort of State dinner followed, Lord Houghton, certain professors, &c.

April 22.—To-day we all went together to the hall of the General Assembly : the honorary D.D.s were first presented, the LL.D.s followed, gracefully introduced by Professor Mackay. . . .

May 1878.—Gifford and his wife have been staying with us for a few days. Cousin Joseph,³ the Cunliffes, Browning, Sir Walter⁴ and Lady James to dinner, to meet them. Giffy's experience of half civilised races is singularly wide, and his judgment greatly improved.

July 4, 1878.—An extremely agreeable dinner : Gladstones, Hatherleys, J. R. Green and his wife, Meade, &c. Not a word of politics. Mr. G. in his most fascinating character. We wished that Green should have a chance of knowing this great contributor to his 'Primers.'

October 21, 1878.— . . . I read 'Philip van Artevelde' through, and other poems by H. Taylor. There is so much merit in them that one wonders all the time what 'one thing is wanting.'

November 19, 1878.—A very great loss in Lady Hatherley's death. She had been my friend from first recollections, and Cecil's from childhood. . . .

January 1879.—On the rumour of Ruskin's retirement from the Oxford Chair of Art, Jowett proposed to me to stand ; but before I could learn details the withdrawal was withdrawn.

¹ Sir Alexander Grant.

³ Sir Joseph Hooker.

² The late Professor Sellar.

⁴ The late Lord Northbourne.

April 1879, Lyme.—Greatly shocked by hearing of the sudden death of dear Charles Howard, one of my most valued friends. ‘O he was good, if e’er a good man lived!’

May 31, 1879.—Cis and I took all the children—except, of course, Baby—to Winchester to see our dear Frank. Drove to Otterbourne to see Miss Yonge, who was very interesting and attractive, and striking looking too.

July 23, 1879.—Cis and I took the two eldest children to ‘Hamlet.’ I had not seen any serious acting for years, and went expecting to find my greatest pleasure in the dear children’s; but I returned very deeply impressed with the frequent admirable renderings of Irving as ‘Hamlet’ and Miss Terry as ‘Ophelia.’ . . . Above all, the amazing difficulty of the art impressed me; as with painting, I doubt how far the spectator can pretend to point out the way in which parts might be improved, though he may lawfully feel not satisfied. What was good also, both in these and in the other actors, is to me so much clearly gained. Also if ‘Hamlet’ acted unequally, how unequally, *à vrai dire*, is ‘Hamlet’ written!

October 1879.—With Cis and little Annora to Yarmouth, where we were affectionately received by Inglis and Maria.¹ I was surprised at the great beauty of the intensely rural and eastern county scenery.

January 7, 1880.—The children performed the little fairy play of ‘Snowdrop,’ which I had written for them, aided by their cousins. I think all acted with great spirit and intelligence. About two hundred looked on.

February 5.—Have dined with the T. Williams’.² We met a person who carried me back to years long past—Lady Charlotte Bacon, *née* Harley, to whom Byron in 1812 dedicated ‘Childe Harold.’ She might well have been

¹ Mr. and Mrs. R. H. I. Palgrave.

² Dr. Theodore Williams.

the child beauty he describes then, to judge by features : a sensible, open, straightforward lady. She confirmed the impression of the sweetness and charm which Byron had and could show, which I have always read in his character. He was fond of taking her walks and rowing her at the family place in Herefordshire. This love of the company of a little girl is in itself—natural as it seems to *me*!—almost a *virtue* in a spoilt young man! . . .

March 10.—At Buckingham Palace the other day I glanced at the very interesting Picture Gallery, and also came across Leighton's 'Cimabue.' The difference in ability between this and any signal thing that he has since done is truly surprising. It is so good that it cannot have been a first effort.

March 17.—A. Tennyson has been in London and I have seen him repeatedly. He read me 'Camma,' his latest play, a piece powerfully written and very original : perhaps having the fault of being almost confined to one, though that a very tragic, situation. 'Becket,' which he has lent me, is admirably written, and the dialogue often excellent.

April 8, Lyme.—Drove to Dowlands, and walked down to the Landslip ; the west end, where it opens to the sea, is of singular beauty. I found the place where I had sat with A. Tennyson in 1867. . . . We took the children to Ware Cliff, and roasted eggs and potatoes, to their delight. . . . Alas, that by returning to London to-morrow I must just lose the full green outburst of spring.

May 29.—With Cis and Catty¹ to Sir Richard Wallace's house. In the French gallery I was struck by a too dominant glare, although the pictures are not very recent. The Meissoniers disappointed me much ; he has neither the technique nor the fine chiaroscuro nor the unaffectedness of the Dutch of the seventeenth century. The Reynolds

¹ Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell.

room was marked by subdued richness and exquisite sentiment. Despite his technical deficiencies, assuredly he must rank with the very highest in his art. . . . In the evening Cis and I dined with Lord Hatherley, his first dinner-party since his wife's death, meeting the great Bishop Lightfoot, J. G. Talbots, &c.

CHAPTER V

THE VISIONS OF ENGLAND—RESIGNATION OF
EDUCATION OFFICE WORK, 1881-1885

MY father's poems on episodes in English history, entitled 'Visions of England,' privately printed in 1880, were published in 1881. In many of them there is an open avowal of some of his political and historical views: these are particularly defined in those lyrics commemorative of the events of the great rebellions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of his feeling in regard to Cromwell something has been already given; the severe sentiments respecting him in 'The Return of Law' and in the notes to 'The Mourning Muses'—a poem of regret for the treasures in art and literature which perished during the Civil War—are brought out with vivid and intense conviction. He writes, too, with a just indignation and an unflinching severity of the wrongs and persecutions which Catholic Ireland underwent from the hands of William III. Perhaps the battle-songs on the wars of the Plantagenets are the most spirited, and have been most popular for use in schools. Throughout the notes my father's firm confidence in Hallam's

and Ranke's historical judgments makes itself strongly felt. It may be mentioned here that the Histories by Hallam and Lingard were those he valued most, and oftenest suggested for the reading of his own children. Though of course he greatly admired Macaulay's picturesqueness of writing and brilliancy of style, he was opposed to the idea of any one founding opinions on what he considered such an unreliable historical basis. As a young man my father had held Liberal opinions, but as time went on these views gradually changed, and his sympathies were subsequently altogether with the Conservative party; a fervent patriotic feeling and unqualified respect for the Royal Family especially dominated his views. In writing to my father about the 'Visions of England' Lord George Hamilton thus emphasises the importance of encouraging patriotism: 'You could not have written on behalf of any one quality which now more requires encouragement and eulogy than patriotism. The ridicule thrown at what was called "Jingoism" was undoubtedly indirectly levelled at self-sacrifice and patriotism, and in these days of individual selfishness and cosmopolitanism a more inspiring theme could not be selected.' Many interesting letters were received about these poems, a few of which are given here. The first, from Mr. J. R. Green, alludes only to the poem named 'Trafalgar,' and was written some three years before the publication of the book; while the three letters following refer to the privately printed edition.

From John Richard Green

50 Welbeck Street, W. : September 18, 1878.

My dear Palgrave,—I need hardly say how glad I was to get your 'Trafalgar,' or how yet gladder I should be to use it in my 'Reader.' It reads to me like a true battle-poem; it has a rough fiery movement from beginning to end; and as to the bulk of it, I think it tells its own tale very clearly, and by no means requires the notes and explanations which you fancy it needs. . . .

Yours, with thanks, dear Palgrave,

J. R. GREEN.

From Henry W. Longfellow

Cambridge [U.S.A.]: June 25, 1880.

My dear Sir,—I am extremely obliged to you for counting me among the fifty who would most value your volume of 'The Visions of England.'

An admirable volume it is, and I have read it with delight and admiration. It is needless, perhaps, to particularise; but I cannot help saying how very much I like the ballad of 'Crecy.' It is a fit companion-piece to Drayton's 'Agincourt,' which I have always thought one of the finest ballads in the language.

For one and all I thank you, and am, my dear sir, with great regard,

Faithfully yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

From the Right Hon. W. H. Lecky

38 Onslow Gardens, S.W. : April 27, 1881.

Dear Mr. Palgrave,—I was so very glad to receive the new volume you have so kindly sent me and to find that

you have (as I presume) completed your task. I hope very much you will publish the book. I do not suppose it would ever become widely popular, for it is too full of rather recondite allusions, too purely intellectual, and too high pitched for the general public; but it could hardly fail to find a considerable circle of genuine admirers.

I must thank you much for the very kind way you speak of me in the notes.

I was much struck with your remark that Reynolds created childhood in art. I must think more about it, but I believe it is substantially true, for Correggio's and Albano's Cupids hardly fall into the category of ordinary children. I do not know whether Reynolds's 'Infant Samuel' is an original conception. If it is, I think it must be the one religious type in art which England has given to the world. . . .

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

W. H. LECKY.

From Lord Hatherley

The Red House, Ipswich: April 5, 1880.

Dear Palgrave,—I have had leisure at last quietly to read (parts more than once) the 'Poem,' for it is *one* consisting of its several 'rhapsodies,' and I can honestly say it grows upon me on each perusal.

There is a little to get over in some of the metres, more especially the longer ones. . . . I think the relief of shorter lines at the end of each stanza, giving a brisker movement, as in 'Hastings,' is preferable. . . . The spirit of 'Hastings' and 'Evesham' does not flag in 'Elizabeth at Tilbury,' and I am very much pleased with your transition pieces on advancing civilisation. . . . The pathos of 'London Bridge' and Lady Catherine's lament touched me deeply. . . .

I am most struck with the manner in which you have preserved the truth of history in combination with the deep tragic undertone of poor Mary of Scotland's life; the beautiful line at the end of the sixteenth stanza prepares us for the reciprocal forgiveness which they should exercise who harshly condemn her. . . . Has Tennyson seen it? I should have asked that before I ventured on writing what I have done. I congratulate yourself and Mrs. Palgrave on the constant resource which you may both find in the continuation of the work.

Yours most sincerely,
HATHERLEY.

From William Stubbs (Bishop of Oxford)

Kettel Hall, Oxford : February 26, 1882.

Dear Mr. Palgrave,—The 'Visions of England' reached me just as I was leaving Oxford for London. . . . I have read them twice since, and like them better each time liking them very much to begin with. I do not think that there is one which does not carry my thorough consent and sympathy all through. I wish thoughtful people would read them and keep them in sight. . . . Let me thank you in the name of all who have an intelligent love of England, and a feeling that their fathers are a part of themselves, for the 'Visions.'

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

From Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff

York House, Twickenham : January 24, 1890.

My dear Palgrave,—. . . I have not read as much as I should like to have read before I acknowledged your kind gift. I am interested to observe that you still believe in Mary Stuart. I have never read up the controversy, but in

Scotland the partisans of the Queen are now few even amongst those who lean strongly against the policy and practices of her opponents—many of whom were undoubtedly ruffians of the first water.

You have a wonderful power of uniting happy and pregnant poetical sayings.

What can be more perfectly descriptive of the Nadder behind Bemerton than

The eternal lullaby of the level brook,
With bird-like chirpings rippling, glassy-clear.

or, on another order of ideas :

Waking perchance, or not, in death to find
Man fights a losing fight who fights mankind.

I am

Very sincerely yours,
M. E. GRANT DUFF.

From Mr. Henry James

3 Bolton Street, Mayfair : February 7, 1881.

My dear Palgrave,—Your book has given me a great deal of pleasure—I think it extremely interesting. The idea seems to me fine, and the work rich. The thing is full of England—full of knowledge and feeling about her history, and of an *impregnated* quality which seems to me rare and valuable.

I not only read your verses to myself, but read them also aloud to a wise old friend of mine (Fanny Kemble), and we talked them over. It seems to me very much the poetry of reflection, of association—rather than of whatever t'other thing is that makes lyric verse. It strikes one as begotten very much by the love of poetry and the know-

ledge and study of it, and as being full of echoes and reverberations of poetic literature. I don't accuse you of 'lifting,' but you write from such a lettered mind that your strain is a kind of coil of memories. All this to me is a merit, and I suppose the merit you aimed at—that of *commemoration*. I think the best thing is the 'Danish Barrow' farewell. . . . Many good wishes to your house.

Yours ever,

H. JAMES.

The deaths of three great friends are a main subject in the journals of 1881 and 1882.

F. T. P.'s Journal

August 2, 1880.—Worked hard at the 'Visions.' A letter from Longfellow has given more encouragement than anything else.

August 21.—Came to Falconhurst.¹ I walked to Hever Castle with Talbot, a lovely old castellated house. J. Talbot's great sweetness of nature and the very lively intelligent children made it a very pleasant visit. . . . Then I went on to Englemere, where I was most kindly welcomed by Robert Meade. . . .

October 1880.—After a pleasant time at Lyme, Cis and I took our two eldest for a little tour in Wales, and, after a visit or two, we stayed a few days at Dolgelly and Beddgelert, which we reached by the very fine Aberglaslyn Pass. I had no idea that the mountain circle of this British Chamounix was so fine. Wales has less gloomy grandeur than Scotland; but more amenity, more wealth of trees. Took my darling children to the summit of Snowdon, which was covered with white drifting clouds. The sea seen high and golden in sunlight over Cardigan Bay

¹ The house of the Right Hon. J. G. Talbot, M.P.

and the green valley below were wonderful in a sort of sublime beauty. This is our dear little Gwenny's first journey, and we took her and Cecy for their first visit to Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone and Alfred Lyttelton took them over the old castle. Mr. Gladstone shone in his most fascinating way, and we discussed Scott, placed by him, as by me, next to Shakespeare in our inventive literature. He ranked highest the 'Bride of Lammermoor' and 'Kenilworth,' talking of them to the children, to whom I had just read them. We talked of Dickens, of Dante, in whom he rated the 'Paradiso' highest, as most 'supernaturally imaginative.' Afterwards, with me, he discussed the attitude of the proselytising suction of physics.

March 26, 1881.—Took the children to the Lyceum. They had been well prepared for 'The Cup' by Tennyson's good nature, who had allowed them to read his copy thoroughly. Without this, the difficulties of verse and the attractions to the eye of acting and scenery would have rendered the play less intelligible. . . . Miss Terry as Camma seemed to me nearly perfect from her conception of the part and her gifts. I doubt whether if a tragedy so remote from English experience as this would not in fact have lost in impressiveness and interest to our eyes in the hands of a more complete tragedian, such as a Rachel or a Ristori. The sight of women moving in Greek dress was very curious. Many little motives of ancient art were explained; but what was new to me was the intense femininity of the dress—these women looked *plus femine que les nôtres* in their pallia. The Temple itself was striking; the columns of Ephesus being admirably rendered, and the image of Artemis having all the air of the effect of such a shrine. But the low proportions interfered much with strictly architectural effect. The melodramatic and highly spectacular 'Corsican Brothers' followed, and as illusion was wonderful. But of character, in the real sense, there is hardly a trace.

May 26, 1881.—To breakfast in Downing Street. A very small party. Mr. Gladstone talked mainly of the new 'Revised Version,' to the use of which in place of the old he was much opposed.

July 11, 1881.—Yesterday morning passed away one of the last friends of my parents and of myself from childhood, in Lord Hatherley. . . . His was, I think, the last house to which my dear father, about 1860, was tempted out. He and his wife were perhaps more like near relations in hearty affection to both dear Cecil and me than any friends—they were amongst those who had been her friends also . . . from early years. . . .

July 19, 1881.—'Another friend,' another 'deadly blow'! Cis and I thought little when we went to the Flower Show party in Westminster on the 7th that this was to be the last time we were to see that bright face [Dean Stanley] which at least from 1846 has never looked on me but with kindness. He who also was one of those who in my own dear father's later years showed him affection and interest. It seems another world now, that when as an undergraduate I first met Stanley with Shairp and Clough, and so many more of Oxford now gone; when his own interests were much in Norfolk, whither in the summer of 1846 he invited me to the Palace at Norwich, and we were there with the Alderson and Blomfield groups. . . . Then in 1848 the journey with him and others to Paris, and his interest in the then Republic. Since then came his happy marriage with Lady Augusta, who at once took his friends for hers; the loss and gloom, during which I had the privilege several times of walking with him at his wish; then the gradual cheering under the influence of faith and energy and the duty to live. That house has been a comfort to daily routine life at Whitehall, one where I never wanted the most hearty and frank welcome. I feel as though I had never loved and valued him enough—

and yet I do think he cared for me and felt my care for him.

August 20.—Came to stay with Charlie Alderson near Ascot, Cecil having taken the children to Lyme. Very pleasant walks with Charlie and Arthur Coleridge, who is also here.

October 14, Ely.—On the whole this is one of the very first-class cathedrals of the world for dignity and original beauty. One window by Dyce was of quite singular beauty; it was art—the rest, decoration.

October 29.—By early train to London. Returned home to find my two little ones awaiting me, sitting up in their red dressing-gowns in bed. They are still mere baby-children, begging for rides on my back, earthquakes on my knees, and kisses, and bidding me a ‘Good-night, Sweetheart,’ when I go to the nursery at night.

December 1881.—I have been reading ‘Emma’ and ‘Mansfield Park’ to Cecy and little Gwenny during their ‘Mumps.’ These masterpieces seem to me admirable tonics.

March 2, 1882.—Heard of Aunt Hannah’s death,¹ and felt that we had lost a very dear and bright life, for she eminently preserved her youthful brightness to the age of all but seventy-four. . . . Cis and I went to stay with Inglis at Yarmouth for the funeral at the old church.

May 1882.—Meanwhile the most terrible shock I have known was overhanging. On Friday the 5th I met dear Freddy Cavendish on the Column steps and turned back with him across the park, wishing him as fervent wishes as I could to any man for success in this most difficult task.² He was affectionately serious—indeed, neither of us could say much. On the 6th I went to luncheon with his wife.

¹ Mrs. T. Brightwen.

² Lord F. Cavendish had just been appointed to the Irish Chief Secretaryship.

. . . She was bright and hopeful. . . . Within six hours his pure and just spirit was with God. . . . This news darkened London next morning. . . . In him I lose the friend whom I loved as much as anyone now alive : one to whose affection and counsel I have looked without question since 1859, when Lord Granville brought him to the Privy Council Office in his bright youth to be with me as Private Secretary, saying : ' I bring you a charming colleague ' ; and the charm and brightness remained unlesened to the last—the last ! . . . What must the end, and such an end, be to her ? . . . No man could be more prepared for sudden death, if entire unselfishness, purity of thought and deed, justice in mind and act, such as I have rarely seen approached, be a preparation. . . .

June 1882.—On the 16th I took the children to the Lyceum, where we saw ' Romeo and Juliet,' the latter rendered admirably—rendered to perfection, I should be disposed to say, by Ellen Terry. The Nurse good,¹ but a little too hard and realistic ; Mercutio² excellent ; much merit in Irving's Romeo.

August 31.—Came to stay with Reggie at Hillside. . . . Brought his two younger girls back to Lyme, and lively rehearsals of ' Cinderella ' and my Charade proceeded. They performed this before eighty people, who were delighted.

October 1882.—Came to Wenlock with Cis and the two elder girls, and Carlo showed them over the Abbey and the picturesque ruins. Saw the very singular and beautiful lavatory which he has dug out ; this must in design and in sculpture have fully equalled the best Italian work of the same date, which I take to be cir. 1120, and, so far as I know, it is unique in England, if not abroad. . . . From thence went to Buildwas. These ruins in their matter-of-fact plainness and propriety of design form a curious con-

¹ The late Mrs. Stirling.

² The late Mr. Terriss.

trast to the delicate fancy of Wenlock. . . . After a few visits to relations in Wales . . . we drove to Hawarden. I had a long walk with Mr. Gladstone in the park, going over many things, and repeating on Carlyle his old view of power in language unaccompanied by power in thought. He spoke also of his own early training in strict Evangelicism, and its unintellectual character. Mr. Gladstone talked to Gwenny with great animation, and asked her her opinion on the minds of the rich as compared to the poor. 'Don't you think the *very* rich,' he said laughingly, 'are particularly poor in mind?' He took as much pains to interest and amuse her, a child, as he did to the rest of the party. He then took me into his library, and showed me an Italian translation of a hymn of Cowper's ('Hark! my soul') dated 'W. E. G. July 23, 1882.' Stanza iv. seems to me the best in this curiosity.

'L' Amor mio sempre dura,
Alto più d' ogn' altr' altura,
Tocca in giù le nere porte,
Franco e fido, infin a morte.'

From Lady F. Cavendish

21 Carlton House Terrace : June 21, 1882.

Dear Mr. Palgrave,—How can I ever thank you enough for sending me those noble lines—true to the life, and beautiful in their truth? As I read them, the hope revives . . . that his influence will live on and 'shine as the stars for ever and ever.' I do not mean it presumptuously, but only in so far as the light that shone in him was from the One Divine Sun. . . .

Of the multitudes of letters that have come to me, and that I have loved to read, few indeed have given me the pleasure that yours did. You are too old a friend for me to feel I need apologise for not answering before. . . .

Every word you say of him is true and precious to me, and understanding him as you do, you will like the texts I have chosen in memory of him : 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God ;' 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'

Ever very sincerely and gratefully yours,

LUCY C. F. CAVENDISH.

In the above letter Lady F. Cavendish alludes to the sonnet given below. In the following letter she mentions it again.

From Lady F. Cavendish

My sister-in-law¹ writes to me in answer to my question about your sonnet : 'I had seen and greatly admired the sonnet, and I should especially like it to be published. . . . One knows nothing could grate that he would put in.'

For myself, as I told you, it is a true pleasure to think that the beautiful lines, so complete and perfect in their truth, as in their form, should be read (widely I hope) by those who can appreciate real poetry.

F. C. C. 6 May, 1882

Fair Soul, who in this faltering age didst show
 Manhood's right image, constant, courteous, pure,
 In silence strong to do and to endure,
 'Neath self-suppression veiling inner glow,—

Justice at one with gentleness :—The throe
 Of lightning-death found thee, if any, fit,—
 Secure in faith,—to bare thy breast to it :—
 Ah ! thine the joy, beloved !—ours the woe!

¹ Lady Louisa Egerton.

For thou hast ta'en thine innocence on high,
 The child-simplicity of thy stainless years ;
 And on thy brows we see the diadem

Of those who walk with Christ in purity,
 Fair souls, and wept, like thee, with lifelong tears,
 Sword-slain in Ephrataean Bethlehem.

Writing to Lady F. Cavendish in December 1882, concerning the monument erected to Lord Frederick Cavendish's memory in Cartmel Church, my father says :

. . . My sole idea of a rule is : any artist may fail in posthumous likeness ; it is more uncertain, inevitably, even than ordinary portraiture. The safe course seems therefore to be : take the ablest and most accomplished artist who can be found, his work will offer the best probability of permanently satisfactory success. This reasoning would, as our sculpture now stands—and so far as is known to me—lead *me* to Mr. Woolner. Thus you see it is narrowed at last to a mere personal judgment. . . .

That children should have loved him [Lord F. Cavendish] is just what I should have expected. It is a pretty fancy that children instinctively know who care for them : what they do very quickly discern is whether they are loved disinterestedly. . . . I often remember our last visit to Holker with a sense, indeed, of loss ; but also of how great a blessing I was allowed in him who was taken.

To Hallam Lord Tennyson

March 1883.

My dear Hallam,—I am sorry that your father (and you also, I suppose) will miss seeing the Rossetti pictures ; which, with patent defects and limitations in art and in

aim, yet seem to me to reveal a very high and rare quality of genius.

I have not seen any of the Gladstone party yet. The air of Cannes, which gave him sleep, kept Mrs. Gladstone awake. But this is a fair conjugal interchange. Pray thank your father for his invitation. Nothing would please me better, on all accounts, than to pay him and you a visit ; but my time of absence is so greatly hampered, and the journey to the island consumes so much, that I hope he will allow me to defer until you reach the more accessible region of Aldworth. . . . Do you and he know the Porlock-Minehead country ? From the accounts which we receive of it from my boy (who is reading there with a tutor), and from sketches, it must be quite one of the most beautiful, and, thus far, unspoiled, of *non-mountainous* England. . . .

My father was an exceptional instance of an Englishman who both read and spoke the Welsh language with considerable fluency. He was greatly interested in the ancient literature of the country, and was an enthusiastic member of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion. This love of Wales and care for her welfare led him to take an active interest in the Welsh colony in London, and he liberally contributed to their Church and to institutions maintained for the benefit of the Welsh poor. The poverty of the Church in Wales appealed strongly to his sympathy, and he rarely, if ever, refused the help which so many of her poor clergy asked for their schools and families. A visit to Wales was generally part of the year's holiday, and in 1883 we spent some weeks at Nevin, a small village on the Llyn Promontory, which was at that time

completely unknown and unspoiled. Here he enjoyed talking with the inhabitants of the village in their own language. He was so much struck with the beauty and extreme wildness of the coast that through his suggestion Mr. J. C. Hook visited the place, and made it the subject of one of his charming pictures.

In the autumn of 1884 my father resigned his Assistant Secretaryship in the Education Department of the Privy Council Office, after some thirty years' service.

From Mr. Matthew Arnold

243 Upper Brook Street, Manchester : October 25, 1884.

My dear Palgrave,—I cannot find you gone from the office without a word of farewell and goodwill. Year slips away after year, and one begins to find that the office has really had the main part of one's life, and that little remains. I have quite decided to follow your example at Michaelmas next, if I live so long. . . . Then I 'feel like' retiring to Florence and rarely moving from it again.

But I write to urge you to put yourself in communication with Jowett, if you have not already done so, about the literary professorship to be founded at Oxford. I have quite determined to take no part whatever ; but you have not yet served your time as a professor, and I should like to see you at Oxford. Do not wait for Shairp's vacancy ; 'the future is not ours and the past is lost,' as the Sicilian song says.

Kindest regards to your wife.

Ever yours sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

During the next year [1885] my father brought out a selection from Tennyson's lyrical poems. In the Dedication to Lady Tennyson he explains that it was the Poet Laureate's modesty in barring any of his lyrics from appearing in the 'Golden Treasury'—that 'Treasury' claiming to include but the best—which had led my father to exclude all living authors from that collection, and it was to supply this deficiency of Tennyson's poems that he formed this collection of his lyrical work in an annotated edition.

He had lately published (1884) a small edition of the works of John Keats, for whose poetry he had a peculiar love. One of the especial aims of this, as of other of his anthologies, was to present Keats's work in a form suitable for reading at all times and in all places; for this reading of the poets in 'the fortunate moments of travel or the country' was singularly after his own heart.

At the unveiling of the bust of Keats in Hampstead Parish Church in July 1894, in a short speech dwelling on his life and character he spoke of him as 'not only one of the most profoundly interesting, but one of the most attractive, the most lovable figures in literature. Like that English ambassador who always deceived his fellow diplomatists by uniformly speaking the truth, Keats was too profoundly candid, too utterly modest, to be understood by the common crowd of critics. In Hampstead also were partly written the poems published (1817) in the first of his three precious volumes; full of untutored fresh delight in nature and friendship and art; and here, but three years later, some of these

splendid lyrical tales and odes which must always rank amongst the best of his work—work which, as Alfred Tennyson more than once said to me, gave a secure promise that had life been spared Keats would have proved our greatest in poetry since Milton. Not only by native force and inspiration, but by most careful devotion to his art, in some four years' work [he] made himself worthy of the praise bestowed on him by Tennyson: whilst he also gave clear proof that human life in its deepest and highest sense, yet always under the law of Beauty, would have been the subject of his maturer verse.' In the following letter Mr. Sidney Colvin alludes to an 'Encyclopædia' article on Keats written by my father.

From Mr. Sidney Colvin

. . . It has been one of my chief pleasures in connection with my Keats work that you have liked it, and I am grateful for your mention of it in the 'Encyclopædia' article. The editors are lucky to have got you to do the article for them, it seems to me excellent for its scale and purpose; and I am particularly glad you have brought out what too many critics deny—the predominance of human interest over all other which was growing every day in the poet's mind. . . .

The additional leisure which his resignation afforded gave him the opportunity of more frequently indulging in foreign travel. Probably no pleasure was more enjoyed by him than a journey to Italy, and in 1885 he accompanied his brother Inglis and his wife on a tour through that country. Apart

from his enthusiastic love for that country itself, he loved her people hardly second to his own countrymen. This particular journey was made with a view to studying those painters of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries whose pictures were to illustrate a Life of our Lord which the National Society published in 1885, and to which he contributed descriptive and critical notes, and an introduction which contains a short history of religious art in Italy. A letter from Lady Eastlake concerning this book may not be out of place here.

From Lady Eastlake

7 Fitzroy Square: November 18, 1885.

My dear Frank,—You have sent me a most beautiful book, which has claims both on my admiration and on my affection. For I value very dearly your kind feeling towards me. Then also it is a continuation of (and an improvement on) my own special subject. The consequence was that I never halted in your 'Introduction' till I finished it.

It is practically true what you say of the influence of Greek Art, through Byzantium; whether it be philosophically true is a question which I am debating to myself. Nature is ever unaltered in beauty and teaching, and Nature must have been the inspiration of the Greeks. *Till* she inspire another favoured race in the same way I grant that Art of a high class is played out. It is fortunate that you and I can love her *homelier* forms—anything that is true to her! But let me add that I think your 'Introduction' *beautiful* both in form and substance. . . . Of course, the chromo system is more favourable to some plates than to

others—none more beautiful than the first, the ‘Angelic Salutation’; the *tones* are exquisite. The garishness arises from the smaller scale. If form be diminished, colour must also be in the same proportion. You have made a delightful Christmas contribution. I shall be glad to send a copy to Russia.

With love to Cecil. . . .

I am, dear Frank,

Yours affectionately,

ELIZABETH EASTLAKE.

F. T. P.’s Journal

March 1883.—. . . I think the sight of Rossetti’s pictures has been the most moving thing during this time. With all his defects and limitations, his eccentric originality conquered. For rendering of delicate truth in expression, for an absolutely imaginative and sincere conception of subject, and, with this, for splendour and novelty of colour—*res olim dissociabiles*—I hardly know how not to rank him with artists or art of the finest quality.

March 29, Little Park.—Even in this singularly cold and flowerless spring the country was beautiful. In the afternoon of Easter Day all to the *ἀσφοδελῶν λειμῶνα* near Hole Farm, to pick daffodils. The children listened to some of the immortal passages of ‘Lucretius,’ which I read to them, with eager enthusiasm. . . . I have read ‘Antigone’ and ‘Vergil’ with Frank, and have myself finished the ‘Purgatorio’; the last books are astonishing, they seem to have the merits of Vergil and Shakespeare in one. . . . Mrs. William Morris called; still just as in Rossetti’s portraits in feature. She is a very pleasing person. Finished reading the ‘Æneid’ with my dear boy.

July 17.—We took the children to ‘The Merchant of Venice’ for the second time. Irving’s Shylock seemed to

me a fine and true rendering of Shakespeare's intention—viz. the mediæval Jew a little raised in dignity and humanity. The Terry Portia was generally admirable. This play gains, certainly, immensely by representation . . . the sort of tradition which gives Shylock the protagonist, if not the hero part, is amply justified. . . . I certainly think that those who cannot see that Irving gave a very powerful, and Miss Terry a very beautiful, interpretation, and that the piece as a whole was a thoroughly 'adequate' representation of what Shakespeare meant, must never expect to be satisfied by human art.

August 25.—Went to Aldworth. Found Mrs. Tennyson as bright in mind and charming as ever during the thirty years and more since I first saw her at Twickenham. On Sunday morning I had a longish walk with A. T.; he is as interesting, as rich in mind, almost as ready for humour and liveliness as when he showed his poems to me in MS. in his dingy lodging by Mornington Crescent in 1849. He read to me in the evening an old poem—forty years old, he said he believed—which he had written out from his old sketches, with a prologue to Fitzgerald, his college friend, written just before Fitzgerald's death. The central poem is in his finest early style; the two other poems seemed to me to be also perfect masterpieces.

September 1883, Nevin.— . . . The village is much the wildest and most primitive place we have ever stayed in. . . . Yesterday sat and looked at the lovely coast landscape; the grey gleaming silvery mountains, whose unique feature is that of running down sheer into the sea. . . . All drove to Bodfal Hall, the birthplace of Mrs. Thrale. It is a very perfect house of about the time of James I., with a graceful staircase and wainscot walls, and that singular air of home comfort which those days always gave to a house. . . . I took the children to the Welsh service on Sunday evening, as they, with Cis, have fairly mastered the language; it interested me greatly. . . .

October 1, 1883.—All came to Gwydir Castle.¹ It is a most singular Scotch-looking old house, with a very picturesque garden. The house much less modernised than I remembered. . . .

December 1883.—Giffy is with us, bright in mind, but sick in body through the climate of Siam. It is a great happiness to us both to have this very dear and gifted brother here.

March 1, 1884.—With Cis to Oxford to stay at Trinity. Met the ever pleasant Max Müllers, &c.; and heard a truly notable Bampton Lecture from Temple²—‘Science and Religion,’ a subject few men are as well qualified to handle. . . .

April 1884.—Tennyson and Hallam have been in London, and we went together to the very interesting Reynolds exhibition. . . . The next day with the John Talbots and my own three over the Ellesmere Gallery. This is on the whole the best private English collection known to me.

August 1884.—I have taken leave gradually of the office. . . . The loss of Sandford,³ whom I so greatly esteem and who has been my close colleague for so many years, makes me regret it the less. . . . For the rest I trust to be enabled to do some useful work, and not rest idly for whatever elder years may be laid up for me.

January 10, 1885.—To Aldworth, where I found Jowett. One evening A. T. read us several recent poems in his ballad style of extraordinary power and beauty. On the 12th Mr. V. Stanford, the agreeable musician, came. Her [Lady Tennyson] I saw but little, but there was always the old bright intelligence and indescribable gracious charm.

March 25, 1885.—Left home early with Inglis and Maria [Palgrave]. . . . Kent looked peacefulness itself;

¹ The house of Lord Ancaster.

² Archbishop of Canterbury.

³ The late Lord Sandford, who was retiring at that time.

the villages with that charm which I was to find elsewhere all but wholly absent. The cottages in those long traverses from Calais to Basle have no grace, no look of happy age: squalid and poor, or white and staring. Nor was the *flora* more satisfactory; pasture land almost absent, and the total want of hedges, whilst it gives a certain width to the landscape, deprives it of rural grace.

March 28, Milan.—A second visit to the Duomo makes me rank it as the most beautiful, the most appropriate, shrine for Christian worship known to me. . . . Raphael's 'Sposalizio,' compared with Luini's fresco of the same subject, is tame: Raphael has here many lovely forms, but he is not inspired. It suggests a *mariage de convenance*. At San Ambrogio is a 'Christ bearing Cross' by Luini of the highest possible tenderness and dignity. Opposite, a Deposition by Gaudenzio Ferrari—his *finest* fresco in Milan. As Tennyson said of Scott's 'Maid of Neidpath,' this was almost more pathetic than a man had the right to be. I never saw grief expressed, so varied, so intense, yet never transcending the beautiful.

March 30, Milan.—Had a long talk with Ceriani [the Librarian of the Ambrosian Library]—a most cultivated and pleasing man. He took me into his own room, and we held a colloquy on English and Roman views of certain religious topics which impressed me very favourably as to his disposition. . . . The early walks I take show quite another population—of workmen, &c. . . . The fashion of the women and girls wearing light veils on their heads is very graceful and feminine: this headdress particularly prevails here. . . .

April 1, Parma.—This is a true native city: I feel truly in Italy and with all her old charm over me. . . . Correggio's great Assumption fresco is indeed what only great genius could attempt, but what genius, however great, could not come near accomplishing. As a piece of delicate chiaroscuro, of lovely colour, it must, when fresh,

have been magical. . . . Here a lovely little band of one blind fiddler and two other players come in and play ravishingly lovely and pathetic airs from Bellini: the blind man's soul went into his music, and he had tones of true passion. This was a delightful scene of real 'local colour' such as only a small place, where the *genius loci* could come out, could furnish.

Easter Day, Rome.—Early to the Forum, which is now an open-air museum of ungainly fragments, in place of that field of reverie and poetry which I remember it in 1854. *Addio meraviglia!* Went into the Saint Calixtus Catacomb with Bishop Lightfoot.¹ Here was a touching chapel, devoted to children; little winged Psyche children were painted about their small *loculi*. The one impression is the number and unity of simple faith of the primitive Church in Rome.

April 7, Naples.— . . . The Pompeian frescoes and mosaics are much beyond what I expected in quality of Art: the invention is so copious, the handling so absolutely assured, that I fully felt the sad lesson how Art (despite a few reactions) has had one long downward career for two thousand years.

April 14, Salerno.— . . . The wind and rain are furious. There were fireflies among the cacti in the inn garden last night; but what is a cactus when one wishes for coals, or fireflies when one longs for a fire in a grateless room? In the evening to the theatre, where for fifteen pence we had seats in the third row of the stalls. The opera was 'Rigoletto': to real music what scene painting is to true art. I did not know Verdi sank so low. The singers roared—but musically; one duet was really fine and passionate.

April 15.—A better day for Paestum could not be found. For the beauty of the way thither I was not prepared. To the left was a view of rock and mountains in

¹ Late Bishop of Durham.

endless number and gradation, which for a kind of imaginative wildness—desolate, yet not harsh—surpassed everything I have seen. There is an impression of weight and mass and beauty of proportion in the temples at Paestum which no print gives. Round the great Temple were sheep feeding on a flowery meadow ; a little flock of goats also came up ; the shepherds piped on reeds ; it was something Arcadian—something delicious !

May 7, Ravenna.—The roof of the Baptistery is covered with fifth- or sixth-century mosaics. The invention in decoration here shown is astonishing, and the exquisite beauty of colour not less ; if the art was such at so late a time of Roman art (it looked wholly untouched by Byzantine or Lombard feeling), what must have been the great palaces and baths at Rome ? A thought to make one infinitely sad. Certainly at Rome is nothing remotely approaching this work. Thence we went to the tomb of Dante, a much more tasteful building than I had expected, and full of the repose of which Dante found so little.

May 9.—Early in delicious freshness and sky through the pretty wide low streets of Ravenna to the monument of Theodoric—that curious anticipation of round arched style . . . Ravenna does credit to Lord Byron's predilection ; it is eminently curious, and it is much more English than any Italian town I know.

May 10, Bologna.—To San Giacomo in Monte ; saw the lovely Bentivoglio Francia, fixed in my mind since 1854 as a wonder. One meets here girls' faces strongly like Francia's type.

May 12, Milan.—At the top of the Duomo by 5.35 A.M. The whole panorama of the Alps was in view ; the first impression of the mass of Monte Rosa was almost frightful. All the snow summits were lighted ; the lower part of the range dark grey. As the sun went up, the clearer definition of the nearer hills and change in the tints lessened the dignity of the scene.

May 15.— . . . A very picturesque journey by the Alps, seeing the snowy Adamello and Bernina, to Brescia. In the gallery here is a noble bronze 'Victory,' more Greek in style than anything in Rome or Naples. . . . Bonvicino¹ seems to me one of the very greatest artists! In point of feeling, of truth to his subject, of *soul* in short, he leaves far behind far more celebrated names.

May 19.—By diligence up the Sesia valley to Varallo. Lovely wooded rocks on either side and snowy peaks beyond. Here I found Mr. Goodall, the artist sent by the National Society to copy pictures for the series of the 'Life of our Lord.' With him to the plain old Franciscan church, where is a vast wall covered with early frescoes by Gaudenzio Ferrari, the finest I know anywhere in art of this subject. Thence up the Sacro Monte and through the chapels, a sight impressive beyond imagination.

May, London.—How great was the difference in light and colour in England I had no idea; how great also, the absence of that mountain horizon which in Italy is hardly ever wanting. Virgil's praises of his own land now seem to me simply true. I return loving Italy more, but England no less, with its inner picturesqueness, its nearer and dearer interests.

To his Wife

Rome : April 1885.

. . . The views of some ruins at a distance and of the mountains about Rome are infinitely lovelier than the regular shows: and I keep promising myself all manner of delicious lounges with you. . . . To-day we went with Bishop Lightfoot to some of the oldest catacombs, and saw the tombs and pictures of the Christians so far back as A.D. 200; not fine in art, but very curious as showing the simplicity and fervour of their faith, and also the

¹ Better known as Moretto.

vast numbers of the early church. We were very fortunate in having such a capital guide as the Bishop. We left him plunging deep into another cavern . . . we feared that the inch of taper, which he had left him, would be exhausted before he re-appeared ! . . . We saw the Stuart monument in St. Peter's ; it is an ugly affair, but is the most interesting thing in that beautiful church. . . . So far as I see, our scenery will be as lovely as ever to me ; England seems to me far more a thing by itself, more unlike any another country than the rest are to each other. . . .

The climate here is very different from Naples and Salerno. There the orange and lemon trees were as thick with fruit as a Dorset orchard ; here they are just like ours in England. . . . Every morning as I take my walks abroad, I see flocks of goats standing and lying about in quiet corners ; the little girls come with their glasses and get them filled with milk. . . .

. . . At Amalfi we found great spreads of macaroni of different sorts, laid out on the hot pavements, and women and children were turning it over to get dry and hard in the sun. . . .

Ravenna.— . . Last night I strolled out after our queer *table à hôte* in this rough little inn the *Spada d'oro* : in the old square was a band playing most lovely regular Italian music, and crowds of people were walking quickly about. The band was wind instruments mostly, and they did really play with all their souls. The different instruments sent up their notes like voices round the circle in which the band was arranged. For a beautiful dance air it divided itself for more effect ; one sat towards the end of the Piazza, and answered the air, and presently another answer came from a great old balcony at the other end ; the effect was quite magical, it was like a thing on the stage coming true in real life. . . . These little unexpected

things are one great pleasure in a journey, and go to make up for rain and being without you. . . .

In October 1885 my father had the pleasure of visiting William Barnes, the Dorset poet, in his home near Dorchester. This was the first and only time of their meeting, and the peculiarly pleasant impressions of this visit are charmingly described in the Journal. From thence he attended the Church Congress, which was held that year at Portsmouth, having been asked to speak on the subject of 'Religion in Art.'

F. T. P.'s Journal

October 2, Dorchester.—Here with Cis, C. F., and G. . . . Walked with Frank through twilight to Winterbourne Came: a pretty little thatched house among trees. I was allowed to go up to the great aged poet in the bedroom which—at eighty-four and with now failing bodily strength—he is not likely to quit. Mr. Barnes had invited me when Frank visited him last Christmas, and truly glad was I, and honoured did I feel, to accomplish it. A very finely cut face, expressive blue eyes, a long white beard, hands fine like a girl's—all was the absolute ideal of a true poet. Few in our time equal him in variety and novelty of *motive*: in quantity of true sweet inspiration and musical verse. None have surpassed him in exquisite wholeness and unity of execution. He was dressed in red with white fur of some sort, and a darker red cap: Titian or Tintoret had no nobler, no more high born looking sitter among the doges of Venice. His welcome was equally cordial and simple; and, despite his bodily weakness, the soul, bright and energetic, seemed equally ready for death or for life. He talked of his visit to Tennyson; of his own work,

saying he had taken Homer, and him only, as his model in aiming at choosing the one proper epithet when describing : also his love for the old pure English. I shall remember this most interesting half-hour all my life, and my dear Frank, I trust, will remember it many years beyond me.

October 7, Portsmouth.—Came here yesterday from Lyndhurst for the Church Congress. I read my paper to-day on 'Religion in Art.' Courthope followed with a very suggestive paper. Heard speeches of remarkable sense and eloquent skill from Dr. Westcott and Canon Creighton.

Returned and found Gwenny's poor dear little Persian cat, who had been ailing for some weeks, had died.

The last words quoted are curiously characteristic of my father, whose devotion to the feline tribe was as great as his aversion to pet pugs. A prettily worded piece which he wrote for his children's own family magazine on the death of this cat is given below. He was delighted if a cat sat staring at him while he was working, and would say, 'Don't disturb the dear old thing ; when they look so wise I always wonder if they are thinking of their Egyptian ancestors.'

IN MEMORIAM

We have lost a friend, and our paper, though in general happily devoted to recording bright and pleasant things, ought not, I think, to pass over in silence a loss which we had hoped would have been at least deferred, if not prevented, by her visit to Little Park. The ancestors of this friend came from the East, to judge by her delicately brilliant eyes, fine silky hair, and singularly lithe and graceful form. This removal from Persia to England may have been many years ago, for she had no knowledge of

her pedigree, and I have looked to no purpose for her family in the 'Peerage' and the 'Landed Gentry.' But we have reason to fear that she was not acclimatised in our somewhat damp and chilly country. For about two months ago she showed symptoms of failing strength ; and although the best professional advice was called in, neither medicine nor change to our soft and healthy Lyme air was of any avail. She faded away peacefully, and, we hope, without much pain, on yesterday afternoon. How different from what, some five years ago, she looked in her gay, though timid, childhood, on her first entrance into our family ! She had a singular gentleness, I might say beauty, of character ; all that is good and attractive in the ancient race to which she belonged, without any of its less amiable characteristics. Often she seemed as if she would have fain broken through the party-wall of reserve, which divided her nature from ours ; she would look at us with her clear eyes, as if begging us to understand her, and understand how much more she felt than she was capable of expressing. Even in her last hours of weakness, when able only to lift her little face and look, she acknowledged her young mistress' hand and PURRED her affectionate gratitude.

For it was but a cat after all—and a little cat—which we have lost, as the cold world would say, laughing at our sentiment, or bidding us reserve it for worthier objects. I am not of this opinion. This little creature gave us her best ; she gave us all the love she could. She lies now beneath the broken garden elm, and I think that some will never look on the spot without a sense of tenderness and gratitude to the poor little one.

CHAPTER VI

POETRY PROFESSORSHIP. ITALIAN JOURNEYS,
1885-1890

By the death of Principal J. C. Shairp in 1885 the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford again became vacant. My father stood as a candidate, and was supported, among others, by Mr. Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Sir Francis Doyle, Sir Henry Acland, Lord Harrowby, and many Oxford Dons. The late Lord Tennyson warmly espoused his cause, and wrote thus to him: 'I hear to-day that you are a candidate for the Oxford Professorship of Poetry. I know no one worthier of that Chair than yourself, and I most heartily wish you success.' An effort had been made to induce Mr. Matthew Arnold to return to the office which he had filled with such distinction some five-and-twenty years previously, but with great generosity he declined to stand in his friend's way. 'I think myself bound,' he wrote to his Oxford supporters, 'by a wish formally expressed for Mr. Palgrave's success on the next vacancy for the Poetry Chair not to interfere with his candidature.' Thus Professor W. J. Courthope was his most formidable opponent. The result of the poll gave my father 307 votes, being a majority of sixty. After a tenure

of five years he was re-elected, his full term expiring in 1895. A few of his lectures have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *National Review*. His inaugural lecture was delivered in February 1886, and was entitled 'The Province and Study of Poetry.' After this came three on Poetry compared with the other Fine Arts, one on William Barnes being interpolated at the time of his death. A series on the 'Renaissance Movement in English Poetry' followed; and, after treating of certain recent English poets 'who failed to obtain due honour,' he gave a course on 'Landscape in Poetry,' which he afterwards corrected and revised, and which was published in the spring of 1897. These lectures, with the Creweian Oration, which fell to him to speak every alternate year, called him often to Oxford, and this renewal of Oxford ties, and the happiness of visiting many kind friends there, formed a very welcome element in his life during these years, independent of the intense pleasure and interest he derived from his work. For these lectures he and my mother generally stayed with Professor Jowett, the Rector of Lincoln, or the Rector of Exeter; also with Dr. Ince (who had been very kind in regard to the election) and with his old friend, Professor Max Müller. In later years my father was frequently the guest of the late Mr. G. J. Romanes and his wife, in their beautiful house in St. Aldate's; the kindness and hospitality of these comparatively recent friends particularly touched him, and he greatly valued their warm friendship. He much admired some of Mr. Romanes' poems. The task of adjudging the

Prize Poem, which he shared with two or three others, was always carried out with the utmost carefulness, and many undergraduates expressed their gratitude for the help and personal interest he gave them in their work. The three following letters refer to the appointment to the Professorship.

From Professor Jowett

Balliol College : Nov. 30, 1885.

My dear 'Professor,'— . . . Your appointment gives me the greatest pleasure. . . .

I think the appointment a great good, both for the university and for yourself. Now you must write your 'Lives of the Poets.' I have another reason for being pleased. It has always appeared to me that you had not a fair share of the honours and distinctions of this world.

I hope that when you give your Inaugural Lecture, you and Mrs. Palgrave and your family will come and stay with me.

From Professor W. J. Courthope

Nov. 27, 1885.

My dear Palgrave,—Thank you very much for your kind letter, which I find on my return from Sussex this morning. The result of this election, which I had for some time foreseen, was telegraphed to me last night, and I had fully meant to write and congratulate you on your success. This I do most sincerely, and pray give my congratulations to Mrs. Palgrave as well. The Chair will be admirably filled ; and I am pleased to think that the battle was fought from beginning to end with such good temper and fairness. . . .

To Alfred Lord Tennyson

London : Nov. 1885.

My dear Tennyson,—Your kind note was a very pleasant surprise to me ; it was a *laus laudati viri* such as one can rarely hope for. The 'Times' printed the note to-day as part of its Oxford news, and my friends all expect that it will convert the uncertain, of whom I hear that Oxford contains a large number.

I often wondered during the summer-autumn where you were—especially when for a few hours in the Isle of Wight early in October. We crossed from Portsmouth and had not time to pass beyond the eastern end of the Island, but we managed a good view of the Ventnor Undercliff (which was new to us all), and which we saw with the additional interest of comparison with that at Lyme. Ours is so much the wilder, however, that a strict comparison is difficult. We also saw Carisbrook ; with its memories of Charles I. and the poor Princess-child Elizabeth, a true *Castle Dolorous* I thought it—not without anxious fear lest many of the evils of the bad years of the seventeenth century may not be approaching. . . .

To the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky

15 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park : 15 June, 1887.

Dear Mr. Lecky,—I waited to thank you for your much valued gift till I had read through the two volumes, thinking that I should like to express in some detail the impression which they left on me. But I find now that I have not the time, or, perhaps, the requisite knowledge and ability to do this, and I will only allow myself the pleasure of recording the great interest with which I have read your work, and the gain in historical view received from it. The

chapter on life and manners everyone will wish had been longer. Of course it is Ireland about which you tell most which is little known; but the chapter on the relations of the French Revolution to England and the origin of the war is, to me, at least as valuable. I will venture here on one hasty criticism—viz. that your portrait of Pitt at the beginning of vol. v. seems to me rather *cold*, when compared with the successive steps of his policy which you narrate and the extracts from his letters which explain it. Or I might put it thus: that your picture of his *career* would justify a picture of a *man* drawn in warmer colours, and showing him as less of a mere skilful manager of the House of Commons. But perhaps his management of the Union may display him less favourably.

I question your remark (vol. v. p. 309, line 8, &c.). It is true of several *writers*: distinctly not true, as it seems to me, of the great mass of *readers*. The solidarity of 'free-thinking' (to use a very bad phrase) and of revolutionary politics is, to me, one of the most marked and evil-omened signs of the time.

Your two or three paragraphs allusive to recent Gladstonian politics strike me greatly for their force and fairness. . . .

Do you know 'A History of the Reformation,' in three vols. thus far, by a Canon Dixon? It is full of original matter and original thought. I mention it, because it has some notice of the Irish policy *sub* Hen. VIII. and Edw. VI., which is very curious.

With renewed thanks,

Believe me,

Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

Other tours in Italy took place in the spring of 1886 and of 1888, the latter one including a short stay on the Riviera with his eldest daughter and her

husband. The following letter from Mr. Browning was written shortly before her marriage.

From Robert Browning

19 Warwick Crescent, W. : Nov. 26, 1886.

My dear Palgrave,—You do well to be sure I sympathise with whatever affects you, as must such an event in your family as you announce. I wish your daughter and her parents every possible happiness, and believe them to deserve it.

So, you were in Wales—perhaps at the ‘Hand’ [Llangollen], where we made a stay of full ten weeks . . . but my sister and myself were in a sluggish and wholly unadventurous mood, and we saw nothing, out of the immediate surroundings, except Chirk Castle.

I am very glad to have your news of Tennyson ; he is rarely out of my mind, nor the sweet lady ; I thank you very much for telling me what you do. . . .

All regards to Mrs. Palgrave, and do you remember me always as

Yours most truly,

ROBERT BROWNING.

The next two letters bear chiefly on an Ode, which my father wrote, by request, on the Queen’s Jubilee in 1887.

From Aubrey de Vere

May 31, 1888.

. . . I must tell you that I was *greatly* pleased with the ‘Jubilee Ode’ you sent me. It seemed to me full of beauty of a sort not often found in that form of poetry, and executed throughout with much skill and tact, also. . . .

It may please you to know that a year or two ago

when I was visiting Cardinal Manning I found him reading your volume of poetry with enthusiastic pleasure, and that he insisted on reading several pages of it to me, to my great pleasure. This is not usual in an ecclesiastic nearly eighty years old, and with many cares. . . .

From Sir Francis Doyle, Bart.

11 Upper Brook St. W. : June 24, 1887.

My dear Frank,—I think you are quite right in writing your 'Jubilee Ode.' If I had been occupying your position I certainly should have tried to do my best, though that best, owing to my black pessimism, would have been about as bad as possible. I take such a gloomy view of things that I could not have put any life into the composition. I think you have done a great deal better; the Queen's childhood is well introduced, and makes a good start, though I don't know what authority you have for 'rosing' as a participle.

What you say of Prince Albert is well said, and thoroughly deserved. What you say about science strikes me as a little too elaborate and complicated. . . .

And finally, I wish that the ode had ended at the seventh paragraph. Still I like it, and think it is quite worth your while to have written it. . . .

Yours affectionately,

F. H. DOYLE.

F. T. P.'s Journal

Nov. 26, London.—Ince telegraphed that I was elected Professor of Poetry by a majority of sixty. The pleasure this gave at home, and the many kind letters called forth from friends, have been the really agreeable elements in this success. It will be difficult to satisfy expectations—to face the illustrious images of ancestors in the Chair. But I am glad of a

chance to be a little useful before the night cometh, if I may be so allowed.

December 7.—To Chichester. A very long talk with [Dean] Burgon on New Testament textual criticism. The main point he brought out was that he regarded the 'traditional' text as simply the text of the autographs—of course, with transcriptional errors . . . I remember Burgon from early boyhood—1836, I think, as a guest at Yarmouth. His fondness for children as we walked and met groups was touching and charming.

February 25, 1886.—To Oxford with Cis for my first lecture, which I understood was well received . . . Stayed with our kind friends, the Inces.

March 13, 1886.—Took Cecy and Gwenny to Paris, and ran through the Louvre with them. Was amazed by the number of pictures and their terribly overcrowded state. Many looked dim and dirty, and all want the gem-like look given by glass. Titian's deep harmonies of colour struck me quite as a new thing. . . . The 'Melos' as lovely and unique as ever. . . .

March 21, Florence.—The plastic power of Michelangelo strikes me more and more. . . . The significance of the reclining figures¹ is both obscure and without any natural reference to the persons commemorated. Their effect is partly due, I think, to the unfinished male heads. . . . Andrea del Sartos in the Annunziata Church are really lovely, if not deeply felt. Saw Sir J. Hudson, who seems to me one of the brightest and clearest and most straightforward minds I ever met. He told me much about Cavour, and how his just mind would have revolted from many later measures, especially those relating to Church matters. . . .

March 24.—To Cortona. Ascended the long hill and found ourselves in one of the most singular towns I ever

¹ In the sacristy of San Lorenzo.

saw, even in Italy. Here are Angelico's *earliest* works, as I suppose. A lovely Pridella (Life of B.V.M.) in his most refined style . . . Also there are eight or ten pictures by Luca Signorelli, showing the growth of his style, which is very much his own . . . A very pleasant walk down hill seeing a ruined Etruscan tomb. Passed the lovely lake Trasimeno and reached Perugia in the dark. . . .

March 26.—Came to Assisi, and walked up the valley behind the Castle. Monte Subasio and the hills beyond looked weird and desolate. There was no sound but the bells of the town and the rushing stream and a bird or two. . . . Then to San Francesco to Mass, when the music was exquisite. Then looked with veneration at the rock hewn tomb where this true saint¹ lies. The sombre lower Church surpasses all expectation in singularity and wealth in fresco, of which the nave is a wonder. . . . Spring is at last beginning. We saw many coloured anemones—not so delicate as our *nemorosa* in growth. . . . After some pleasant days at Pistoia and Bologna, came to Venice. . . . To San Rocco, where Tintoret's great originality and power shine out. But his sense of grace and propriety is not always equal to his inventiveness, and to rely on select *colour* to the work of select *form* is surely an easier and lower range of art.

April 6, 1886.—Started early in gondola with C. and G. for Torcello, under a tender sky flecked with white cloud. Torcello was wonderful—Santa Fosca standing in a green field, and the gray antiquity of those early Byzantine buildings. After Vicenza and Padua came to Verona. With my dear Gwenny to the garden of the Palazzo Giusti. Fine cypresses and a beautiful view over city and Lombard Plain. In the afternoon to San Zeno. Saw many little children confirmed in the elevated Choir by the Cardinal Archbishop Canossa, a noble-looking old man: who then gave a short and admirable address. It was a very pretty sight.

¹ St. Francis of Assisi.

April 14, 1886, Pavia.—Drove to Certosa, which was of course interesting, though it fell below expectation ; being now only a ‘monument,’ and not used for religious purposes, it is to my mind but a fair body without a soul. The monks were turned out five years since from their freehold by the stupid Government. . . . Thence, after a night at Novara, to Varallo. Went at once to the Gaudenzio frescoes, which looked as unique and splendid as ever. In the afternoon to the Sacro Monte.

April 18, 1886.—To-day to High Mass at San Gaudenzio. Then drove down Val Mastalone to Rimella, the whole way one interchange and succession of beauty and magnificence.

April 23, 1886, Mendrisio.—To-day, being Good Friday, the churches are full. The kissing of the crucifix is very impressive. It was charming to see the little children going through this, how passionately they threw themselves over it and kissed it again and again.

AN INCIDENT AT MENDRISIO¹

April 23, 1886

It was the Day, the sad, the good,
The Day thrice-blest, when He,
The Love uniting God with man,
Hung on the Tree :—

And where within the transept wide
A vacant space was made,
With reverent touch the village hands
His Image laid ;

Not such as old Donato wrought :
Yet this rude craftsman’s heart
With deeper passion stamp’d the wood
Than finer art.

¹ Printed in *Amenophis, and other Poems*, Macmillan, 1892.

And all the Italian throng was there,
 Bronze-wrinkled crone, and maid,
 Fathers with sons ; the lame, the blind,
 Where Christ was laid.

They knelt for prayer ; they kiss'd for love
 Their Saviour's riven Side,
 The Hands, the Feet, the bleeding Heart
 For us Who died.

But in the throng what part has she,
 The little maiden sweet,
 Who climbs and trembles to the Cross
 With fervent feet ?

Like her, the Blessèd Virgin Child
 Who clomb the Temple-stair,
 God-given, given back to God,
 Pure, sacred, fair.

—With kisses fast and close, herself
 Upon the Face she throws ;
 The innocent breath with love is warm,
 Sweet as the rose.

Ah, darling ! though thine infant heart
 Outrun thy knowledge dim,
 E'en on God's throne that eager love
 Is dear to Him.

In the evening watched a curious procession, peculiar to Mendrisio—the march to Calvary. Soldiers on horseback first, a chief priest, then the Christ bearing the cross, then the two thieves, who made a great pretence to escape ; Herod on horseback followed attended by a dozen boys holding his train, and confraternities of Our Lord and the B.V.M. ended the procession. It was a most striking

sight, although rather lessened in splendour through the bad weather. The man who represents Christ does it as an act of penitence ; he puts down his name three years before, and is shut up in the parish church, so that his name may not be known.

April 27, Bellinzona.—After a few days on the Lakes came here, and drove up the San Bernardino Valley. Saw the lofty fall of Buffalora : it was a sort of Spirit of the Waters. I had no notion that rock and mountain, stream and waterfall, could form a union so perfect and so ever varying.

April 28, Lucerne.—Was greatly grieved to see dear Lionel Tennyson's death on April 20.

To his Daughter

Varallo, North Italy : April 18, 1886.

My darling Little One,—. . . When one is among the mountains, especially when just under Monte Rosa, one must expect rain : it is the tax one has to pay for the magnificence of the scenery. . . . [This morning] off we went, through the narrow streets and up some great flights of stone steps to the Church of S. Gaudenzio, which stands on a rock, I fancy, and has arcades all round it. Outside it is quite plain, like most of the churches hereabouts ; but inside it is richer than anything you ever saw, with pictures of all sorts, and the columns and arches partly hung with bright red stuff with gold fringes. . . . There was a long service, all in Latin, and mostly chaunted with old-fashioned chants ; no organ or other music, . . . so the music was rather harsh and rough. Great bunches of olive boughs (brought from the Riviera, I believe) were put on the altar, and the clergy in pretty coloured robes carried each a long bough about the church, repeating some litany or hymn as they went.

It is often as cold here as March, and we could not get on without a wood fire in the very comfortable long sort of gallery in which we have meals and sit together. We are the only people in the inn, it is so early for travelling, and the only English people in the little old city. . . .

In the afternoon we had a delicious walk, beginning with the 'Holy Mount.' This is a huge rock, which overhangs the town and looks very fine from the open galleries round the inn-yard. The sides have many trees and much green, and the top is covered with a sort of village of white chapels. There are more than forty. . . . In each is a room, large or little, divided from us by a grating of open work, with holes in it so that one looks through and sees the inside of the chapel. . . . Between each separate building one has the most wonderful views on all sides; now of rich wooded hills, then of a wide valley with ranges of hills on each side, and Varallo beneath our feet like a toy-town; then again we looked up into the Alps, and saw great towering ridges and peaks of glistening snow against the sky. One very delicate sharp peak was Monte Rosa. . . .

I am sure you would have enjoyed the drive which we had yesterday. Our road was always alongside of a splendid mountain torrent called the Mastalone; all the way above us for the fifteen miles of drive were huge mountains, down the sides of which one waterfall came down after another—they looked like veins of silvery lace. The road kept twisting about like a snake. Presently it was all covered with snow, and the poor primroses, of which there were quantities, looked quite dismal. Gwenny found such a number of lovely flowers, crocuses white and lilac, pansies, and a most lovely pink flower like a star growing on the rocks; also some splendid deep blue gentian, perhaps the handsomest wild flower we ever saw. After a long drive, we stopped at a village called Fobello, and had a charming sitting on rocks on the edge of the torrent. . . . *Arona, April 20.*—

Here we are on the edge of the Lago Maggiore, with misty mountains around it. . . . I am afraid we shall not be able to climb the Monte Generoso, any more than last year.

Ever your affectionate father,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

May 1886.—After a fortnight at Lyme all returned to London, where we are having a succession of guests staying with us. Went over the Indian-Colonial Exhibition. The narrow range of Indian art was a lesson to me : it is like a flower always springing up, and always blighted before it reaches full inflorescence . . . Have read through 'Romola' after many years. A sense of gloom and heaviness and anatomical power remains with all the ability and knowledge shown ; one hardly ever escapes the feeling that it is all *mosaic-work*, not brushwork, all put together, little grown. Much of the traits of the main characters are *told* us, not shown before us . . . The whole narrative is infected and narrowed by the poison of suppressed Calvinism.

June 28, 1886.—Cis and I took the girls to Oxford for Commemoration, and for my Creweian speech in the theatre. Frank rowed us to Iffley, and I saw many of his friends. In the evening to the Vice-Chancellor's,¹ where we had a pleasant talk with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a very attractive specimen of U.S.A.

July 12, 1886.—To see Browning and his sister. Both very pleasant. He showed me the 'Book,' and talked of his wife with great warmth and admiration.

August 1886.—With Cis for a fortnight to Wales. Then to Tewkesbury. The massive Norman nave of the Abbey, the half-hexagon Edwardian apse, absence of over-great height, all make it one of the very best interiors for seemly use I know, and it avoids any air of competing

¹ Professor Jowett.

with cathedral forms. There are more old houses than I now remember in any other English town.

October 1886, Lyme.—Have just returned with Frank from the funeral of that true poet and admirable man—William Barnes; a loss to us both as man and as friend. No public notice had been given, and there were but a hundred and fifty present, including school-children.

November 1886, Aldworth.—Found A. T., though saddened by the loss of Lionel, unbroken in strength and mind. He stoops a little, but strode along steadily down hill and up rough road, through rain and mud, talking much, depressed by the state of England and his own loss . . . He read aloud to me a second part of 'Locksley Hall,' a long poem of great force; also the third act of 'The Promise of May': this is certainly very tragic and fine . . .

February 3, 1887.—A very pleasant visit to Browning. He was very affectionate and open, and told much of his earlier days. I was sorry to hear that he had lately been clearing his papers, and had burnt letters which, while his parents lived, he had written to them by way of minute daily journal from Russia, Italy, and England.

February 10, 1887.—My dear eldest girl was married to James Duncan.¹ Amongst the many friends who came to the house were Browning and Matt Arnold, who were among those signing the marriage register. . . .

July 1887.—This has been a lively summer: much going out and a few pleasant parties at home . . . 'Much ado about Nothing' at the Lyceum, where we took my dear M. for her first play. Irving's comedy quite admirable, while Ellen Terry's delicate humour was inconceivably charming, never overstepping bounds: the last scene and dance Shakespeare all over . . . The general unanimity and fervour over England on the occasion of the Jubilee was surprising. I should doubt if so entire a loyalty has

¹ Late Canon of Canterbury and Secretary to the National Society.

ever been shown before, at any period . . . Gifford has been spending this summer with us, which is a real happiness. Cis and I both rejoice at his complete reconciliation to his old Church [Catholic] . . . To Winchester with Gwenny to stay with Warburton for a few days in his charming old house. Walked to St. Cross; how many such foundations must have existed before the robbery and waste of the cursed Reformation! This thought destroys my pleasure in this or other portional relics of what might have been such objects of use and beauty . . . Then to see Miss Yonge, who talked interestingly on novels. I gathered that she ranks Thackeray a greater humorist than Dickens, wherein I differ . . .

September 1, 1887.—Came up to London with Cis to see dear Gifford before he leaves for Montevideo. Woolner dined with us, and was very amusing and talked well . . . Bade an affectionate farewell to the dear brother, who returns to his distant abode with much better heart. I am heartily glad to have had this sight of him: he and I understand each other so well . . .

November 1887.—With Cis and Gwenllian to Balliol for the autumn lecture, where the Master [B. Jowett] gave us a delightful two days. Then I went on to Birmingham and spoke in the theatre on the 'Decline of Art' before a large crowd . . . I was allowed an interview with Cardinal Newman at the Oratory. There sat that aged man with his snow-white hair; he rose and thanked me for coming and for caring for him with a sort of young child's gracious simplicity. He was much changed, of course, since I had last seen him many years ago: the look of almost anxious searching had passed into the look of perfect peace. His mind was not only bright as ever, but with the cheerfulness and humour of youth. He talked of his old Oxford days . . . Then of [Dean] Church, 'whom no one could know without loving.' He spoke of his voyage long ago in the Mediterranean; how little he had, however, seen of Italy.

We talked of Rome, of Varallo, when he at once recalled the Gaudenzio 'Nativity' which I sent him last Christmas. He went on to speak of Creighton's 'Papacy,' and the Renaissance and its evils in high places; and he broke out, with a bright smile of tenderness: 'How wonderful was the revival in the Church soon after under Loyola, St. Philip Neri, San Carlo Borromeo!' Then he spoke of Tennyson, and said that in poetry one went back to what one knew in youth. I said Wordsworth perhaps—at which he smiled, and quoted the first stanza of the parody in the 'Rejected Addresses,' ending with

And burnt off half its nose.

He went on to say that Scott had been his favourite, and alluded playfully to his age (eighty-seven in January next) as a reason why he read less than he would have liked. He thanked me again for what he called my kindness in caring to see him. This great and perfect humility was almost overwhelming in its strikingness. No wonder he looked up with reverence to the two Borromei, whom he mentioned with special admiration. What a strange and beautiful union of the saint and the poet! His voice has much of its old strange sweetness, such as I heard it at Littlemore in my Oxford days—how far off for both of us!

December 30, 1887.—My own dearest Cis and I are keeping our silver wedding by a series of small dinner parties, chiefly relations and old friends . . .

March 1888, Mentone.—Gweny and I have joined dear Cecy and her husband here. It is a fine coast, though everywhere the limestone mountains are unpleasant in their dirty gray and have little refinement in form. . . . The road to Castellar winds through olive groves, which I first saw here in something of forestal size and shadow; over-coloured French houses are scattered about, unlike the true gray Italian cottages, which seem native to the landscape. . . .

March 23, 1888, Genoa.—I have not been here since 1854, when with my dear Alexander Grant. In the Durazzo Palace are some lovely child-pictures by Van Dyck: a little boy in white—exquisitely tender and yet dignified. He comes very near Reynolds in child-portraiture, and of course surpasses him in technical mastery. . . . I like Genoa better than I did before; the Palace streets are full of grace and variety. If the designs are not severe, they have life and elegance; more colour is the great want.

March 27, Pisa.—Of purely Italian interiors the Duomo here seems to me one of the most satisfactory; the mode in which the line of arches and triforium are carried across the transepts is very picturesque. . . . That of Lucca (seen to-day) is a singularly striking interior in the peculiar Basilican style of Lucca. . . . This day is, however, saddened by the news of the sudden death of our Aunt Annora¹; from her, since the beginning, I have had the most uniform kindness, and I had fondly thought that at her age (born 1822) we should in her have an aunt for life. . . . Returning to Pisa we drove through the *Pineta*; the truth of Shelley's description of the pools is wonderful. The noble Carrara Mountains all summits in snow. . . .

April 1888, Rome.—The pleasure of showing Rome to my dear Gwenny is great. . . . We have ascended the dome of St. Peter's; the peep down into the church from the uppermost gallery was very singular, almost awful. . . . When we came down we saw the very interesting exhibition of a priest appearing high above the High Altar on the north-west pier, holding a silver frame with a glazed centre; this was the very Veronica, sung by Dante in his exquisite lines. . . . The Sistine Chapel 'Last Judgment' is getting coarse in colour, but when Raphael himself is seen his Mozart-like charm is at once felt. He almost

¹ Lady Annora Williams-Wynn.

approaches sentimentalism at times—e.g. the ‘Muses in the Parnassus’—he has not the perfectly balanced Vergilian art. . . . The little Madonna [in the Vatican] by Angelico is absolutely ethereal for tenderness. . . . We both just saw the Pope; his is a singularly interesting and refined face. . . . We have had a delightful walk through the only remaining part of Rome as she was, beyond San Stefano Rotondo; in this part one still sees great fragments bold against the sky, villas, &c. on tree-clad heights—the southern picturesque, the Rome of poetry.

April 6, 1888.—Took my darling Gwenllian to Albano. We walked by the beautiful wild road to Ariccia, that model of desolate dignity. Thence walked on under ilex to Castel Gandolfo. We accepted a gracious contadino’s offer to drive in his cart, as it was raining, for a short distance, and then continued walking for some nine miles to Frascati. . . .

April 10, 1888, Naples.—Rose with the first day of warmth and brilliant sun we have so far had in Italy, and drove along the ridge to Posilippo. . . . Drove by Castellamare to Sorrento. . . . A beautiful drive to La Cava. . . . We stayed here a few days, driving to Amalfi on one of them. As a piece of coast scenery it is much beyond anything we ever saw, and when one adds the long range of shadowy Calabrian and coast mountains, there is no comparison between this and the Riviera. . . . Then I mounted Gwenny on a donkey and we climbed the long steep glen to Ravello. We were long in the church admiring the wonderful pulpit. The mosaics and the white marblework quite support the view that they represent a *Magna Græcia* school of art *anterior* to N. Pisano. The chief moulding is Byzantine, with almost a touch or anticipation of the floral moulding common in French and English Gothic (1260–90). The street of Amalfi was filled with macaroni and wheat laid out to dry in the sun, and constantly turned over. . . . On Sunday G. drove me to the Cava monastery, where

we attended High Mass, accompanied by the splendid organ—considered the most beautiful in Italy. . . .

April 1888, Orvieto.—Slowly we ascended the long hill to this very curious place; we went out at once to the Duomo. The brilliant mosaics of the façade I cannot bring into harmony with the architecture, yet the effect is glowing and imposing to a degree. . . . The town, I think, equals even Assisi in its endless relics of ancient splendour and quaint picturesqueness. . . . This and Cava are the first absolutely new cities I have seen in Italy on this journey. In San Domenico is a beautiful tomb by Arnolfo da Cambio, also a Crucifix (1100) which spoke to St. Thomas Aquinas. . . . At sunset the Apennines after we had passed Arezzo glowed purple and lilac, but the general aspect was wonderfully changed from the Neapolitan region, almost Northern in look both of nature and of man's works. . . . Another loss! In the 'Popolo Romano' we read of Matt Arnold's sudden death. I suppose of the heart disease which he half-jokingly used to say he had inherited. I liked him greatly, and had known him from my first college days in 1843. . . . After Southern Italy the purity and reserve of Florentine taste is very perceptible everywhere. . . . In the Pitti, Correggio's '*Adorante Madonna*' is far beyond the little Neapolitan pictures in transparency and completeness. One sees in them the remains of his early style influenced by Dossi. . . . I know not if Luca della Robbia be not on the whole the really greatest of the Renaissance sculptors, putting Michelangelo's strange personality aside. In the cloister of San Marco¹ Angelico's '*Emmaus*' is very impressive. It is perfect in dramatic rendering, yet keeps always within a 'Greek' reserve. Angelico, in fact, has this quality often, shown in his lovely drapery as well as in his chastened feeling; I know no other Italian who ever reminds of Hellenic art, far away as he is in sentiment!

¹ At Florence.

April 1888, Venice.—This visit reinstates Gian Bellini to his former place in my admiration, but one must add Cima as very near him. . . . Zuan Palmarin, our pleasant gondolier of years past as of this year, has rowed us to his home—a poor one enough; but his pride in his children was delightful, and so was his gratitude when I gave them a little parting *regalo*. This gracious gratitude is native to the Italian, as well as the simple courtesy and genuine good-feeling and straight-forwardness which one meets with everywhere. They are in sooth a charming people. . . .

To his Daughter

Florence : April 19, 1888.

. . . In spite of the picture of Sorrento above, you see that we are much nearer to you than that. But I thought you would like to see something of the view of that lovely place; the sea, of course, you must fancy blue and green like a peacock's tail. . . . Vesuvius, as you see, like Uncle Gifford (not to mention *anyone else*), is always smoking. . . .

Between Rome and this place we had a delightful day at Orvieto. This wild old city is built on a huge rock, which rises almost straight up like a wall on the top of a great green hill; with four horses it took us nearly an hour to climb up. But when we were there it was simply delightful! such wonderful old streets all full of ancient remains, great arches and vaults, and beautiful old carved windows; and from the edge of the cliff a view all over the valley of the Tiber, surrounded by beautiful hills, one or two with the snow still upon them, looking so strange in the blazing sunlight. . . . We have seen hedges with plenty of wild flowers, and those at *Cava* (which was the prettiest place south we reached) had most beautiful lilac cyclamens. . . . The lizards are often gray, now and then a light green. . . .

To Mrs. Matthew Arnold

15 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park : May 27, 1888.

Dear Mrs. Arnold,—C. H. Alderson tells me that he has received a kind letter, which pleased and interested him much, from you. This encourages me to say a few words upon that great and sudden loss which has fallen upon me, with so many others. Words are of but little use in face of these inevitable sorrows : yet I must, with my wife, express the deep sympathy which we feel for you and your family, as well as the sense of affection for one so gifted and so charming now taken from us all.

I am late in thus speaking. But the news fell on me like a physical stroke in an Italian newspaper, when travelling with a daughter between Orvieto and Florence in mid April. Hence I was unable to write and express my strong regret that I could not be present at Laleham. Hence I also missed most of the newspaper notices : those which I saw were such as will have pleased you in their tone, incomplete and unsatisfying as such must ever be. To me, it is a great piece, as it were, taken out of my life : a blank which can never be filled. Thus we seem to die before death.

Please remember me to Miss Arnold. A little walk with her and him last summer comes back very clearly to my mind now.

Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

The Commemoration speech at Oxford falls to my turn this year. I can no more reach *his* grace and eloquence in Latin than in English, but I hope I may find words to express something of his genius and charm of character and elevation of aim. . . .

In 1888 the death of his old friend Matthew Arnold formed the subject of his Latin speech at

Oxford. This speech was very generally appreciated, and Mrs. Matthew Arnold and Professor Butcher wrote thus to my father concerning it :

From Mrs. Matthew Arnold

. . . It is comforting to know how truly my beloved Matt was appreciated and loved by his friends. Every word you write of him is valued by me. . . . You feel so entirely all that was so true and great in him, and the charm there was about him, that any mention you may make of him in your Oxford speech would, I am sure, touch and gratify me, as it would certainly have done him, and he would have felt it all the more as coming from such an old friend and one in whom he always felt so affectionate an interest. . . .

From Professor Butcher

I received the report of your Latin Oration, which you were good enough to send me, just as I was leaving London, and have ever since intended to thank you for it. In all that has been written about Matthew Arnold I do not know where so much truth has been so happily expressed—certainly not in so short a space. The Latin itself was far from needing any apologies. . . .

In the autumn of this same year (1888) came the great sorrow of his brother Gifford's death at Montevideo. The words written in his Journal at the time show something of what this loss meant to him. Although parted for the greater portion of their lives by thousands of miles, they never lost touch with one another, nor were they divided in sympathy for a single day. Probably no two brothers have ever loved and admired each other

more—each in his own sphere of life, and often differing in opinions. It was a great happiness to my father and mother that he had been their guest during most of the summer of 1887, before he left England as Minister Resident at Montevideo.

From Cardinal Newman

The Oratory, Birmingham : October 16, 1888.

My dear Mr. Palgrave,—I have seen a notice in the papers of a loss which I feel must try you much, and which throws me back on old Oxford days with sad and affectionate remembrances.

I think I did not know you or your brother personally, but you were introduced to my thoughts by my acquaintance with your dear father, who was a kind critic of my first essays in writing, as you have been in more recent years yourself.

Excuse these lines by the hand of another, which is my only way of writing.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

The 'Treasury of Sacred Song' was published in the October of 1889. This book largely owes its existence to a desire on the part of the authorities of the Clarendon Press, and to Professor Jowett's often expressed wish, that my father should compile such a Treasury while so closely connected with the University of Oxford. Four days after its publication (by the Clarendon Press) the first edition, consisting of 585 large-paper copies, was sold out. The nature of the book ensured a wide popularity, and many have felt that the biographical and

explanatory notes are written with an especial delicacy and lucidity of expression. The selection is gathered from the English poetry of four centuries, some living writers being included. Much prominence is given to the verse of Henry Vaughan—a poet whom my father held in high estimation, and whose work he deemed unfamiliar to too many. To the objection sometimes raised that he had admitted too much Newman or too much Keble, he would have answered, as in the words of his Preface: ‘To offer poetry for poetry’s sake’ was his first aim and leading principle, thereby necessitating the admission of a great proportion of the work of poets whose standard of excellence in sacred verse is so uniformly high as that of Newman and Keble. One of my father’s own chief favourites in the collection was Miss A. L. Waring’s ‘Cry of the Lost Answered.’

From Canon Wilton

Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton :
November 21, 1889.

My dear Sir,—I do not know how adequately to thank you for your kindness in giving me a copy of your ‘Treasury of Sacred Song.’ That precious book has brought into my quiet retired life a happiness such as I have seldom experienced. I have gone through it already with the utmost delight; the poems in a cursory manner, and the notes with more deliberate enjoyment; all, of course, to be returned upon again and again. As my son Cecil says—he had got the book in London: ‘I cannot tell you what a pleasure and pride Palgrave is to me. It seems to be an introduction for me to the beautiful sacred

poetry of all England. Palgrave is so classical and pure in his taste ; one can lean on it with perfect faith, and his wonderful notes are like a bit of sculpture in their refined perfection.' . . .

But what hours of purest enjoyment are before me in the study of your lovely book, which it is a pleasure to look at with my eyes and handle with my hands. . . . Again thanking you for your gift of lifelong preciousness,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD WILTON.

From Edward Benson (late Archbishop of Canterbury)

Addington Park, Croydon : December 16, 1889.

My dear Mr. Palgrave,—You honoured me very much and gave me great delight by sending me 'from the editor' the volume of the 'Treasury.'

You give it me, I know, as the seal of a favour which I made bold to ask long ago. It lives with us still, for the favourite hymn of my wife and children, which we sing constantly in our chapel—and which has helped many a stranger—is 'O Thou not Made with Hands' ; and I trust that I have left it for ever for the Wellington College boys.

This is, indeed, a most beautiful book. It is a happiness to think what numbers of people are the better and happier for it in these few weeks.

May I venture to say what a strength to English judgment, and what a refinement to English taste, your Preface must be ? . . .

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD CANTUAR.

To Canon Wilton

15 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park : January 12, 1889.

My dear Sir,—I have delayed thanking you heartily for your beautiful present¹ till I had gone through the volumes for a first time. . . . It was a great pleasure to me to read through your volumes. Often the 'Sonnets' remind me of C. Tennyson Turner. . . . Him I had little opportunities of knowing ; but his poems have been a permanent source of delight. . . . I had marked several pieces of yours as striking me in particular ; but in truth your work is so even and complete in finish that it is difficult to select this or that. . . . The one point on which I venture to confess a difference in point of taste is the use of the French forms recently popular in a little circle. Probably they suit French poetry—always more eminent for cleverness and neatness than depth of sentiment, or a music denied to the language. But in our more favoured English the idea of *cleverness* almost always (to me) becomes the dominant note—and then, *addio maraviglia!*

'The Sonnet,' consecrated from the first in Italy to strong but delicate passion, seems to me the only elaborate metrical form which really suits our genius ; and even in this, the use of only four-rhyme endings often brings about a little sacrifice of sense to sound.

With renewed thanks,

Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

F. T. P.'s Journal

May 1888, *Lyme*.—Came here after two days in London, where I saw the ever charming and sweet-natured Ponsonby. . . . My eyes are now returning to the

¹ *Wood-Notes and Church Bells*, &c., by R. Wilton.

scale of this landscape, so attractive, but so strangely unlike Italy. . . . With my dear Frank to Montacute, which is perhaps the most untouched and perfect Elizabethan house I ever saw. Inside, the whole ancient appearance remains even to doors and locks.

June 1888, London.—We went to see May Lacaita on the 7th, who reported Uncle Frank¹ less well. The very next morning he was called away rather suddenly, but without loss of mind. In him Cis and I lose an old memory—a memory of kindness. His gifts were so great and varied, one almost fancies greater than his use of them, and he gave this same impression from his Eton days, as the letters of Arthur Hallam, Mr. Gladstone, and my father-in-law seem to me to show. He leaves some lyrics which will, I think, live long. . . . We are seeing many friends, most often C. H. A., and just now the Balzanis. The Count is a singularly gifted man, and we greatly like them both; they are charming-natured people. . . . I was much interested at a *matinée* we went to in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Miss Lottie Venne was excessively amusing in a scene from 'The Arabian Nights.' Miss Rehan was excellent, and, to my mind, quite in her element, in the 'Taming of the Shrew'—that little more than a Shakespearean farce. But very *good* acting gave way to a perfectness beyond art when Ellen Terry gave us a too short scene from Wills' 'Charles I.' Even in the miserably poor and prosaic lines she had to speak, one felt her genius, as one always did with Jenny Lind, in *becoming* the part, not acting it. I hope she may be to our children what Jenny Lind was to us and our generation. . . .

August 1888.—With Cis and Gwenny to Castle Howard for a few days. We drove with George [Lord Carlisle] to Rivaulx. The beauty of the situation and of the architecture as admirable as I expected, and the view of

¹ Sir F. H. Doyle, Bart.

the valley from the upper terrace very fine. . . . We are filled with admiration at Mrs. Howard's energy in helping the poor. . . . The two elder girls remain charming to a degree hardly known. . . . Came on to Edinburgh, which I place below no city, known to me, in general picturesqueness. . . . The town of St. Andrews is much richer in fragmentary antiquity than I recollected. . . . We have had a pleasant visit to Sir John and Lady Clark at Tillypronie, which is in interesting scenery, with a vast mountain horizon. On our return visited Bishop Lightfoot at Castle Auckland. A great man is the greatest and most absorbing of all spectacles, and he was fascinating, while his ability is quite staggering.

September 1888, Lyme.—It is a lovely autumn. We have had a few guests here, but I have had many pleasant rambles with Cis and the children. . . . I have rowed Annora and Margaret a bit, and in honour of my dear little M.'s birthday I took her an immense ride to Mapperton and Melplash in the midst of wildest Dorset country. . . .

October 1888, Lyme.—I little thought when writing above what woe was hanging over me ; that I should see the telegram in the daily paper from Montevideo announcing the death of my very dear, dear Gifford on September 30. . . . It is a most specially irreparable loss to me ; from him I had very rarely been parted through childhood and youth till he left for Indian service in 1847 ; to whom I looked up, and whose love for me henceforward through all the changes of his chanceful life never slackened. I saw him next at Rome in 1854 at the Collegio Romano—a strange, but delightful meeting. Then when he appeared suddenly in his Syrian robes as priest at our house in Hampstead. . . . Whatever opinions holding, my full conviction is that in all spheres and offices he did his duty to his very best and manliest. May I be as ready ! As worthy or near it anywhere I cannot be. How much of

one's whole life is gone ; so much too, that I had hoped for fully, from his loving and sympathetic society. No one, I think, shared or understood oneself so much ; no one would have better enjoyed, with his vivid intelligence and fine taste, rest after labour, had it been granted him on earth. . . .

November 1, 1888.—A message from Hallam [Tennyson] telling me his father was better and would like to see me brings me to Aldworth. A. T. received me with all his wonted kindness, and presently his voice grew firm and strong, his conversation was full of life as ever. He emphatically repeated to me his constant estimate of Wordsworth as the greatest of our poets in this century. He gave me to read a very lovely and skilful poem on Gifford as Ulysses. . . .

February 7, 1889.—With Cis to Oxford for my lecture. Stayed at Exeter with the Jacksons. . . . Saw Jowett, who is grown deaf, but was very bright and amusing. . . .

July 1889.—To Aldworth, where I found A. T. in full vigour of mind and able to walk a mile. The Duke of Argyll is also here, and there has been much interesting talk ; as good conversation, perhaps, as I ever heard for variety, real interest of subjects, and well put remarks. I showed them Mr. Romanes's poems, and they were both greatly struck with their ability. . . . Amusing talk also last Sunday at Leighton's, where we found Browning. . . . We have paid a second visit to 'Macbeth.' Irving's rendering generally first-rate, and Miss Terry, considering her native range, far more powerful than one anticipated, rising to grandeur in the banquet scene. The play struck me as too *morcelé*. . . . The witches I doubt impracticable in our age. . . . The very fine scenery seemed to render the *diablerie* and stage asides more incredible, by the contrast of realism and calls on the imagination. The Malcolm-Macduff dialogue on the whole very good. . . .

Came to Lyme, which is looking very rich, green, and

ameno. . . . At Rousdon, on September 13, Miss Murray sang the old ballad on the Queen's Maries with as perfect pathos as anything I ever heard; it was that kind of absolute style which one does not meet ten times in one's life. . . . Old Lady Phillimore is here with her two very interesting daughters—I had not seen her for many a long year—also one or two of Frank's college friends. . . . On October 1 early with Cis to the Catholic Chapel, to a Requiem Mass for dear, dear Gifford, which we had arranged, as I knew not if anyone in Montevideo or here had thought of it. . . . To see Joseph¹ at Ascot. His garden is beautiful and laid out with his own peculiar skill. . . . To-day (December 12) I learnt that Browning was ill at Venice. . . . Even as I wrote above this friend was taken. I met him first at Hallam Tennyson's christening at Twickenham, but my real knowledge began somewhere about 1861. For many years after our marriage he came often to us on Sunday afternoons, and very pleasant visits they were; but neither then nor afterwards was his conversation in any apparent near relation to his work or thought as poet; nor, despite his love for music, could we ever get him to touch a note. Latterly he now and then dined with us. At his last house I had some long talks with him, when he spoke enthusiastically, and much, of his wife; and one day read over passages to me from *Troilus and Cressida* on love, with much warmth. It was in such good health that I saw him and bade farewell in July last that no fear was on me that I should never look again on a face which had never looked on me or mine other than with warm friendship for a quarter of a century.² . . .

January 2, 1890.—A pleasant long talk with Henry

¹ Sir J. Hooker.

² In a letter written to Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in 1887, my father says: 'Browning reminds me of Mr. Hallam—in his present years he has reached so much greater sweetness of judgment. I value his friendship very highly, and I think he cares for me.'

James, who was very bright and interesting. On the 4th with Gwenny to Twickenham to stay with Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. Found G. Brodrick and Lord Arthur Russell's son and daughter. . . . Visited the Casa Tennyson [Chapel House], where I really made my friendship with them in 1851. Returned to find my dearest one laid up with influenza. . . . On her recovery I took her and Margaret to Old Hastings; the brightness of the place and the picturesque climbing streets pleased us much. I went with M. to Rye and Winchelsea, those Tuscan-like cities, so full of curious relics. . . . The Winchelsea Church has some of the very best monuments (*circ.* Ed. II. and III.) I know in England. . . . Looked at the early substructions or cellars. The town with its wide regular streets and the house-space, now mostly filled by gardens, was very singular. . . . Also to Pevensey—the finest Roman work remaining in England, recalling the walls of Rome.

February 27, 1890.—With dearest Cis to Oxford. Saw Jowett and Lyttelton Gell, and were received by the Rector of Exeter with his usual friendliness.

CHAPTER VII

LAST YEARS, 1890—1897

My father's journal now breaks off with a pathetic abruptness; the last entry (February 27, 1890) being exactly a month before my mother's death. From that time he altogether discontinued keeping a Journal. It is impossible to write of the effect which so near and sacred a sorrow had upon him. Such was the depth and the intensity of his feeling and reverence towards her, that even in her lifetime he only spoke of her—or of her opinions and judgment—with a kind of bated breath, as though she were too far above him to be mentioned in an ordinary way. During the remaining years of his life, few days passed without his recalling to his children some memory of her unselfishness, her humility, or her beautiful simplicity. For the first few months after her death this sorrow absolutely crushed him, and his friends, seeing him, feared that he would never recover any interest or happiness in life. But his own perfect *selflessness*—for with him it was always something more than *unselfishness*—enabled him to gather up the threads of life again for the sake of his children with a courage and loving tenderness which were inexpressibly touching. Many observed that his devotion to his

children, strong and intense as it had always been, grew as these years passed, not only deeper, but also in many senses like that of a mother's. He never conceived a plan, nor undertook anything, even for his own comfort or pleasure, without first thinking whether it would be for their happiness.

There is no exaggeration of expression in the poems which he wrote a year later, and from which some stanzas are here quoted. They are simply the outpouring of his heart, put into verse—a relief which is the natural outcome of a poetical nature.

DILECTISSIMÆ.

O Love, whose every thought towards me was love,
 Thy heart in mine beating through joy and woe,
 Star sent from Heaven to still life's storm and stress,
 Steering the boat now rudderless :
 How should'st thou quit me so,
 From thy dear presence parted,
 Brokenhearted ?

Star that its earthly course from Heaven to Heaven
 Track'd in thy transit equable and sure :
 All wisdom in thy sweet simplicity,
 The young child's heart that ruled in thee
 From thought of self secure :—
 E'en 'mid the heavenly quire
 My heart's desire.

O Child of God, my counsellor, strength, and stay !
 Yet very woman in gay gentleness ;
 Wife, mother, child, at once, I saw thee move ;
 Sweet alternation of one love ;
 With gracious grave caress
 Holding me by thy spell
 Irresistible.

—Loved, honour'd past all words, thy prayers I pray,
 My Saint, my own ! prayers ne'er unheard, for grace
 To endure life's merited sin-avenging pain. . . .

I shun the seat whence oft we watch'd
 The sunset rose the sky :
 All Nature's charm before me flits
 As o'er a dead man's eye.

In each fair spot a memory hid
 The heart with torture sears :
 The hill by those dear eyes last seen
 I see through blinding tears.

Ah ! sweet spring days by lamb-starr'd lea,
 Fresh feathery grove, and glen ;
 All earth with three-fold beauty blest,—
 For thou with me wert then !

Now o'er the lightsome skies a pall
 Of rayless gray has come,
 For with her going hence is gone
 The sunshine of the home.

I dread the door where those soft steps
 Have pass'd, and pass'd away :
 The bedside where my Saint in Heaven
 Bow'd low for Heaven to pray.

—O fond faint eyes that turn'd to me
 In that last, bitterest woe !
 O Love, Love, Love, my Love, my own,
 How could'st thou leave me so ?

Still o'er the lawn the star-eyed sky
 Lets fall her silver tears :
 The rose that knew thy tending hand,
 Her heedless beauty rears :—

They reckon not, they, that thou art gone,
Nor how earth's minutes run
While thy dear face withdrawing fades
As mist in morning sun.

Still to my side by night, by day,
The mortal arrow clings :
The fair fresh breeze of dawn may waft
No comfort on her wings :

The soft security of sleep,
The blessings of the night,
These sorrow-streaming eyes in vain,
In vain to rest invite.

The letters of sympathy which he received not only show how greatly their friends were struck with the perfectness of the home, and of her who made it what it was, but they also tell how very dear my father was to them, and with what warm affection they regarded him. For this reason the few following are inserted.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone

Little Park, Lyme Regis : April 1890.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—I am truly grateful for the kind words which you and others have sent to me. But comfort, as you will know, if it ever comes, must come from elsewhere.

You and Mrs. Gladstone, who knew my dearest one from childhood, will have known the absolute love, the absolute unselfishness, of her nature. But no one can know as I have known how gifted she was with that wisdom which flows from perfect love and sincerity. She has been from our marriage-day my guide and counsellor

also : I do not think that in anything, great or small, I ever acted against her judgment. What I lose thus, her dear children, who were wholly trained by her, lose as much. Remember them in your prayers. Meanwhile they all are doing their very utmost to repay to me the love and consideration they received from her.

Let me thank you again most sincerely for your kindness, and believe me ever very truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury

Fulham Palace : March 28, 1890.

My dear, dear Frank,—I cannot express how I grieve for your great loss. She was so gracious, so true, so simple-minded, so unselfish. It is a terrible loss. May God comfort you.

Your most affectionate friend,

F. LONDIN.

From the late Lord Northbourne

Folkestone : March 31, 1890.

My dear Friend,—I was very much shocked and grieved to hear from Godley yesterday that you had had the misfortune to lose your most excellent wife. We have known each other now for some years, and, from what I have seen of your home, your relations of a domestic kind always seemed to me so happy—if I may so say, so pure and unselfish—that it was easy for all to see from what a pure fountain all that goodness sprang.

We have indeed been this year fellow-sufferers, and ought on that account to be able better to sympathise with each other. . . . My main comfort now, as I think yours must be, will be in the society of my dear children. . . . I

am *sure* from what I saw of yours you will have a like blessing. . . .

Yours warmly,
NORTHBOURNE.

From the Countess of Carlisle

Naworth Castle, Cumberland : April 21, 1890.

My dear Friend,—I am deeply troubled at your great loss. All these long weeks we have been wholly ignorant of your sorrow. To-day the sermon¹ reached me, directed in your handwriting, and only at the end I saw her dear name and the words ‘lived and died in the faith of Christ.’ Still I could not believe it, but we have telegraphed to London to know, and the answer came back : ‘Yes, it is his wife.’ I am so sad for you, so very, very sad. There never was such a marriage—such tender love, such perfect companionship, all sundered and lost. And the children, left without her great warm beautiful love! Oh! the sorrow when a real deep union like this is shattered; how you and they will fret and grieve! . . . You have such a heart that even the anxiety of friends grieves you, and now the blow has fallen on you in such a way that I scarcely know how you will bear it. Yet blessed above most marriages has yours been, a true heavenly marriage, and it has made all life holy to you. If it is over, at least it has been *perfect*.

My affection and my tenderest, warmest feelings are with you and your dear children. Your home of sorrow haunts me, and I am so *very* sorry.

Yours always,
ROSALIND CARLISLE.

¹ A memorial sermon preached in Christ Church, Albany Street, by the Rev. J. W. Festing, Vicar (now Bishop of St. Albans), a much valued friend of my parents.

He spent the greater part of the summer of 1890 at Lyme, except for a fortnight in the English Lakes, when to a certain extent he enjoyed some long walks with his brother Reginald, and with his children. The ascent of Helvellyn and the expedition over Grisedale, from Ulleswater to Grasmere, was one of the last long walks he ever took, for in the spring of 1891 a sudden access of rheumatic arthritis in the hip-joint lamed him for the rest of his life. Up to this time he had always had perfect health, and had scarcely known what pain meant. Now the suffering and sorrow he had undergone in the past year resulted in his being seldom afterwards free from bodily pain. He bore it so bravely that I believe few realised the frequent extreme acuteness of the suffering. True to his forgetfulness of self, he concealed it as far as possible, and often did not let those who loved him know of the agony which he underwent in his constantly broken nights. Perhaps it was most perceptible in the increasing sympathy he showed with any suffering, in whatever state of life, and in the enthusiastic manner with which he admired the power of endurance in others.

Walking had always been a great enjoyment to him, and enforced inactivity was very hard for one so naturally active and energetic. This impelled him to study for even longer hours than had been his custom hitherto, and as time went on he took up new subjects for reading with much of his old freshness and keen interest, such as physiology, metaphysics, and astronomy. He would say: 'Had I been younger, or if I knew more about it,

astronomy would be a more engrossing study to me than any other.' His knowledge of the stars was by no means superficial. Like every subject he studied, he brought his usual thoroughness to bear upon it, and attained to a certain mastery over it. A friend who had made astronomy an especial study once said of my father: 'It is marvellous that at his age he should have acquired so great a knowledge of the subject; he knows more about it than I do, in many ways.'¹

He did not forego his usual yearly visit to the Tennysons, although of the effort he made in spending two days at Aldworth in 1890 he afterwards wrote: 'I could not have come, but for the thought not only of the years during which the affection rendered me by Tennyson and his devoted wife had never slackened, but of the years, also, now gathering over them.' In November 1891 he visited Farringford for the first time since he had taken his bride there, immediately after their marriage, nearly thirty years before. Again in May 1892 he was at Farringford, enjoying the companionship of him whom he honoured above all other friends, and from whom he was so soon to be parted. It was not, however, their last meeting;

¹ In a letter to my father, the Duke of Argyll writes: 'Many thanks for your very kind letter about my Book. I am much pleased that you regard it so favourably, for though you don't call yourself a man of science, you are enough of a philosopher to form a sound judgment on the *bearing* of any argument on the greater questions which lie behind and beyond all the natural sciences. There are some things in your letter which I wish to read over and consider more carefully than I can do at this moment, having some heavy work on hand just at present.'

for in the following July he, with his daughters, spent a long and delightful day at Aldworth. This day my father has described in his personal recollections of Tennyson,¹ and also how he felt no added pang of parting from any foreboding that this sight of him would be the last. But the grief and shock of his death was to follow early in October. In a letter to a friend a few months afterwards, he says: 'Yes, I feel A. T.'s loss more than I thought I now could feel anything of the kind. But an unvarying friendship from him since 1849, and the many visits and journeys with him, have rendered his death a sort of chasm through my life.'

Literary occupation was a help and a comfort to him, and in 1891 he revised and enlarged the 'Golden Treasury.' Since the publication of the first edition, many rare early English poems had been reprinted by Dr. Grosart, Mr. Bullen, and others, and these aided him greatly in the task of enlarging the first book of the Treasury. 'Amenophis and other Poems' was the title given to the little book of original verse which he published a year later. The title-poem, written many years before, is by far the longest, and is based upon the Egyptian, Greek, and Jewish ideas of the existence of God before such ideas had been 'consciously analysed,' the framework of the story having been principally taken from an Egyptian version of the Exodus. Some of the other poems, both sacred and secular, had appeared before in 'Lyrical Poems,'

¹ Given in the *Memoir of Lord Tennyson* by his son.

and in his collection of hymns; others had hitherto been unpublished, or only dispersedly, in magazines.

From the Duke of Argyll

Inveraray : Nov. 27, 1892.

My dear Professor Palgrave,—Many thanks for having sent to me your volume of poems, which I have been reading with much pleasure. But I can't quite forgive you for having altered the last verse of your lines—'Go, Lord, we follow Thee.' I have so often read it to others, who have all admired it, that I don't like the change. I am glad to see that in your lines to Dean Hook you have taken the sonnet limit of fourteen lines, but have not followed the sonnet structure. I like the combination. There is something in the limit, and in 'the idea' within that limit, which is pleasing to my ear.

One feels now, already, how great Tennyson was—nobody to come within a thousand miles of him!

Yours very sincerely,

ARGYLL.

Of the sacred poems in 'Amenophis,' 'Virgini Deiparae' was perhaps the most appreciated, and was afterwards included in Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Carmina Mariana,' in the formation of which book my father was much interested. 'The Lost Eurydice' and 'A Summer Sunset in South-Western Dorset' are quoted below in full.

To Mr. Orby Shipley

15 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. : May 25 [1893].

Dear Mr. Shipley,—I have delayed thanking you for your kind gift of 'Carmina Mariana' from yourself until I had gone through it.

You may remember that I feared the book would be too scrappy, too loaded with translations, too much like a 'Lexicon Marianum.' It is, therefore, a real pleasure to me to find these fears not realised, and that although *edification* has been your primary aim, yet that a good standard in poetical merit (and hence, in power of holding the reader) has generally been reached. In short—if I may, without the air of conceit, pronounce such an opinion—the book seems to me a real success; and such, I hope, it will prove with many readers. . . . On page 115, stanza iii. line 8, I feel pretty sure that *desert* has been printed by error for *demur*: a less usual word, but one which makes equal sense and rhymes with *her*. The conjecture that *desert* was pronounced *deser* seems to me baseless. In fact, at that time *desert* is regularly rhymed to *heart*, and preserved the old *e-a* which survives in *Derby*, but is gradually dying. . . .

Of course in such a book there must be a considerable uniformity of thought and imagery: it is hence but read, like a set of sonnets, discontinuously. But I find many pieces new to me of much grace and depth of feeling or thought. I have not kept a list, but I may name Sir J. C. Barrow's 'Birth and Passing of Mary,' Dunbar's 'Ballads of Our Lady,' and Egan's 'Mary's Woe' is very striking. Also Father Bridgett's work is very successful. . . . Father Russell's rendering from Dante I also like, and his thought from Cardinal Newman. I wonder you have nothing from himself. . . . Verstegan's lovely hymn in one way interests me most. I lately found the first *four* stanzas only, given as a whole poem, and anonymous, in a reprint of a music-book of 1620, and reprinted them with delight in the 'Golden Treasury'. . . . I am very sorry I did not know of the whole poem when making my 'Sacred Anthology' in 1889. . . . I feel proud to have been allowed to aid even so little in such a valuable addition to our Anthologies.

Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE LOST 'EURYDICE'¹

March 24, 1878.

'Lady,² she is round the Needles : now Saint Catherine's
Cape they sight :
Now her head is set north-eastward ; 'fore the beam the
Foreland light.

'Look, we see the light from Southsea,'—and beyond the
fancy goes,
Where e'en now the fated keel is gliding under dark
Dunnose :

Swanlike gliding, as some cloud that, dark below, the
storm-wind's hue,
Towers into silver summits, sailing o'er the tranquil blue.

O the change !—and in one hour !—when, swanlike, on the
harbour's breast,
Plumage furl'd and voyage over, safe the gallant ship will
rest !

—All the movement of the heaven spread beneath her eyes
in vain,
At a window watch'd the Lady, gazing o'er the sunlit
main ;

Thinking, from the Foreland light-ship they perchance
e'en now might see,
See the noble ship,—My Ship !—for brings she not my
boy to me ?

Drifted from the waves the splendour ; from the sky died
out the blue :
Yet the Lady saw not ; deep beyond herself her sight
withdrew.

¹ *Amenophis and other Poems* : Macmillan, 1892.

² The mother of a young officer, seen at the helm when the frigate capsized, was waiting his return at Southsea.

Sunshine glow'd within her bosom ; happy music in her
ears ;

Love in glory painting all the beauty of his youthful years.

Heart 'twixt brave and tender balanced ; manly child, and
childlike youth :

Bright as heaven, as ocean open ; true to true love, true to
truth.

' Fit for earth, and fit for heav'n,' she thinks, ' whate'er his
destined lot ' ;

—He is there already, Mother ! Mother !—and thou
know'st it not !

Thunderbolts of icy storm-wind in its panting bosom piled,
Sudden, towering angry-black, a cloudy wall climbs wide
and wild.

Like a squadron at the signal, forth the mad tornado flies,
Robed in blinding folds of snow, together mixing seas and
skies.

—From the window turn, Lady ! toward the light-ship
look no more ;

Happy that thou canst not see the darkening headland,
surf-white shore.

Thirty minutes since they watch'd her :—stately vision
jocund crew :—

All beyond from outward witness hidden, lost to mortal
view.

Voice was none, nor cry of terror ;—as when snowdrifts
whelm the dell,

Smitten, slain, at once, and buried, where the mad tornado
fell.

Right upon her side she slipp'd, then turn'd and went
within the main :

Only at her helm, the last, the gallant boy was seen ;—in
vain !

—Weep not for thy children, England! though the wild
waves hold their prey :—

England owns a thousand thousand, loyal to the death as
they.

Ah! the sun once more, uncaring, glitters o'er the hapless
dead,

Golden shafts through twilight emerald piercing to their
oozy bed.

There, ring'd round with foam-fleck'd waters, flapping
sails and shatter'd poles

Lift themselves, a desolate beacon, o'er three hundred
English souls.

There the sun may blaze, uncaring, there the ripples kiss
and play,

Chalk-bright cliffs and grassy headland smiling to the
smiling bay.

But within the Lady's soul the music and the glow are
gone ;—

This alone is left to cheer thee, Mother! Mother!—this
alone :

Though the heart's desire on earth thy longing eyes ne'er
meet again,

True to God and England, at the helm, thou seest him ;—
not in vain !

A SUMMER SUNSET IN SOUTH-WESTERN DORSET ¹

This hour is given to peace :—

The downward-slanting sunbeams graze the vale
Where Even breathes her stealthy gathering gray ;

And o'er white stubble-plots, the sheaves
Like walls of gold put forth their ripe array.

¹ *Amenophis and other Poems* : Macmillan, 1892.

Upon the green slope sward
 The hedgerow elms lie pencill'd by the sun
 In greener greenness : and, athwart the sky,
 Dotted like airy dust, the rooks
 Oar them homeward with a distant cry.

And the whole vale beneath,
 To Castle Lammas' violet-bosom'd height,
 With all its wealth outspread of harvest hopes,
 Half green, half russet gold, runs up
 As a fair tapestry shaken o'er the slopes.

It is an utter calm !
 The topmost ash-tree sprays have ceased to wave ;
 The cushat checks her sweet redoubled moan ;
 And e'en the gray-wall'd cottages
 Sleep 'mid their crofts like things of Nature's own.

I hear the shepherd's call ;
 The white specks gather to the crowding fold,
 Their lowly palace of unvex'd repose :
 While o'er the chambers of the sun
 Float filmy fleeces of empurpled rose.

And now the silent moon
 Lifts her pale shield above a glassy sea,
 And from the highest cloud the sunbeams cease :
 And, tranced in Nature's holy hour,
 The time-sick heart renews its ancient peace.

— Then in the soul we know
 The presence of our dear ones : Love binds up
 The sore of life, and pours himself in balm :
 While e'en the memories of the dead
 Glide painless through the breast in star-like calm.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone

15 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park : July 15, 1891.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,—Very many thanks for the present of your book.¹ I shall hope to read it soon in the quiet of the country : but I am sure that it contains much useful warning against Teutonic speculation—which, year by year, I regard with increasing scepticism. As a rule, may one not say that the German hews wood and draws water with the most unwearied and disinterested diligence, but cannot build the house ?

However one may try to disguise it, life, as years go by, is a journey among ruins. I have just seen Lady E. Cavendish and Mrs. Church. . . . Mrs. Church gave me the news which you will welcome—that she means to publish a number of the Dean's sermons, as I understood, from those he preached whilst parish priest in Wiltshire. These may not be of such intellectual character as the two or three small series which he printed whilst at St. Paul's : but I think we may expect from them what is worthy to stand next and nearest to Newman's at St. Mary's.

With renewed thanks,

Ever very truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

My father looked forward with considerable interest to the production of 'Becket' at the Lyceum ; he had always regarded it as the most Shakespearian and the most poetical of Tennyson's plays, the one, analogous to the old Greek drama in that the four protagonists are brought constantly before the audience, and that the 'crisis of the tragedy' is introduced 'in a scene of first-rate

¹ *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.*

comedy.' He, however, had scarcely expected to receive such an impression as the acting of the play made on him when he first saw it in February 1893. To him, the difference between seeing great plays and only reading them was enormous: he used to say that even a mediocre performance taught him far more, and gave him as a rule greater insight into the beauty of the language than a mere reading at home could do; and in this case the perfect acting of the prominent characters, united to the exquisite beauty and powerfulness of the play, made it one of the most interesting pieces he had ever witnessed. At each successive visit to 'Becket' he felt that this was Irving's highest piece of acting, and always noticed the tenderness and pathos with which he spoke the lines—lines which my father thought inexpressibly touching—on the 'wild-fowl sitting on her nest.'¹ Almost simultaneously he saw 'King Lear'; but he remarked that even this—perhaps the most powerful of Shakespeare's tragedies—did not lessen the impression which 'Becket' had produced on him. When, some time later, he saw 'A Story of Waterloo,' he remarked of Sir Henry Irving's 'Corporal Brewster': 'This is not acting—it is becoming the man: it is a

¹ 'I once was out with Henry in the days
 When Henry loved me, and we came upon
 A wild-fowl sitting on her nest, so still
 I reach'd my hand and touch'd; she did not stir;
 The snow had frozen round her, and she sat
 Stone-dead upon a heap of ice-cold eggs.
 Look! how this love, this mother, runs thro' all
 The world God made—even the beast—the bird.'

Becket, act v. sc. 2.

masterpiece. How can anyone—even the greatest anti-Irvingite—say he is always Irving?' My father held that acting was the most difficult of all the fine arts, and this feeling grew upon him. When seeing 'Cymbeline' in 1896, he was greatly struck with the acting of the two British lords in the opening of the play, saying, 'one could never even conceive interpreting the lines as these two comparatively obscure actors do bringing out the meaning and giving so much life to them.' Of Miss Ellen Terry's 'Imogen' he observed: 'One must recognise it as her greatest impersonation, for she is at her best in the most difficult, in Shakespeare's perhaps most perfect heroine.' The rapid changes from joy to sorrow which form so 'beautiful and yet so enormously difficult a feature of the part,' he thought, were rendered by her with the 'most exquisite beauty and skill.' He took much interest in the drama; though his own play-going was almost entirely confined to one theatre, his admiration of the Lyceum acting leading him again and again, not only to the same theatre, but frequently to the same play.

My father's visits to Oxford in 1893 and 1894 were saddened by the illness and death of Mr. Romanes. He also felt much the loss of his cousin, Lady Eastlake, in 1893. The deaths of two old friends—Mr. Thomas Woolner and Professor Jowett—were other sorrows: but though the losses of friends in these later years were deeply felt by him, one might say, as the old Highland widow said of her husband, when her children died: 'He

made a great hole, and the others just slippit through, afterwards.' For him, after the crowning sorrow of 1890, his life's horizon was so completely changed that other troubles, not diminished in themselves, seemed to take a more natural place.

To Mr. Eastlake-Smith

Little Park, Lyme Regis : Oct. 12, 1893.

Dear Mr. Eastlake-Smith,—Many thanks for your kind letter, with its full account of your dear aunt's last days. I feel very glad that, just before I left London in July, I saw her in fair health, as it seemed, and good spirits ; and, as always, equally kind and bright. In her I lose a friend, older than she can have been to you, as my mother was always on close terms of affection with her, and I hence remember her from boyhood. She had done a good life's work, and was well prepared for the end. . . .

I always felt no doubt that she would remember the National Gallery, but I wish she had included two or three of Sir Charles's exquisite and little known Landscapes in her bequest. But they and the rest are left in hands which will know how to value her many treasures of art. . . . Thanking you again for a letter written in the midst of work,

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To prevent an increase of his lameness my father spent a few weeks every year in taking baths ; at first, at Bath and Buxton ; afterwards he found that he derived more benefit from the waters of Droitwich. He preferred, too, the smallness of this place and its easier access to the country. Hotel life was distasteful to him, but at Droitwich he always gave

in to entreaties that he would sit for a short space of time in the public drawing-room after dinner. The chief pleasure to him in such life was showing kindness to the servants who waited on him; they all appreciated his goodness to them, and the practical interest he showed in their homes and families, helping to educate and often to start in life younger sisters and brothers, and never losing sight of them afterwards. It was not uncommon for him to receive such letters as the following :

Sept. 1897.

I recived your most kind letter, & also the present quite safe, and i must thank you most kindly for it. and dear Sir i have gone to live near Birmingham. i rote & told Fanny that i had a letter from you, & she wishes to be rembered to you, & hopes she shall have the pleasure of seeing you when you goes to Droitwich again. Dear Sir, you must excuse such bad writing, but i thought i would like to rite a letter to you my self as i often think of your kindness to me & we miss you very much when we go to your room in a morning, & you can't think how we miss you. We often talk about you, and wish you were back again. We must hope for next year to come very soon for you to come back again. We shall be longing for the time to come. . . .

To his Daughter

St. Anne's Hotel, Buxton : Aug. 1894.

. . . Dear Frank's absence has been partly supplied to me—by whom do you imagine? Your old friend, the Right Honble. Sir George ! [Bowen]. I sit at *tavola rotonda* by the great man, who turns out not only really warm in friendship, but also full of amusing tales and adventures,

as well as (what you know) a real love of classical literature . . . and he is essentially modest in self-estimate ; . . . so that you may fancy how tongues wag : and, *mi creda!* mine not the most—or best, perhaps. Miss Lascelles is also here, and full of talk ; they and —— (who is a humorous middle-aged kitten) are my only friends discoverable in a list of visitors as long and dull as a dictionary. O ! the weariness of it ! . . . You would like the constant supply of music in a great glass palace in the Public Gardens close by ; a little interest in music I find returning, and so I cultivate it, but there is now no play in view that I care for. The best we have seen was Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which made us both laugh fearfully, the chief character was so irresistibly comic and clever. 'Charley's Aunt,' which we have also seen, is rubbish, but full of very droll things : the contrast between its amusing cheap jokes and the fine comedy of Goldsmith was most remarkable. One horrid trick some people have at the concerts here of beating time, as they fancy, audibly ; and they always do it wrong, invariably taking any clearly accented note as the beginning of a bar. When a woman sins thus, I observe she is always plain. . . .

To his Daughter

15 Chester Terrace : Jan. 1894.

Margherita carissima,—Tante tante grazie anche a Lei per la sua lettera gentilissima. Mi rincresce di star quì, senza la Margherita. Tanto è difficile il parlar e 'l scriver la lingua Italiana che non mi sorprende il trovar qualche *erroretti* piccoli nella Sua lettera ! Ma si vede nulladimeno che Ella ha fatto un gran avanzo nella lingua.

Credo che 'l pranzo alla casa Ponsonby era piacevole a Annora. Siamo stati là alle undici e quarto.

Non c' era un buon pensiero di recarla oggi al

Teatro Daly? Avemmo letto ambedue la commedia dell' 'Epifania'¹ accuratamente: mi faceva paura che la parte poetica della commedia fosse quasi un *fiasco* nella bocca Americana, ma non era così. 'La Viola' era soddisfattoria e mi sembrava che la parte fu rappresentata con molto di grazia, benchè *her feet never left the boards!* . . .

Addio fino al domani sera, carissima mia.

To the same

Aldworth.

Dearest Chuck,— . . . It is very cold on this hillside, and my arm ached, and thus I am writing to *mia cara cara* in place of driving. The party here is only the Duke of Argyll and Lord Stanmore, who, as you know, is a much travelled man, and has been Governor of various colonies and has much to say. In fact, we talked incessantly from four to twelve A.M. (I know Gwenny will grin like a Cheshire cat at this, but indeed I did try not to say too much!) It was very good talk I heard; politics, books, Italy, &c., but of course I can remember nothing in particular.

The journey after Guildford was lovely—just that sort of perfect green country, with great hills thick with trees, that one does *not* get, even at Iseo. . . .

To his Son

Little Park, Lyme.

Dearest Frank,—I must thank you myself for your kind and welcome letter. I need not say how much I trust that your little expedition will have strengthened you for your present work, both bodily, and also by the supply of beautiful and pleasant recollections which it must have given you. Whether any power of enjoying such things

¹ *Twelfth Night* at Daly's Theatre · Miss Rehan as 'Viola.'

will ever be restored to me I know not ; meanwhile, it was a comfort as true as I can now hope for to have so faithful and loving a son as you proved yourself. You knew, I think, that I felt your presence such ; but it is easier to write it than to say it. . . . Thanks for Croker, who reached me safely. If he was not so *dialectic*, his tales might be good for a penny reading. Have you begun Edersheim ?

Jowett's death makes a great gap in my life, having known him just fifty years, and during that time received much kindness and good advice from him. He was also, in his way, a considerable light, although one that often flickered very notably. His zeal to help others to work was, in my eyes, his highest and noblest feature, as he would help pupils or friends with great unselfishness.

Ever your loving

PADRE.

After a lapse of six years my father visited Italy again in the spring of 1894. It was in many ways difficult for him to make up his mind to go, and he feared that his lameness would cause him to be a drag on his children. In spite of the fatigue of the actual travelling and the discomfort which his lameness gave him, he only made light of it, and was the same delightful and interested companion as he had always been ; planning everything for his children's enjoyment, and absolutely forgetful, as ever, of his own personal comfort and ease. He particularly enjoyed staying in the more unfrequented places : to him 'indifferent food' and 'very poor accommodation' were items in 'Murray' which made no impression on him, and he never complained of anything that might be provided, always

turning into amusement little things which are often annoyances to men of his age. The only places unfamiliar to him which he visited on this tour were Lovere, a picturesque little place on the Lake of Iseo, and Faido, a village on the Italian side of the St. Gothard Pass, where we halted on the way home. He loved to linger in Italy as long as he possibly could, dreading the return to his altered home. A little poem which he wrote during his last night at Faido is here inserted.

Addio, Italia

Faido, St. Gothard : April 24, 1894.

Farewell! Not as in years of yore
 I quit the lovely land,
 Where on sweet vine-clad vales the hills
 Gaze with august command :
 Where o'er green terraces on high
 Uprear'd 'gainst sunny slopes
 The white bell-towers lift up to heaven
 The sign of human hopes :
 Where snow eternal shines and sleeps
 O'er rock-walls fiercely grim ;
 While 'neath the pine-clad slope exhales
 Ticino's ceaseless hymn :
 Or where the Lombard ocean-plain
 Spreads its green endless maze,
 With dome and tower and farmstead rich,
 And names of Roman days :
 Or regal Venice thrones in pride,
 Saint Mark her diadem,
 Her streets with liquid azure paved,
 Earth's fairest rarest gem.

Yet how should I thy glories name,
From where the marble shrine
Greets them who own thee, from the North,
And more than half divine :

Where Florence fair upholds to heaven
Her Giotto's honour'd name,
From pearly dawn, midday's white fire,
To eve's red sea of flame :—

Or where the dome of domes expands
Its angel-vaulted vault,
On till the soft blue waves beneath
Amalfi's haven halt.

O Land, my childhood's dream, when Life
Her grave-glooms hid from me,
What shadow from the past now blots
Thy bright reality ?

The sudden thunder-cloud of Heaven
Down flash'd its fatal dart,
And pall-wise o'er earth's brightness roll'd
The midnight of the heart.

Ah ! now too late love owns the truth
The Tuscan exile sings,
Woe, worst of woes, when wretchedness
Remembers happy things.

Now this wide feast of beauty spread
Unseen while seen goes by,
As tree-tops wave, and flowers peep forth
Above the turf-tomb'd eye.

O Love, whose gracious skilful hands
Framed my sweet transient home ;
Who took this weary world of mine,
And made the desert bloom :

Heart of my heart, pure faithful Saint,
Now safe from earthly harm,
Wont once to greet my wandering steps,
Or be the journey's charm :

Methinks thou says't : ' I wait for thee ;
I am but gone before :
Why then should Art and Nature fail
To charm thee as of yore ? '

'Tis vain : the sun of love has fled,
And dawnless midnight falls ;
The glory gone from dome and tower
And old historic walls.

The rose of sunset from thy hills,
The sapphire from thy sea :—
—O charm uncharmed ! O fond regret
—Farewell, fair Italy !

To Dean Boyle

London : May 1894.

My dear Boyle,—Your kind interesting letter has too long lain unthanked for, but a journey of near seven weeks to Lombardy has intervened. . . . We went slowly, sleeping even at small places. . . . The main novelty to me was the little Lago d'Iseo between Garda and Brescia : a lake wherein the rocks everywhere come down sheer into the water—a Scotch loch, in short, with Italian vegetation, and a noble view of eternal snows at the north end. If you have been there you will pardon this itinerary. . . . I have had the dreadful task of looking through my correspondence (letters received) since I went to Oxford ; a true *via dolorosa* among the loved and lost. But Mr. Abbott asked me for aid towards the life of Jowett, and I felt it was the last little tribute of gratitude I could pay to the

Master. . . . He had not a few correspondents to whom he must have opened himself and written more at length than to me. . . . I have read most of Arthur Stanley's life. In several ways it disappoints me: not, as it were, through fault in the editors, but inevitably. . . . The career—mostly the external career—fills the book. . . . With fervour and unselfishness and strongest desire to do good, he is all through grasping at problems not even by him more than 'half graspable.' He has *les défauts de sa qualité*: so chivalrous, that he, perhaps open-eyed-ly, perpetually backs men he only half or not at all agreed with from pure charity. . . . Yet the intense magical charm of that exquisite nature to whom Charity was all in all, the unselfishness, the bravery, the many-sided interests, the boy's heart almost to the very end—these things, which were his real influence in making everyone love and admire the man, pierce through the atmosphere of the book. . . . Some of the verses are charming in feeling—perhaps rise to poetry or very near it. . . . I might trot on thus much longer. *Sed iam satis!*

Ever very heartily yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

My father took a deep interest in the preparation of the 'Memoir of Lord Tennyson,' and he felt it a privilege to be allowed to give some help in the looking over of part of the large Tennyson correspondence; and to write himself some recollections of their long friendship. He paid frequent visits to Aldworth and Farringford while the book was being written by Lord Tennyson, and although it was only a fortnight before his death that he received it in published form, these visits had enabled him to enjoy reading it beforehand.

From the late Lady Tennyson

Farringford : Nov. 13, 1893.

My dear Mr. Palgrave,— . . . It is no mere verbiage when I say that your kindness is wonderful and is a far more precious memorial of your friendship than many a stately monument in his honour raised by another might be. We cannot express our gratitude. . . . Hallam hopes to write another day, so I will not add more to the twenty-three thousand letters than this and my love to your daughters.

Ever most gratefully and affectly. yours,

EMILY TENNYSON.

Many of my father's friends regretted that his portrait was never painted : his beautiful features and fine open forehead, together with his noble expression and the profusion of silvery grey hair, made his appearance in old age as striking as when, some thirty years before, he sat, at the request of one of our foremost artists, as the model for a head of Christ. Samuel Lawrence made a fairly successful drawing of him in 1872, and in 1895 Lord Carlisle made him the subject of one of his delicate pencil drawings.

In 1895, after having lived more than thirty years in the Regent's Park, my father moved to a smaller house in South Kensington. He missed the beautiful view of the park, but the neighbourhood had much changed, for most of his intimate friends who had been settled there in the seventies were dead or had left that part of London, with the exception of Professor Courthope and Miss Anna Swanwick.

To Dean Boyle

London : Jan. 21, 1895.

My dear Boyle,—Thanks for your letter, and that true sympathy which I always meet with from you, my old and much valued friend. It is a sad desolation indeed for my poor eldest child—a childless widow at just 31. . . . We have to arrange removing to a new house before Midsummer, as my lease here runs out, and I wish for a cheaper house to leave my girls in—at 70 even a month's tenure of life shows uncertainty. . . . The little series on Landscape in Poetry with which, as I live, I propose to conclude my term of office [Oxford Lectures] (by end of 1895) interests me greatly. I deal with Greece and Rome—Hebrew, Italian, Celtic—after that, confine myself to English poetry. It would be impossible for me to attempt *modern* Italian, French, German, &c., although I suppose all, in different ways, exhibit the modern turn to landscape. Yet I think there is every reason to believe that our development, from Scott to Tennyson, is by far the most important ; just like our Water Colour School. You see what a vast sea of curious questions the subject opens, many of which I have neither time nor knowledge to touch. . . . My best regards to Mrs. Boyle. Often do I think with gratitude on your kindness.

Ever very warmly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To the same

15 Cranley Place, S.W. : Dec. 22, 1896.

My dear Boyle, — . . . It grieves me to hear of your increased rheumatism : but I think you put up with the intolerable bore of a bathing place better than I do. Last autumn I had to spend a month at Droitwich, and I fear

this may be, what Sir J. Paget has told me it ought to be, an annual ceremony.

Certainly the Church History of Ed. VI., Mary, Elizabeth, is very perplexing. What is worse, is the amount of discreditable work on which (in the worldly sense) our Church is founded. The theological position seems to me saved ; but only just saved. Hence I cannot wonder at the attitude towards us of Rome on one side and Noncons. on the other. . . .

I am glad you decline Browning. I often have thought that to write essays on Shakespeare is one of the easiest ways for a man to make a fool of himself. You would certainly not do this ! But to write on Browning involves much the same risk, though on grounds very different. . . . I am trying to get my 'Landscape in Poetry' discourses into book form. But prose, in some ways, I always find harder than verse. One misses the guidance of restraining law.

Ever affly. yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To Mr. W. M. Rossetti

March 10, 1895.

Dear Rossetti,— . . . Let me now add a few words which I ought to have sent to you before ; but many things intervened then to hinder me. It is only how deeply and truly I felt your sister's loss. Her illness had debarred me from seeing her latterly. But all that I did see before, revealed at once, not only a noble character, but a beautiful soul. There could be no one who more truly and charmingly lived what she wrote ; and this is not common. It was pleasant, in these days, when criticism of contemporaries is so unsatisfactory, so often idiotic, to read the full and free acknowledgment of her great and original power in poetry. I do not mean this was unfelt before ; but I did not know how deeply poetry, which did not

primâ facie address the world, had made its mark. It was a sign of national sanity, underlying the confused cries of the moment. And it was a curious parallel to your brother's recognition in art, also when he had been taken away 'from beyond these voices.' . . . All I have said here about your gifted ones are but imperfect truisms. Yet it is a pleasure to me to say them. . . .

His last visit to Italy was in the autumn of 1896. It was one of peculiar enjoyment to him; he was bright and zealous in all he did and saw, and even planned a journey to Sicily for the following year. One very pleasant element in this journey was the constant intercourse at Rome with his much loved friend, Count Balzani, whose literary and historical work is well known in Italy and in England. At Perugia he enjoyed being with Miss Margaret Symonds and Miss Duff Gordon, who were then preparing their little history of that city. His delight at again seeing Modena could not have been more fresh and boyish when he had last visited it as a child with his parents in 1839. Ten days were spent in the Bernese Oberland, and again such discomforts as travelling in intense cold and occasional snow in the north of Italy were hardly noticed by him. Nothing seemed able to ruffle the sweetness of his temper, and his will, as usual, was given up to that of his children.

To Lord Carlisle

Florence : Oct. 20, 1896.

My dear George,—It is not Italy only that brings you before my mind, but the loss which has often made me think of you, and not you only. . . .

We have been now only three weeks out, beginning with ten days in Switzerland. The great snowy summits repel me as neighbours, and they seem to me also to break in sadly on the landscape of rock and the exquisitely rich valleys—to spoil the repose of the picture. The ancient feeling which reigned all but up to this century now seems to me wholly confirmed. But you will, I know, grin at my artistic ideas, in which I cannot remember that you ever agreed. On the other hand, the absolute Italian valley and plain appear to me more lovely than ever. Sir J. Hudson, who had lived perhaps most of his life here, once said to me that what struck him when in England was the monotony in colour of our in-full-leaf landscapes. I did not then grasp his idea. But I now feel the truth of it: the cypress, walnut, vine, palm, and olive above all, do give the greater variety. But the massiveness of English woodland, and the presence of really majestic trees, are here wanting. But you will read no more if this vein of commonplace continues.

We think of reaching Rome 31st Oct., and staying till about 10 Nov.: too short a time for pleasure, but enough to give some notion of the city to Margaret, who with Gwenny is my companion. It is indeed solely on their account that I am here, for the twelfth time, at Florence. I was brought here so early by my dear father, who was *Italianato* in the old style to the heart, as a schoolboy of thirteen, in time to see the old walls and the old ducal government—in short, in ‘those wretched days when we were so happy,’ as some heterodox nations say. And since my last visit (1888) the whole picturesque region of the Mercato Vecchio, with its old houses marked with the arms of the great mediæval chiefs, and a lovely little Loggia by Alberti (I think), have been all swept away. . . . ‘The old order changes, giving place to new.’

We seem to be losing our genuine or artificial popularities rapidly in England: but here, again, perhaps I am

on burning ground, as I do not admire the folio Chaucer or the milk and water domesticities of 'Punch.'

I wonder the philanthropic mob does not perceive that Armenians receive from Turks only the conduct which Mahommedans inevitably give to the infidel, and that the sweetest Turk is only a varnished Tartar. Whilst they believe in the accursed Prophet, these things 'have been and will be again.'

We hope to be in England by 1 Dec. . . .

Ever affectely. yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To Mr. F. G. Waugh

15 Cranley Place : March 9, 1897.

Dear Mr. Waugh,—I have too often had to regret the *verbum emissum*, despite vows, forgotten even whilst making, to guard my lips. In this case, however, I may sincerely rejoice at the result. Your little book¹ will be of real value to the *Club*, so long as it endures amidst the shocks of modern civilization, as a source not more of knowledge than of amusement. I am surprised at the amount of memories and incidents which you have been able to put together. . . . At my age your chronicle mainly brings before me the 'Silent Voices': though I would not be ungrateful to the friendly ones which I still may hear: amongst which I gratefully reckon yours. With renewed thanks, and best remembrances to your wife,

Believe me, very truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

To his Daughter

15 Cranley Place, S.W. : Feb. 1, 1897.

. . . Last Wednesday afternoon Margaret and I went

¹ *The Athenæum Club and its Associations*. By F. G. Waugh, M.A. Privately printed 1897.

to the Carl Rosa Opera—the 'Meistersingers,' a famous and favourite piece by Wagner. I had seen it lauded to the skies for its beauty, melody, and humour, and, deceived by these false lights, took stalls that we might hear to the best advantage. I was never so completely done; the story is the most clumsy of German humour—always clumsy. There is only one traceable air, which, though beautiful, was not of the first quality. The one great thing, as in the 'Lohengrin,' is the orchestra, which seemed in richness and invention to rival even Mozart or Beethoven, except that its endless bits of melody seemed to me disconnected. . . .

The Bywater and the Coleridge dinners were very pleasant to us, we talked Shakespeare and musical glasses at the former.

To Lady Georgiana Peel

Dec. 28, 1896.

. . . Your feeling about Christmas and the beautiful lines you quote from Wordsworth, alas! quite agree with mine. So also does Archy's misfortune in recent loss of friends. I begin to find the contemporary, or even the younger, trees rapidly losing their leaves.

My small book on 'Landscape Poetry' is nearly through the mill of the press, and I suppose will be out in three or four weeks' time. I have taken much pains with it, but can only hope for very limited success. . . . I regret much that this *one-man* exhibition is to be held. It will prove injurious to Leighton's¹ fame: his style and subjects are never *English*, they are also monotonous and not happy in colour, and (most of all, perhaps) his *first* work ('Procession of Cimabue') remains his best. . . .

¹ Despite this remark, my father was much impressed by the Leighton Exhibition, and felt that his pictures gained through being massed together.

To the President of Magdalen
(H. Warren)

May 1897

. . . I hope the little book ' [Landscape in Poetry] ' may serve towards a greater study of the classics from the point of view of their poetical and general literary value, which is, I think, considerably neglected now in contrast with philology in all its spheres. Should the book reach another edition, which . . . is unlikely, I shall explain more clearly that I only deal with non-English poetry where it had a distinct influence on our own ; and I shall a little enlarge my seventeenth and eighteenth century examples, wherein I have trusted too much to readers' memories.

The life of Tennyson, which I have just gone carefully through, seems to me to be very well done by Hallam, the inevitable *olla podrida* character of the materials considered. It contains a rich collection of A. T.'s fine large-minded sayings, a few of which I could not resist using in the 'Landscape.' He was, taken all in all, the best talker I have ever known.

Ever very truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

In the spring of 1897 'Landscape in Poetry' was published ; it consists of chapters on this subject from Homer to Tennyson, revised from his last course of lectures at Oxford.

Letters on 'Landscape in Poetry'

[From Mr. Arthur Severn, including some remarks by Professor Ruskin on *Landscape in Poetry*.]

Brantwood, Coniston Lake : June 1, 1897.

Dear Palgrave, — I found your book to-day, and put it into the Professor's hands. It had been rather mislaid with

other books, and he had not seen it. Many books come here for the Professor to see, but he will hardly ever look at any. He demurred at yours even! But I explained about it, &c., &c. . . . I put the book into his hands, open at the second chapter, put on his spectacles, drew up his blind, then sat like a mouse, waiting for any pearls of criticism! which might come. Some did come, and I took down as well as I could what I thought of interest and not too unpearl like! . . . The following are some of the remarks. . . .

'The range from Dante to Blake and Wordsworth is so curious.'

'Keeps spelling Virgil with an E, which bothers me.'

'Immensely clever in its way.'

'Who is Sellar?' (I told him this.)

'I am amazed at the quantity he gets out of Wordsworth.'

'Quintilian a person I know nothing about; they always speak of him as a great Latin critic.'

'He seems to have almost every modern Poet.'

'It goes in among people one has never heard of.'

'Nothing left from Dryden and Pope!'

'I can't even read their Latin as they write it now.'

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR SEVERN.

From Mr. J. W. Mackail

27 Young Street, Kensington Square : Feb. 25, 1897.

Dear Mr. Palgrave,—Very many thanks for your book, which I have now read through with the greatest interest and delight. I have only one reason for regret, that is, that you have not been able to include a chapter on landscape in Provençal and early French and Italian poetry. The hints you give on this subject are only tantalising.

I hope you may still add a chapter, or write a separate paper or series of papers, on this part of the subject. The question, in particular, how far Provençal was affected by Arabian poetry is one of extreme interest.

Another point that arises out of the book—and one which I should like to see you treat somewhat fully—is whether landscape painting has not lost as well as gained by being elevated from the background into the substance of a picture ; whether, that is, the moral or human interest that is essential to all great art can exist in pure landscape painting without putting a greater strain on it than it will well bear. Take, for instance, the landscape backgrounds of Lorenzo di Credi's pictures in the National Gallery, or of the great Perugino triptych. Have they not a moral or spiritual quality, as they stand in their place in the picture, that they can only have through this elusive (if one may say so) treatment? Somewhat as the vision for actual form and colour is more acute when not directed straight on the object but on something else a little way off it. This subject, too, I should much like to see you treat of at length.

Believe me

Yours very truly,

J. W. MACKAIL.

From Mr. Stopford Brooke

1 Manchester Square, W. : March 13, '97.

Dear Palgrave,—Ever so many thanks for your book. I did not like to write and express my gratitude until I had read some of it. I have not yet read it all, for I have been hurried and worried by many things, but I have read more than half of it. It has given me very great pleasure, and I feel in the strongest agreement with most of it. Of course, in so vast a survey from Homer to Tennyson there are opinions which I feel inclined to challenge and

criticisms which as I read I feel inclined to make. But to express these would be thankless and needless ; the book has to be considered and read as a whole, and it is, as such, a most valuable and useful contribution to English literature. Moreover, it is a new subject, and you will find that it will be the father of a great number of books on the same subject, all of which will hail your book as their origin.

For my part I wish the book had been in two volumes. It suffers from being too short. But, after all, you have laid down the lines in these outlines of a great subject, and others, grateful to you for a fresh interest and fresh matter, will work out the details.

Yrs. very sincerely,

STOPFORD BROOKE.

From Mr. Henry James

34 De Vere Gardens : April 24, 1897.

My dear Palgrave,—I have many things to ask you to forgive me. . . . Let the first be this extremity to which I am reduced by a lame hand.¹ . . . My other appeal for your indulgence is that of having delayed too many days to thank you for your letter of the 15th. It was very good of you to write to one so apparently graceless and erring. So completely have I broken down on the 'Social' question that I have in truth succeeded, these past months, in seeing much less of you than I could desire. . . . Mean-time I hope that in Dorset depths you are having more than all the leaf and blossom of these parts and less than half the vile east wind that, like the spiteful fairy of the nursery tales at the cradle of nursery heroes, curses even while it rocks. *À propos* of fairies, though not of curses, I have lately been reading much of your lovely

¹ Alluding to the letter being type-written.

'Landscape' book, on the copious knowledge and charming presentation of which I heartily congratulate you. You have truly a genius for illustration and a pair of fingertips for plums! The volume is a priceless pudding of the latter; really a gallery of many rooms, in which one can walk and sit. . . . Please recall me to the friendly remembrance of your daughters, and believe me, my dear Palgrave, yours less cold-bloodedly than this looks (and, if you could hear it tick, sounds).

HENRY JAMES.

My father's health did not seem to have visibly failed by the spring of 1897, although he had himself the feeling constantly before his mind that he had reached the same age as his father had at the time of his death, and that he would not probably long outlive that age. In March he wrote thus to Dean Boyle: 'May I again invite an invitation to your hospitable hearth? . . . I know you will kindly excuse me for this request . . . but it is long since I have really seen you, and I feel my days so fast diminishing that I could not resist the impulse to propose this invasion.'

It should be mentioned here that the second series of the 'Golden Treasury,' on which my father had been engaged for many months, was finished by this time, although for various reasons, chiefly concerning its simultaneous printing in America, its publication was deferred until the autumn. In this little volume he largely recognises the merit of Arthur O'Shaughnessy's poetry, and many specimens are also given of William Barnes. He was himself fully aware that these predilections would

bring much adverse criticism, but the poetry of O'Shaughnessy and Barnes occupied so high a place in his admiration that he could not with satisfaction and truth to himself omit any of the specimens given. He frankly avowed with regret, however, that he had accidentally overlooked two or three poems by others which he would gladly have inserted. A large place is, of course, assigned to Tennyson, and the work of the Rossetti family is also specially well represented.

To Mr. W. M. Rossetti

May 31, 1896.

Dear Rossetti,—I am preparing to add to the 'Golden Treasury' lyrics of later date than those now included. My wish was to do this by an enlargement of the present book. But the immense volume of the finest lyrical work, either by poets alive in 1861 (when the book was published), or written since, and the much greater comparative length of the poems themselves, has rendered this impossible. And though I must add a second volume, yet this cannot hold above one-half of lyrics which I would wish to include. . . . Can you give me Swinburne's address? I want, of course, some of his work. . . . Amongst them is the opening part of the lovely stanzas on what was then your baby, and is now, I hope, one of the comforts of your life. . . . For three or four years I have been about this, and have gone over everything several times, in the hope of doing justice to all, within the narrow limits allowed. Yet, of course, I cannot hope to satisfy, perhaps, any one reader, far more all of taste who love each writer fondly. I thought your *Preface* to C. G. R. excellent in every way.

To the same

15 Cranley Place : 1897.

Dear Rossetti,—Your daughter kindly informed me that she had received my cheque. Considering what your sister was, both in herself and in poetry, I wish I could afford to fill up whatever may be wanted to defray the cost of the monument. . . . It is indeed but a poor return on my part for the beautiful poems by her which you kindly allowed me to include in the second series of my 'Treasury.' . . . The offering is an honour to myself as well as an act of gratitude. . . . I only regret that I have been unable to persuade Swinburne to let me have any specimen of his work. . . . The 'Birth Song' of 1875, part or all, was one of the poems I particularly wanted; I rank it among Swinburne's very best. . . .

He enjoyed going out as usual and seeing his friends during this summer, and preserved his faculty for making new friends of a younger generation; always hospitable, he liked to keep open house and to have relations and friends constantly staying with him. Later on in the summer, he planned an expedition to Chobham, to see the Gordon Boys' Home, in which he took a very keen and practical interest; but increasing weakness in his leg at this time rendered this and other visits impossible.

To his Daughter

Peterborough : July 1897.

Carina mia,— . . Thanks many for your nice little note. We have lovely weather, air and sun; and to-day I have been over the cathedral, which is splendid in architecture, and has a lovely Italian marble pavement in the choir,

and a really fine altar with a good canopy. But all the rest is just cold plain stonework, and to me looks totally dead. This is because the Italian churches with their often commonplace decorations, have spoiled me. Nobody can be kinder than my hosts. . . . The 'Merchant of Venice,' given for the Conference of Librarians at the Lyceum, was admirable; I could not see any of the faults in the Shylock which I had before noticed; it seemed to me, an ignorant man, a much more finished and perfect performance than on the other occasions when I have seen it. The words of the play are so beautiful they almost make the tears come into one's eyes, and Irving spoke the passage on Leah with great pathos. The Terry Portia was first-rate, of course, and it seemed to me that her Mercy speech was delivered in as perfect a manner as one can conceive, with great dignity and simplicity. She made a beautiful picture in her crimson robes. The Jessica was charming—such a pretty creature, singularly poetical, and so graceful in her elegant drapery. We also saw the last night of 'Sans-Gêne'; we must now wait for 'Peter the Great' in the winter. . . .

He went for a few days to Aldworth at the end of July, and then spent a week at Winchelsea, where he much enjoyed the quiet of the picturesque old village and the beauty of the surrounding country. Three weeks at Droitwich followed, and then he came to his home at Lyme, finding it as lovely and dear to him as ever, but convinced that it would be his last autumn there.

To Miss Ellen Terry

Droitwich: September 1897.

You have kindly returned the small attempt at a second 'Golden Treasury,' which will, I believe, make its

appearance in a month or so, with that rare and beautiful design by Raphael, upon which I reckon more than upon my difficult efforts to do justice to modern poets. It is a real pleasure to me that this attempt should have given you pleasure at its labour. Grateful shall I be if a fair number of others, following your kind good nature, shall exist amongst numerous critics who will all quarrel with this or that, as I do not doubt in the least.

— who has kindly come to help my stoppage here with me, joins every wish that your own health and strength shall be happy in your holiday, and with you also when the great new theatrical interests will come forward. When we return to London your work and success will, we hope, be present for us. . . .

To his Daughter

Little Park, Lyme : September 1897.

My darling Annora,— . . . I had a very pleasant two days at Waresley :¹ no one could be more kind than the Hamptons. They were charming as ever. I went over there again with Margaret, and we regretted much they had left London for good.

You ask a little about Rye and Winchelsea. They were both even more picturesque and unique than I had remembered them some ten years ago ; Perugia-like in their hill situations, while the architecture of the houses seemed to me Flemish looking. We had one particularly interesting drive to Brede Place, an Elizabethan house, and in parts much earlier. I did not get close up to it, as the heat was awful, but sat and tried to make a scrawl of it for my dear Gwenny.

The most interesting time to me there was that spent in Miss Terry's pretty garden. . . . She was so kind and

¹ Lord Hampton's house.

thoughtful to me ; and we had some interesting conversation, when I was very greatly struck by her great literary power and originality. She has as fine and pure a taste as I have ever seen. I have always known of her beautiful unselfish life—it makes one ashamed of oneself. . . . She is so true and straightforward, and so perfectly simple, with a kind of indescribable *largeness* and ardour of nature which seem to warm one like the sun's rays. . . .

Gwenny writes from the Drummond-Hays of constant rain in Scotland, but M. and I hope to see her this week. We have had another letter from dear, dear Frank ; the fear that perhaps our letters may not reach him, and the general uncertainty of his movements, grieve me greatly and make me miserable. Thanks for Mrs. Oliphant's book. I fear I shall only moderately like her work in anything. I think to go to Betteshanger¹ with Gwenny in the beginning of October, likewise to White-staunton² and possibly to Wenlock. My memory remains terribly forgetful, but I hope it may recover. — is as kind and sweet and watchful over me as possible. We are seeing a few of our pleasant friends here, and though the weather is broken, we manage to sit out. All love to you both. You will doubtless in time tell me of your schemes. Shall we not have the pleasure of seeing you both, part at any rate of our time ?

Ever your loving

PADRE.

In the above letter my father alludes to the absence of his only son, who some fifteen months previously had gone out to North-West Canada to work among the Red Indians. It had been a tremendous sacrifice to part with him, but his deep

¹ Lord Northbourne's house.

² Mr. Charles Elton's house.

devotion to his son enabled him not only to give him up willingly, but almost to conceal the fact that it *was* a sacrifice. He did not allow this grief to prey upon him until in this summer my brother removed to a most distant and inaccessible spot in British Columbia, thereby rendering the chances of news from him more and more infrequent and remote, and increasingly so with the approach of winter. This constant anxiety, united to a failure of strength which had gradually been growing perceptible during the summer months, much impaired his health, and towards the end of September he found himself obliged to give up literary work and much serious reading. He was able, however, to read a little Dante with his daughter, and delighted in being read aloud to, and he continued his custom of reading aloud himself to a blind friend for some time after the utterance of words had become a difficulty to him. It was curious that on this his seventy-third birthday (September 28) he received many more congratulatory letters than usual, including a large number from unknown people, expressing their wishes for his health and many more birthdays. At this time he felt well and was bright in spirits, enjoying the company of some young guests of whom he was very fond, even joining them in a picnic on the Lyme Undercliff. He had been looking forward to lecturing to the students of the University of North Wales at Bangor on 'The Genealogy of an University for Eight Hundred Years,' in the beginning of October ; but although the lecture was completely written,

to his great regret he found himself unable to deliver it. His inability to express himself in words or in writing fretted him at times, but it was remarkable in a man of naturally impatient temperament that this very real deprivation never made him in the least irritable; he would only say to those who could not understand him, 'I know the word I mean, but it's no use, I can't say it'; and when, on one occasion, he broke down from not being able to write his sympathy on the death of an old friend,¹ he just said: 'Never mind, I must get along as best I can.' And another time: 'I doubt if I shall ever recover my memory or be able to work again; but I shall be very happy with you, only you must not be my slaves.' He sat out as usual during his last days at Lyme, and listened with interest and animation to 'The Tempest' and 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'—plays which he selected to have read to him. He was very sad at leaving Lyme, saying to an old and much valued servant, as he bade her good-bye, 'I shall not be here again, but don't tell my dear children this.' When driving the five miles to the station on the lovely October morning, he remarked on the unwonted greenness of the trees, and was full of admiration for the beauty of the country. On his return to London he was interested in hearing the Tennyson 'Life' read to him, and also in the publication of his own little book—the second series of the 'Golden Treasury,' which had come out during the week. He played whist, too, in the evenings. The

¹ The late Master of the Charterhouse in London.

last time he went out it was to visit the National Portrait Gallery, scarcely ten days before his death, for two days afterwards an attack of hemiplegia left him almost helpless. He was in bed for only six days, but, though all power of speech was taken from him, his mind was clear and he knew those around him, often looking at the prints in his room, and having those he specially liked to see, placed on his bed. His thought for others never left him, and once, when, asking for his nurse, he was told she had a headache, he signed that she was not to be disturbed. The day before his death his face lighted up with pleasure when a letter from his old friend, Lord Carlisle, was brought to him, and he intimated that he would like it read to him. That evening he became suddenly worse, and failed to recognise the three friends who came to wish him good-bye.¹ He died early on Sunday morning, October 24, at exactly the same hour as his wife had been taken. He lies by her side in the little cemetery on Barnes Common, the cross which he designed to the memory of his baby boy marking the spot. The opening of the Burial Service was read in the 'strong tender' tones, as my father called them, of him² whom he had known and revered since college days. 'Abide with me' was sung, a hymn he called a 'perfect poem.'

* * * * *

The subject of Death had ever been before his

¹ The Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Charles Alderson, and Mr. A. D. Coleridge.

² The Archbishop of Canterbury.

mind, not only during this last year, but all through his life ; but he hated speculations on the after-life.¹ His feeling on this matter is best given in his own words, written to his children three years before :

Of the many friends with whose affection or interest I have been favoured, I have now the pain of believing that of all but a very few . . . I am the survivor. I pray for mercy on their souls : and do you, my dearest dearests, pray for mine.

* * * * *

*The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.*

November 11, 1898.

¹ He particularly disliked the complete assurance of freedom from pain and sorrow after death which is expressed in so many religious poems.

APPENDIX

From among the very many affectionate and appreciative letters received after my father's death, I insert the following from the present Lord Tennyson, as it seems to me to give in brief my father's true character, and to show in some measure his love for the friend of his manhood, the great poet.

Your father's is a great loss : and I mourn deeply for you and your sisters. But you have the comfort of knowing that his was on the whole a very happy, sunny life. With his boundless energy he enjoyed his work to the full, and he enjoyed his holidays to the full. Delighting in literature, he was able to read assiduously, widely, and thoroughly, and, with his keen and vivid intellect, to make admirable use of what he read. By his strong individuality, his rare simplicity of nature, his warm-hearted sympathies, he had attached to himself many true and loyal friends. Among these none valued his friendship more than my father and mother. Shortly before his death he lent me, with his accustomed kindness, several of my mother's letters to him, and I have been reading them, and dreaming of 'the days that are no more.'

She writes on October 11, 1859 : ' I am grieved that I have not said one word directly to yourself of all I hear of your great care, and your brotherly kindness for Alfred.'

Again, on July 15, 1863, while my father was laid up with gout at your house in London : ' Your kindness and

affection for Alfred have been so often proved that I have full faith in all the kind and affectionate things you now say, and from what I saw of Mrs. Palgrave and have heard of her, I think her not less kind and true than yourself.'

And again, on June 28, 1885, when he had given her his 'Selection of Lyrical Poems by Lord Tennyson,' with its affectionate dedication: 'Accept my best thanks for the beautiful book, which I shall always value very much as a memorial of your unchanging friendship for us all, and as a reminder to myself of what I ought to be.'

Let me say in conclusion that I am glad to hear you have undertaken to write a short account of your father's life and works; for, as he has often told me, you possessed his entire and absolute confidence.

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